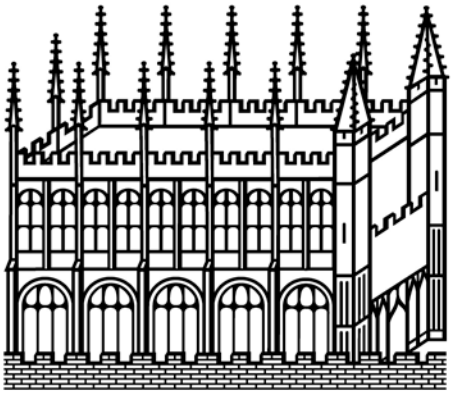

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THE

COURT MAGAZINE,

CONTAINING

Original Papers,

BY DISTINGUISHED WRITERS,

AND

FINELY ENGRAVED

PORTRAITS, LANDSCAPES, AND COSTUMES,

FROM PAINTINGS BY EMINENT MASTERS.

VOL IX.—FROM JUNE TO DECEMBER, 1836.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. II.

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(LATE BULL AND CHURTON.)

1836.

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EMBELLISHMENTS TO VOLUME IX.

No. I.—Portrait of the Honourable Mrs. Dundas, from a Painting by H. P. Briggs, R. A.
A Landscape View of the Sandpit Gate, Windsor Park, from a Drawing by W. Daniell, R.A.
Two coloured Figures of Female Costumes, from original Drawings.

No. II.—Portrait of the Right Honourable Lady Elizabeth Courtenay, from a Miniature by Mrs. J. Robertson.
Three coloured Figures of Female Costumes, from original Drawings.

No. III.—Portrait of the Right Honourable Lady Vivian.
A Landscape View of Westport, the Seat of the Marquess of Sligo, from a Drawing by W. Daniell, R. A.
Two coloured Figures of Female Costumes, from original Drawings.

No. IV.—Portrait of the Right Honourable Lady Denman, from a Miniature by Mrs. Gent.
Three coloured Figures of Female Costumes, from original Drawings.

No. V.—Portrait of the Right Honourable Lady John Russell, from a Painting by J. Sayer.
A Landscape View of Powis Castle, the Seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Powis, from a Drawing by W. Daniell, R.A.
Two coloured Figures of Female Costumes, from original Drawings.

No. VI.—Portrait of the Right Honourable Viscountess Fordwich, from a Painting by J. Lucas.
Three coloured Figures of Female Costumes, from original Drawings.

NOTICE.

WITH the November Number for 1835, the Proprietor of the COURT MAGAZINE addressed a Note to his Subscribers, soliciting their aid in extending the circulation of his Work; and, trusting that he should not be disappointed in his expectations of the result of this appeal, he at the same time considerably reduced the price, and made several improvements, which much increased the expenses of the Work. After a trial of Twelve Months, he finds that the increase in the sale has not by any means answered his expectation, and that he has incurred a very considerable loss. In this situation, there remain for him but two courses to pursue—either to raise the price to its old standard, or to reduce the expense by omitting some unimportant portion of the work. He has chosen the latter; and, after mature deliberation, and consulting with many Subscribers, he has determined to omit that section of the Magazine devoted to the Fashions. But as this even will not leave him any profit, he must still mainly rely upon the exertions of his Subscribers, in procuring fresh purchasers; and he assures them, in return, that he will, as far as possible, effect a corresponding improvement in every department of the work.

H. P. Briggs, pinx.t J. Cochran, sculp.t

THE COURT MAGAZINE,
AND
La Belle Assemblée.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF THE HON. MRS. DUNDAS.

THE HON. MRS. DUNDAS is younger daughter of the late Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart., and wife of the Hon. Thomas Dundas, M.P., elder son of Lord Dundas.

The ancient family of Williamson has for centuries been seated in Nottinghamshire. JOHN WILLIAMSON, Esq., of Walkeringham in that county, left, with other issue, a son,

GILES WILLIAMSON, Esq., who married Catherine, daughter of Sir Robert Thornhill, Knt., and left, with other issue, a son,

ROBERT WILLIAMSON, Esq. This gentleman, who was high sheriff of Nottinghamshire in the twelfth year of the reign of James I, left, with two other sons,

ROBERT WILLIAMSON, Esq., of Great Markham, who married Faith, fifth daughter of Sir Edward Ayscough, Knt., of South Kelsey in Lincolnshire, by whom he had an only son,

THOMAS WILLIAMSON, Esq., who was high sheriff of Nottinghamshire in the fifteenth year of the reign of Charles I, and who was created by that monarch a Baronet, 3rd June 1642. Sir Thomas, by his first wife, Jane, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Hussey, Bart., left, with other issue, a son and successor,

SIR THOMAS, second Baronet. This gentleman was compelled, from the involvement of his fortune by the first Baronet in the cause of Charles I, and his own subsequent expenses at the court of Charles II, to alienate the whole of his Nottingham estates. He married Dorothy, youngest daughter and co-heir of George Fenwick, Esq., of Brinkburne in Northumberland, by whom he had no issue. The estate of Monkweremouth, now in the possession of the Williamsons, was left to her husband by this lady, who lies buried at Monkweremouth church, near Sunderland, in

the bishopric of Durham. Sir Thomas was succeeded by his brother,

Sir Robert, third Baronet. This gentleman married Rebecca, daughter of John Burrows, merchant, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Sir William, fourth Baronet, who was high sheriff for the county of Durham for twenty-four successive years. He married, first, Elizabeth, youngest daughter and co-heir of John Hedworth, Esq., of Harraton, in the county of Durham, by whom he had several sons and daughters. Sir William wedded, secondly, Mary, daughter and heiress of William Fetherstonhalgh, Esq., of Stanley, in the county of Durham, by whom he had no issue. He died in April 1747, and was succeeded by his son,

Sir Hedworth, fourth Baronet, also high sheriff for the county of Durham. This gentleman married Elizabeth, one of the co-heirs of William Huddleston, Esq., of Mellom Castle in Cumberland, and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son,

Sir Hedworth, sixth Baronet, who married, 10th October 1794, Maria, daughter of Sir James Hamilton, Knt., of Monaghan, in Ireland, by whom he had issue,

- Hedworth, his successor.
- William Hamilton, born 3rd August 1800.
- Robert Huddleston, born 5th April 1810.
- Maria Dorothea, married, 20th Oct. 1818, to David Barclay, Esq., of Berryhill, in the county of Surrey.
- Sophia Jane, of whom presently.

Sir Hedworth died in March 1810, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Sir Hedworth Williamson, the seventh and present Baronet, who married, 18th April 1826, Anne Elizabeth, third daughter of Thomas Henry, Lord Ravensworth, and has issue, three sons.

The younger daughter of the late baronet, Sophia Jane, the lady whose portrait forms this month's embellishment, was married, 6th September 1823, to the Hon. Thomas Dundas, elder son of the present Lord Dundas.

The family of Dundas in Scotland springs from Cospatrick, Earl of Northumberland, who, in 1066, went to North Britain with King Malcolm Cean-mohr, rather than submit to the Conqueror. From the Scottish monarch the Earl received the lands of Dunbar, and other possessions, which, with the original charter, are still held by his descendants.

Laurence Dundas, Esq., of Kerse, commissary-general, and contractor to the army from 1748 to 1759, was created a baronet 16th November 1762, with remainder, in default of male issue, to his brother, Thomas Dundas, Esq., of Fingask. Sir Laurence Dundas went into Germany, and amassed a large fortune, which he invested in purchasing a large portion of the Orkney islands. On his return home, he was chosen to represent the city of Edinburgh in Parliament, and in 1778, during the American war, contributed liberally to a subscription for raising 1000 men, which, being embodied, received the denomination of the Edinburgh Regiment. Sir Laurence married Margaret, daughter of Alexander Bruce, Esq., of Kennet, by whom he had an only son and successor, in 1781,

Sir Thomas, second Baronet. This gentleman, after representing for many years in Parliament the county of Stirling, was elevated to the peerage, 13th August 1794, as Baron Dundas of Aske, in the county of York. His lordship married, 24th May 1764, Charlotte, second daughter of William, third Earl Fitzwilliam, and, dying 14th June 1820, was succeeded by his eldest son,

Laurence, second and present baron, born 10th April 1766. This nobleman married, 21st April 1794, Harriet, third daughter of General John Hale, of the family of Hale of King's Walden, Herts, by Mary, daughter of William Chaloner, Esq., of Gisborough, in the county of York, and has issue,

- Thomas, born 5th April 1795, who married as above stated.
- John Charles, M.P., born 21st August 1808.
- Margaret Bruce, married to her cousin, Henry Walker Yeoman, Esq., of Woodlands.
- Harriet Frances, married to Lieut.-Col. Henry Lane.
- Charlotte Jane.

THE FOREST TRACK.

A FACT.

Old Man. "'Tis unnatural, even like the deed that 's done."—SHAKSPEARE.

PART II.

At about seven in the evening of that day, while the Mayor of D—— was "taking his ease in his arm chair," in other words, was dozing, after dinner, in the rudely-constructed, half-worn-out, unwieldy, and particularly unluxurious piece of furniture, that he was supposed to consider his arm-chair, he was disturbed by an intrusion of some of the villagers, and called upon to decide a dispute that could not be terminated without his interference. The Mayor, probably rather out of temper (though that is little to our purpose) at so untimely an interruption, roused himself from his nap, and desired that these molesters of the public peace might be brought into his presence.

His clerk or assistant accordingly, having set down his lantern at the other end of the hall, proceeded to usher them in.

The parties appeared before the wrathful functionary, followed by several of the villagers, some of whom, on the ground of private acquaintanceship with the Mayor, or the plea of their individual respectability, were admitted, whilst the rabble portion of these anxious spectators of a row, were turned away by the clerk, and gratified with the attention of a closed door.

The persons in debate were the Forest Keeper, and an old and poor, but venerable-looking man. The garments of this last individual were loose and tattered; they seemed scarcely sufficient to keep out the cold. His long, thin, white hair fell over the collar of his tattered coat and about his cheeks, the wrinkled and livid appearance of which bore witness that both the individual and his clothes had come to their worst days. Whether from shame, fear, or some still more distressing emotion, the old man so bowed his head that the front of his features was hardly discernible, being buried in the handkerchief that was tied loosely round his throat, and which in his present attitude became a sort of shelter from the curiosity of the lookers-on. It was also observable that he trembled exceedingly.

The Forest Keeper, on the contrary, strode firmly into the room; and as the disputants arrived side by side before the Mayor—a few hours ago the keeper's boon companion, and now to be appealed to as his judge—there was a swagger, and a withering look of triumph in his face and bearing, which, in consideration of the appearance of the defendant, no man of true courage would have assumed. Although Pierre Levèque had been exposed until this hour of the evening to an inclement atmosphere, his face was flushed and heated—not red, but glowing here and there with spots of a purple tint that seemed burnt into his countenance. His small grey eyes gleamed from their deep caves like those of an angry ferret; his short coat was buttoned close over his breast; he supported himself by his right hand upon his musket, as if it had been a stick, though his vigorous frame seemed hardly to render such a prop necessary; and his left hand, in which he held his cap, leant over the muzzle of the piece.

The Forest Keeper's voice evidently laboured under some unusual emotion, for twice he attempted to speak—twice, as if something had stuck in his throat, he stopped short, cleared his chest, and only with considerable effort regained the power of articulation. It soon appeared that the conduct of the defendant had incensed him beyond measure. Pierre Levèque set a great value upon his authority in the woods; and his bodily strength and rough uncompromising manners having given him a sort of notoriety in the neighbourhood, he was accustomed to meet with little opposition in the discharge of his duties. This man had surely been intended for a tyrant. He enjoyed the petty power of exciting fear, where he could not be resisted, more than another would have

enjoyed the emoluments of the office. It was well for the country that Levèque had not been born in a more elevated rank of life, or in a situation where he could have acquired great authority. It was well for the village of D—— that he was not their Mayor.

The Keeper's complaint was as follows:—He was making his rounds in the forest, when the sound of some one whistling caught his attention. On coming up to the spot, he discovered the defendant cutting wood. Having remonstrated sharply on this infringement of the forest laws, and declared that he would proceed against the aggressor, the old man, he said, attempted to evade the consequences by making off; but this having been prevented, he refused to give his name. A considerable altercation had ensued, when the delinquent at length consented to appear before the Mayor.

"He will gain nothing by his obstinacy," added the complainant, "for I am determined now to proceed against him with the utmost rigour. The old fellow shall see what he gets by braving Pierre Levèque;" and he thumped with the butt end of his musket on the floor, as if to find vent for his indignation.

"Be quiet, Pierre," said the Mayor; "it is my duty to settle this matter. Personal offence has nothing to do with the aggression, therefore you may as well keep your temper. Old man," he continued, turning to the offender, "let us hear how you can answer these accusations?"

The old man, who had not once lifted up his head, now drew from his pocket a ragged handkerchief, with which he wiped his face; then, for the first time looking full at the person who addressed him, touched his forehead with the back of his hand, by way of a respectful salutation, and continued to gaze upon him with an expression extremely difficult to interpret. To the Mayor it conveyed an indication of imbecility, which the age and decrepit appearance of the culprit tended to confirm.

"You are called upon," he repeated, mildly, "to give some account of yourself."

"*Monsieur, c'est vrai.* I am a poor working man; that is, not much fit for work, as you see; but all my children are married, or in service, therefore I am under the necessity of helping myself. I live on the outskirts of the forest, about three quarters of a league from hence. The nights are cold, and I require a bit of fire in my cabin to keep off my rheumatism."

"All this is very well," returned the Mayor, interrupting the trembling voice that uttered these explanations, "but it is foreign to our purpose. You must be aware that it is against the laws to supply your exigencies by cutting wood that belongs to the government."

"I know it."

"If you have not the excuse of ignorance for the infringement of the law, there is none other to be offered."

"*Monsieur le Maire, écoutez.* I did not go into the forest to cut wood. I went thither to gather a bundle of the dry branches that had fallen from the trees. *Monsieur* will tell you. I had my faggot made up beside me at the time. *Monsieur* cannot deny that."

"I," exclaimed the Forest Keeper, thus appealed to,—"I care neither for you nor your faggot. If you had twenty faggots by you, it does not destroy the fact of your having cut wood, nor of your insolence to me, you old rascal! Dost thou think thus to escape me?"

"Rascal!" repeated the old man, hoarsely, at the same time drawing up his decrepit figure so suddenly and fiercely, that it seemed a transformation effected by magic. "I a rascal, and you the man that say so!"

"Dare to reply to me, fellow, and you shall learn something else," rejoined the Forest Keeper, in a bullying tone, and with a sneering attempt at pleasantry, half addressed to the culprit himself, and half to the bystanders, "that won't please you."

The spectators now began to cast their jeers and sarcasms at the accused.

"Silence!" said the Mayor, in a tone of authority.

But to the taunts and allusions that were passing round him, the aged culprit seemed no longer to pay attention. He had relapsed into silence; his menacing look and attitude had subsided into one of deep meditation, or at least into a kind of quiet humility that waited for the interference which ought to suppress them, and disdained itself to reply.

Silence being at length restored, the Mayor once more addressed the culprit, but still without harshness. "It appears," said he, "that you cannot account for what has past, in any way that is favour-

able to your honesty; and since you will not answer plainly and sincerely, I desire to know your name, that I may do my duty as far as regards the offence."

"I am ready to answer any questions," persisted the old man;—"so help me heaven, as I will speak the truth this day, in presence of you all."

"Take down what he says," said the Mayor to his clerk, for he could not himself write. The clerk, who had his writing materials before him, put his pen into his mouth, and then into the ink.

"Proceed," said he, when he was thus prepared.

"You were seen in the forest of ——, between the hours of four and five this afternoon?"

"I was."

"What was your occupation in the forest?"

"Picking up dry wood."

"In what part of the forest did you pursue this occupation?"

"I can hardly mention one particular place."

Here they were interrupted by Pierre Levèque.

"Hold, Mr. Mayor. He is going to tell you some fine things, no doubt; but I warn you not to believe a word he says, for he cannot utter the truth."

"This remains to be shown," was quietly remarked by the old man, without looking round, and almost at the same moment in which the Mayor again enjoined silence.

"You know, I suppose, where you were first seen by the Forest-keeper?"

Instead of directly replying to this question, the accused turned to the accuser, and begged him to state where he had met with him.

Levèque described the spot, but not without accompanying his information with the same sort of scornful tone and expressions of which he had been so lavish throughout the discussion.

"I believe it was there that we met," the other nervously replied. "My head is something confused. It might have been there that you first saw me this afternoon. Of one thing, however, I am sure; it was not there that I first saw *you!*"

"What do you mean by these cavilling replies? Speak out, old man. Remember where you are. We want nothing but your name, and the circumstances of the case; so be brief and candid, or it shall be worse for you."

The Forest-keeper was now silent; and it was afterwards remembered that his countenance at this period underwent a strange alteration.

"Oh, Sir!" continued the old man, "I will say nothing but what is true; for being brief, alas!—I hardly know how. I am a weak old man; but I will clear myself. I will tell all—all. My name is Louis Morin—"

"Write down, Louis Morin."

"I had come in the afternoon to this village upon business, and was returning home through the forest, by reason that it is the only way of reaching my home, which lies on the other side. As I live alone, I occupied myself in gathering a few sticks for my fire. This employment I left, *Monsieur le Maire*, for the one in which I was detected. And why?—because I am an infirm and miserable being, who have no power to take the law into my hands; because when my blood boils at the sight of sordid cruelty, I find my old limbs faint and palsied—easy to be overpowered—no longer of any use—and there was but that way, to pretend myself a thief, in order to bring to justice a stronger man."

The old man paused a moment, in the violence of his agitation, but lifted his hand, as if to deprecate any interruption, and to show that he would continue, if they left him to himself.

The gesture was obeyed, for everybody was confounded by his incoherent statement. The Forest-keeper seemed under actual suffocation.

"You have set down my name, *Monsieur le Maire*," he continued; "now set down his, that is by my side. Ask him for it, as well; and ask him—oh, Sir! ask where he has left your daughter? You think that she is at N——; but she lies on the cold sod, where I first saw that man—murdered by him! Your money, and the trinkets she wore, are now about him."

At these words there rose a yell of horror through the room; and to that involuntary and but momentary disorder, succeeded a silence as complete. It was as if a sense of shame at yielding to the impulse of their own feelings in the presence of the unfortunate father had given a simultaneous check to the assembled villagers.

A silent but bewildering bustle followed. Some had flown to the assistance of the Mayor—were sprinkling his hands and face—loosening his neckcloth, rubbing his limbs, which were extended stiff and motionless, in a fit of paralysis—or watching, with fear and anxiety, the awful derangement it had caused in his features.

Some instinctively planted themselves at the door, in apprehension of the assassin's immediate escape.

Pierre Levèque, meanwhile, had flung aside his musket, and, under the dominion of an irresistible frenzy, thrown himself upon his feeble denouncer, seized him by the throat with both his hands, and would in a few minutes more have wreaked his vengeance with the life of the old Morin, had he not in his turn been seized, and forced to unloose his murderous grasp.

He was now held down with as much violence as the rough indignation of his assailants could suggest. They tore away, rather than took off, his clothes, in their haste for the conviction of so horrible a crime.

The evidence, indeed, too strongly corroborated the accusation. His piece bore, on examination, the marks of having been recently fired. In his pockets were the very bag of money that had been deposited in the poor little girl's basket—her rings—her cross and heart—even her ear-rings, spotted with blood, as if they had been torn out of her ears.

* * * * *

In a short time the Mairie was silent. The village was filled with lamentation and revilings; and the door of the lock-up house was surrounded by most of the idle boys of the parish, assembled there to throw dirt and stones against the lodging of the murderer.

From thence Pierre Levèque was soon removed to prison, which, it is needless to add, he quitted only to undergo the last penalty the law awards to the murderer.

READING A NOVEL.

Scene—A "Box" in the suburbs. Present—*Messrs. Brown, Jones, Smith, and Robinson. Mrs. Brown, Miss Jones, Miss Lydia Jones, Miss Smith, and her lap-dog Dorabella.*

Mrs. Brown. Well, now, this *is* delightful. I knew we should be able to manage a little intellectual recreation. It is so much more rational than those routs, and balls, and tiresome parties.

Miss Smith (patting Dorabella). *Much* more rational.

Miss Jones. Routs and balls are very entertaining—now and then.

Miss Lydia Jones. Oh, delightful—*always!*

Miss Jones. Lydia, my love, restrain yourself. Emotion of any kind is improper. Pray, Mrs. Brown, are we to expect Mr. Frank Clavering this evening? I merely ask, because he reads so very charmingly, that we could not do better than enlist him in our service.

Miss Smith. Mr. Clavering reads very intelligibly, and has a most harmonious voice, I admit; but he turns every thing into ridicule. We shall do very well without him. Mr. Brown will, no doubt, oblige us by a lecture.

Mrs. Brown. Heaven save us, dear Miss Smith! Brown oblige us by a lecture! No, no—I'm obliged to lecture *him.* But, jesting apart, do you, for a moment, suppose that I should have taken all this trouble in bringing you together, for no better purpose than that of hearing poor dear Brown read? I have too much respect for you, to do any thing of the kind: added to which, if I wanted the enjoyment for myself, I could have had it, couldn't I love?

Mr. Brown. I agree with every word you have said.

Mrs. Brown. Good: now I've a plan;—you three, Mr. Jones, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Robinson, will draw lots. Miss Smith's reticule is empty. I shall put three slips of paper in it, and on one I shall write the name of "Dorabella." The gentleman who draws "Dorabella," will be entitled to the honour of Reader to this assembly for this night only. Thus, the poor dear dumb

creature will have an interest in our proceedings.

Miss Smith. Very ingenious! (places Dorabella on the floor, while Mrs. Brown prepares the lots).

Mr. Jones. I hope I shall escape. I'm very weak in the chest; and subject to sneeze when a passage particularly affects me. You, Robinson, are the best reader, I know.

Mr. Robinson. Stuff; I can't read, and if I draw, I shall procure a substitute;—Smith, you'll serve for me, won't you?

Mr. Smith. Anything but that. My sister, here, likes my reading about as well as I like Dorabella's bark—

Mrs. Brown. Now, gentlemen, draw!—not your swords, but your sentence.

[They draw, and the lot falls upon Mr. Smith, who inadvertently gives a slight stamp of vexation on the tip of Dorabella's tail. A whine of remonstrance.]

Miss Smith. I'm sure you did it on purpose. Was it the poor dog's fault that you drew her name?

Mr. Smith. Why, I must say it was. Had there been no such things as lap-dogs, this "Dorabella" of yours would not have been named on the slip; and I can't see how, in that case, I could have drawn the name. But, never mind, I did not mean to hurt the little thing; and see, her tail is already wagging a bulletin of perfect recovery.

Miss Smith. If you had killed it, you would not have cared. Well, I forgive you this time, on condition that you read slowly and with proper attention to what I may call light and shade—in other words, to the just emphasis, suited to the situation.

Mr. Smith. I shall be careful. What shall I read? Come, I'll put it to the vote. Mrs. Brown, what say you?

Mrs. Brown. Oh, a novel, by all means. One of the last new ones.

Miss Smith. Yes; and of the French school. Something by Georges Sand.

Miss Jones. I should like to hear the Corsair.

Miss Lydia Jones. I doat on Lalla Rookh.

Miss Jones. Doat, Lydia! Didn't I tell you that such strong expressions should be avoided?

Miss Lydia Jones. Yes, but you said that Mr. Frank Clavering read *very charmingly.*

Miss Jones. A mere way of speaking. But I see we are equally divided between the novelists and the poets; so I think I shall go over to the other side, and leave Lydia alone with her Lalla Rookh. Of course, you will have one of Bulwer's novels.

Mrs. Brown. No; something newer.

Miss Smith. I repeat, the French school for me. There is something so wild in its passion, and so—so—you know what I mean Mr. Brown?

Mr. Brown. I agree with every word you have said.

Mr. Smith. After all, I see, *I* must decide. I have in my pocket a novel in one volume, of the deepest interest. It is written by a person of distinction in the political world, who, for obvious reasons, does not wish his name to transpire.

Mr. Robinson. Obvious reasons, Smith? I vow to you, that obvious as they are, I can't see them. Why should the author not put his name to his book, if it be worth reading? Such sham-secrets have always appeared to me extremely silly. Why, for instance, should Mr. Bulwer always style his new works, as they appear, "by the author of Pelham?" or Mr. Grattan, his, "by the author of Highways and Byways?" or Mr. James his, "by the author of the Gipsey?"—and so forth. You will say, because "Pelham," "Highways and Byways," and the "Gipsey," have been the most popular of the works published by the three writers just mentioned. Conceding this point, for argument's sake, does not all the reading world know the names of the three writers in question? And is it likely that their works are so little remembered as to require this title-page reminiscence? I repeat, withholding the name is all nonsense. No man publishes for obscurity: unless he thought his work worthy of notice, and himself, consequently, deserving of approval, he would not publish at all. And I think authors might as well out with it at once, as reveal their mighty secret in the coquettish style they now do.

Mr. Jones. There's a good deal in what you say, but nothing applicable to the case in hand. Smith's novel is a first attempt, if I understand him aright.

Mr. Smith. Just so. And what I meant by saying that the author, *for obvious reasons*, wished to remain unknown, was, that many of the characters being drawn from life, individuals might possibly resent the

portraiture, when less flattering than faithful.

Mr. Robinson. Worse and worse! If the author has quizzed, calumniated, or in any way misrepresented other people, he ought to be responsible—eh, Brown?

Mr. Brown. I agree with every word you have said.

Mrs. Brown. Come, come, for goodness sake, let us have the novel.

Mr. Smith. I obey. Perhaps, however, I had better just give you a general outline, so that you will feel the more interest in the characters as they appear. There are two elopements, six sudden deaths, four suicides, one marriage, and one divorce. The plot originates in politics and evolves itself by love. Those who die are decently interred, and the survivors inherit large fortunes and retire to live in the country.

Miss Smith. Well—there—*do* begin. Nothing weakens the interest so much as to let one know the drift of the story before hand.

Mr. Smith. To begin, then: the volume is entitled "The Heart turned Inside Out, or The Mixture of Motives: by a Member of Parliament." It is divided into twelve chapters, each chapter distinguished by a title indicative of the principal matter therein treated of. Chapter the first [looks Miss Smith provokingly in the face] is called "The Lap-dog."

[Miss Smith bridles, and embraces Dorabella, Miss Jones smiles, Miss Lydia Jones giggles, Mrs. Brown flirts her fan, and Mr. Brown goes to sleep.]

Mr. Smith (reads). "Chap. I. The Lap-dog. Singular as it may seem to the superficial reader, the insignificant animal mentioned at the head of this chapter has exercised an all-powerful influence on my destiny. And as my own case may not be a singular one, I shall, before coming to my complaint against this particular lap-dog, say a few words on the subject of lap-dogs in general.

"This odious race of quadrupeds may claim our attention on one ground—namely, that it possesses no single quality for which the canine species generally is valued. The lap-dog is neither noble, like the Newfoundland; nor faithful, like the spaniel; nor sportive, like the hound; it has nor fidelity nor courage; and serves no purpose on earth save that of setting the whole family together by the ears, wherever any one is foolish enough to fondle it. It should be observed, [here Mr. Smith read very slowly and with great emphasis,] that persons who fix their affections on this animal, have generally held up their hearts to auction, and, finding no bidder, have sought from quadrupeds that appreciation which the bipeds have been blind enough to withhold—"

Miss Smith. I shall endure this no longer. Can you find no one, Sir, but your own sister to treat in this manner before company? It is scandalous!

Mr. Smith. Why, my dear, I didn't write the book.

Miss Smith. How do I know that? I'm sure it 's stupid enough for you to have written it.

Mrs. Brown. Oh, don't spoil our intellectual recreation. Skip the chapter on lap-dogs altogether.

Miss Jones and Miss Lydia Jones. Yes, pray begin the second chapter.

Mr. Smith. With all my heart: though you must remember that the author himself has told you that his whole destiny was influenced by the lap-dog in question. I'll just explain how. The author took the "dear little creature," belonging to his maiden aunt, the Lady Constantia Crumbletower, out skating with him. The weather was remarkably severe. The poor thing was up to the knees in snow all the way to the lake; and, arriving there, sprained its limbs most shockingly in endeavouring to preserve its drawing-room dignity on the slippery flooring of the ice. A violent cold and rheumatism was the consequence, which terminating in inflammatory fever, carried the "dear sufferer" off, after six days of unparalleled suffering, borne with more than canine resignation. Lady Constantia Crumbletower was, as may be conceived, inconsolable. She steadily refused to see the innocent cause of the calamity; and having altered her will, she sent her nephew word that feeling naturally superior to the low vindictiveness of cutting a nephew of hers "off with a shilling," she had determined on leaving him nothing at all. Her Ladyship added a hope that two good effects would result from this step: first, that her nephew would exert his talents for that fortune which he could no longer expect from her; second, that for the rest of his life, he would be considerate to those dumb animals domes-

ticated with, and dependent on, the human race.

Mr. Jones. In the name of all that's merciful, get on to the second chapter.

Mr. Smith. Here it is. "Chap. II. On Politics. If," says the author, "I am asked what chance Diogenes would have of finding his honest man at the present day, were he to appear, lantern in hand, ready for the search, I can conscientiously spare him the trouble of seeking through the political world. From the first canvass of a borough up to the formation of a cabinet, the 'mixture of motives,' however artfully compounded, is utterly fatal to the existence of honesty. I will trace my own political career, which is, I take it, as innocent as that of any public man can possibly be.

"When I first stood for the borough of ———, I did so on liberal principles, not because I myself entertained those principles, nor because the Government professed those principles, but because it appeared to me that 'purity of election' was a much cheaper safe-conduct to Parliament than 'bribery and corruption.' Accordingly, I placed myself in communication with the leading liberal of the borough—everything went on swimmingly—we dined liberally and spoke liberally, and on the day of election my constituents voted liberally. I was returned at the head of the poll. It seemed to me that nothing could be more pleasant than all this. But *surgit amari aliquid*, is always the way in this world. I was not many days without finding my leading liberal a most expensive acquaintance. But there was nothing to be done. He proved in black and white, that the charges were all necessary—that £6,000 was nothing for such a borough—that before the reform bill it would have cost £12,000—and (most significant hint!) he added, that a dissolution was talked of, and that unless the voters were handsomely dealt with, they could not be depended on for the next election. So, making the best of a bad bargain, I paid the fellow my £6,000."

Mr. Robinson. It's a lie!

Mr. Brown (awaking). I agree with every word you have said.

Mrs. Brown. Oh, Mr. Robinson, how could you be guilty of such an interruption? And before ladies, too! I declare I am quite shocked at you.

Mr. Robinson. I beg pardon of the ladies; but it is too much for flesh and blood to bear, when one hears one's motives and conduct so grossly misrepresented.

Mr. Smith. Your motives and conduct! I am sure your name was not mentioned, nor can I see how any part of the narration can apply to you.

Mr. Robinson. Not apply to me! All the world knows the service I did to the cause, and I repeat that the borough would have cost 12,000*l.* before the passing of the reform bill. It was dirt cheap at 6,000*l.*

Mr. Jones. There's some mistake here. Go on to the next chapter, Smith. Pass over the politics.

Miss Lydia Jones. Do, pray, Mr. Smith. There must surely be something more interesting in the book than those odious politics.

Mr. Smith. I am all compliance. Robinson, I give you my word I knew nothing of your connection with borough politics. I am confoundedly unlucky in my lecture. Let us try the next chapter. Chapter III. "On Love."

[Great sensation among the ladies, excepting Miss Smith, who gives a scornful look to her brother, and a tender hug to Dorabella.]

"Love," read Mr. Smith, "has been so often described, and always to so little purpose, that I fear I shall not be able to secure the attention of my readers to my own philosophical consideration of this subject. I therefore avail myself of an introductory sentence or so, from the works of a very great man, Lord Bacon. His lordship says, 'You may observe that amongst all the great and worthy persons, whereof the memory remaineth, either ancient or recent, there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love, which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion. * * * * It is a poor saying of Epicurus, *Satis magnum alter alteri theatrum sumus;* as if a man, made for the contemplation of heaven, and all noble objects, should do nothing but kneel before a little idol, and make himself subject, though not of the mouth, as beasts are, yet of the eye, which was given him for higher purposes. * * * * As to other loves, the poet's relation doth well figure them; that he that preferred Helena quitted the gifts of Juno and Pallas; for, whoever esteemeth too much of amorous affection,

quitteth both riches and wisdom. This passion hath its floods in the very times of weakness, which are great prosperity and great adversity, though this latter hath been less observed, both which times kindle love, and make it more fervent, and therefore show it to be the child of folly.' The great wisdom of these opinions will be further exemplified in the course of the present chapter, in which I hope to prove, to the satisfaction of every reasonable being, that never was there anything more destructive of the human heart than that poisonous 'mixed motive' influencing mankind under the name of love."

Miss Jones. This chapter is more tedious than the others.

Miss Lydia Jones. I am sure it's great nonsense! When does the story begin?

Mrs. Brown. What is the subject of the next chapter?

Mr. Smith. I'll see. "Chapter IV. On the blessings of the married state."

Mr. Jones. Well, ladies, what say you? No possible objection to this. The blessings, you observe—the *blessings* of the marriage state!

Miss Smith. Read on, I pray you. I so long to get to the last chapter, and have done with this stupid book altogether.

Mr. Smith. I am hastening to the utmost of my power. The plot will thicken soon; then you will prepare for the catastrophe. (Reads). "Of the marriage state it may be confidently said that, but for the parties to the contract, great happiness would invariably be its result. As I have done in the preceding chapters, I shall now first lay down my principle, and then proceed to illustrate it by my story." You perceive, ladies and gentlemen, that by your impatience you have lost the important part of each chapter. "The great authority from whom I have already quoted on the subject of love, hath likewise left words of much wisdom on this same subject of marriage. 'Certainly,' says Lord Bacon, 'the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men, which, both in affection and means, have married the public. * * * Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants. * * * He was reputed one of the wise men that made answer to the question, when a man should marry? 'A young man not yet, an elder man not at all.' Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses. Chaste women are often proud and froward, as presuming upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds, both of chastity and obedience, in the wife, if she think her husband wise.'"

Mr. Brown. I agree with every word you have said.

Mrs. Brown. Don't interrupt, if you please, my dear.

Mr. Smith (continues). "It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives; whether it be that it raiseth the price of their husbands' kindness when it comes, or that the wives take a pride in their patience."

Miss Smith. Well, I'm sure!

Miss Jones. Did you ever!

Miss Lydia Jones. Fiddlestick!

Mrs. Brown. I've no patience with such nonsense. I'm sure Lord Bacon was no better than he should be. Most likely, he lived in a pig-stye. I've heard that he was hanged for bribery at the Westminster election in Lord Cochrane's time. Was he not, Mr. Smith?

Mr. Smith. No, dear Madam, you mistake. But shall I go on with the story?

Miss Smith. It's a vulgar story!

Miss Jones. It's a stupid story!

Miss Lydia Jones. It's no story at all!

(*Enter Frank Clavering*).

Frank. Hey-day, how's this? Studying German on the Hamiltonian system? You all look remarkably grave at your lesson.

Mrs. Brown. You mistake. We are attempting a little intellectual recreation. Smith has been reading some chapters from a new novel. We were just voting it horridly stupid. Look at it, and judge for yourself.

Frank (takes the book). So ho! The "Heart turned inside Out." I've heard of it—written, as you see, by an M.P.—high in office—seat in Cabinet—remarkably clever man—few such clever men left—not likely to be such clever men again in our generation—last of the Romans—mustn't mention him.

Miss Jones. At all events, fix on some passages in his book which people can listen to without being tormented. Whoever your author is, he is no friend of our sex. Indeed, he is quite a wretch!

Miss Smith. A monster!

Miss Lydia Jones. An old fright!

Mr. Jones. He's a grumbler!

Mr. Robinson. A bad politician!

Mr. Smith. If you had been reading him aloud for an hour, you'd agree with me that he's a bore.

Mrs. Brown. Come, Mr. Clavering, open the volume at random, towards the end, and oblige us with something endurable.

Frank. Willingly. Here I have it. "Chapter XI. Resolve of an injured and desperate lover." Come, this promises well, at all events. (Reads). "The window of the room in which Charles now sate, overlooked the sea. The inn itself stood on a beetling rock, against which the sullen surges dashed as in anger, and then rolled back in murmurs. It was but a plunge, and all would be over! The thought no sooner flashed across his mind, than he sprung to the window, and—returned to take another look at those beloved characters, in which his cruel mistress had repelled his suit for ever. He gazed for awhile on the letter with looks of speechless agony, then exclaimed, 'Unfeeling Dorabella!'

Dorabella (jumping on Miss Smith's shoulder). Bow—wow—wow!

Miss Jones. How provoking!

Miss Lydia Jones. At such a moment, too, just as the story was becoming interesting.

Miss Smith. Really, Miss, I don't see that the poor thing is to blame. It is only natural to come when one's called.

Mr. Smith. Sister, unless the "poor thing," as you term it, keeps quiet, I shall ask Clavering to turn back to the chapter on lap-dogs. Resume the story, Frank, and you may as well drop the lady's name, or this noisy animal will let us have no peace.

Frank (reads). "'Unfeeling woman! you shall have your worst wish fulfilled; but not in that eternal ocean will I seek oblivion. No, one of these mute instruments of death shall do thy bidding, and leave my mangled corse a victim, in all men's eyes, of my unsurpassable love!' Here the impassioned youth groaned aloud, and taking up the pistols, one after the other, he examined their state and efficiency. Finding them in due order, he placed them on a table near the bell; and then, having taken a last look at the illimitable ocean, he closed the window, and returned to the table. He took up the fatal letter. He read it over and over again to himself; he then read it over and over again aloud. Then taking up a pistol in one hand, he, with the other, pulled the bell, and—told his servant to bring him a mutton chop and a pint of claret, and to 'lock up the pistols!'"

Miss Smith. So, I thought all his fine speech would come to nothing.

Miss Jones. What a selfish lover!

Miss Lydia Jones. No real romance about him!

Mrs. Brown. Upon my conscience, a very sensible young man, to my thinking.

Mr. Jones. In that opinion I heartily concur. And now that Clavering has failed to please you by his extract from this novel, I presume we may as well give it up.

Mr. Robinson. Yes, and I vote we adjourn to the supper room.

Mr. Brown. I agree with every word you have said.

Mrs. Brown. Then to supper be it. I am quite charmed with our rational entertainment.

Miss Smith. Hem!

Miss Jones. Heigho!

Miss Lydia Jones. Oh, dear me!

[*Exeunt.* Mr. Jones leading Mrs. Brown, Mr. Robinson Miss Smith, Mr. Frank Clavering Miss Jones, Mr. Smith Miss Lydia Jones, and Mr. Brown bringing up the rear with Dorabella.]

BURNING OF THE PACKET-SHIP BOSTON,

ON HER PASSAGE FROM CHARLESTON, S. C., TO LIVERPOOL, IN MAY 1830.

BY A PASSENGER.

We left the shore with joy in our hearts, for the sun shone brightly, and the wind was fair. Joy, did I say? Yet there was a slight shade of sadness so blended with it, that I am not certain it would have been so welcome without. As our vessel glided along, we watched the dancing waves as they rose, broke, foamed, and then died

away; and the sporting porpoises, too, as they gambolled in the foam beneath our bows. The wind grew fainter, and the dolphins swam close to the vessel. Occasionally a whale was seen to spout up water, and to raise its broad tail to the surface of the now tranquil ocean. At length the breeze wholly ceased, and all was still, save the flapping of the sails, that enemy of the sailor's speed. The scene was indeed changed, from the animation of the spray-crested wave to the grave undulation of the unexcited ocean.

There was on board our ship a gallant Admiral, confined to his berth with the gout. Great was the desire of all his shipmates, that he should witness the beauty of the scene, and enjoy the coolness of the closing day. But our entreaties were unavailing. He was too lame to ascend to the deck, where all but himself had assembled to listen to the song of one, young and beautiful, whose tones were subdued by a lingering disease, which, it was hoped, this voyage would, if not entirely remove, at least allay for a time, until she could return to her anxious parents, from whom she had been separated for nearly three years. The intense interest with which all listened while she sang, appeared sufficient proof that her voice was in perfect unison with the grey twilight, which was fast falling around. After the music, conversation divided our party into groups; these, one after another, broke up and went below, until but one solitary being, besides the man at the helm, remained on the quarter-deck. This being was the captain. His weather-beaten face and silvered hair were sufficient to convince you at a glance of his experience in navigation. To him we naturally looked, as to a barometer, to ascertain the state of the atmosphere, which, it must be acknowledged, at least to the suspicions of one among us, indicated nothing favourable.

I had, but a few years before, been a common sailor, and from the manner of the several captains with whom I had sailed, had observed enough to know that danger was at hand, by the silence and restlessness of our own, as he paced the deck, now glancing at the heavens, now heading the ship in another direction—again looking at some dark clouds rising above the western horizon, and next, in a voice of thunder, ordering the royals to be furled and the top-gallant studding-sails to be taken in. This order quickly confirmed my suspicion, and brought two of our unsleeping passengers to the deck, who, perceiving in the calm, clear sky over head, no cause for the order, retreated again to the cabin. But the practised eye of the captain saw not only the storm, but its rapid approach towards the vessel; and before his commands could be obeyed, the gale struck, and carried away both starboard and larboard booms. All hands were called up, and, almost as soon as said, the main and top-gallant sails were clewed up, and every thing put in trim to stand the gale; for, from the way in which it had set in, we had every reason to anticipate its rapid increase We were not disappointed. Ere twelve o'clock the next day, the noble ship, on which but yesterday was crowded all sail to catch the lagging wind, was barely able to scud before the blast under bare poles. But we weathered the gale, which lulled towards night; and the sky, so lately overcast by dark clouds, became clearer and clearer, till not a shade was visible in the broad face of the heavens.

We had been watching the sun, as it appeared to descend directly into the sea, until it could no longer be seen. When we turned away, our attention was arrested by a small, dense, black cloud, which had arisen above the south-eastern horizon. After passing our comments on so singular a phenomenon, most of us went below to while away the hours in reading, playing at whist, or some other amusement, until tea time, when one of our number, who had been on deck, returned, and half-seriously observed, "that dark cloud forebodes no good!" At ten o'clock a sharp flash of lightning blazed on our bark, followed quickly by a loud peal of thunder. Soon after a tremendous crash was heard, like the falling of ten thousand grape shot on the deck, directly over our heads. At the same time everything seemed enveloped in one bright flame. The passengers looked at one another in wild amazement. A few shrieks followed the fatal shock, and a silence, as of death, succeeded. When we had recovered our faculties sufficiently to look about, we found the captain and the mate bringing from the deck one of the seamen in a state of insensibility. He had been knocked down, with several others, by the electric fluid, but soon revived by the application of a dose from the medicine chest. It was ascertained that none

of the men had sustained material injury. The deck was carefully examined, but no incision could be found, nor could any traces of the lightning be perceived on the masts or rigging, except by the main-royal gaskets being severed and the sail loosed without so much as being even singed. The captain came below, assured us that all was safe, and proposed a game at whist, to remove the too painful impression of the shock. Every one retired to his state-room, from which we were soon attracted by the smell of fire. We rushed to the deck. From the after-hold the smoke was rising fast. The hatchways were removed, and the ship was found to be on fire. Holes were cut in the deck, the scuppers stopped, and the water-casks stove in. Water was passed in buckets from the side, and plied into the hatchways. The passengers and crew were all busily engaged. A few of the closely-stowed bales of cotton were broken out, and it was discovered that the lightning had passed into the hold, torn open the bales from one end of the ship to the other, and left them in a blaze. The fire gained upon us rapidly, and the boats were now our only hope of safety. One of the passengers went to the pantry with a pillow-case, in which he collected all the bread he could find.

Meantime, feeling a presentiment that we should never see the shore again, I went to the captain, asked his advice, and, descending to the cabin, emptied the wine out of a couple of bottles upon the rich Brussels carpet, and after writing on two pieces of paper, That the ship Boston, H. C. Mackay, commander, had been struck by lightning in the southern edge of the gulf stream, and that all hopes of saving her were given up, I bade all farewell, and, signing my name, placed a paper in each bottle; then corking them tightly, and covering the corks with spermaceti, I threw them into the sea. The next thing was to save the Admiral. As several were about to go below for that purpose, they encountered the gallant veteran at the head of the cabin stairs. He having heard of the danger had ascended thus far by the assistance of his servant, and with great and painful exertion. A mattrass was laid in the whale-boat, which was on the quarter. On this he was placed, with his servant by his side, while a man was stationed at each tackle. He at the bows seemed well aware of the critical situation in which they were placed; but the man at the stern took out his knife, and when the wave rose to the boat, cut the tackle, so that when the latter rose again, the other end being fast, the boat was half filled with water, and the sailor at the stern thrown into the deep. By this time the bow tackle was unhooked, the boat cleared from the side, and the old tar taken, half drowned, from the sea, to receive a pretty severe reprimand from the fearless man whom he had so unintentionally immersed in a cold bath. While we were engaged aft, a part of the crew were busy in getting the long boat over the side. They had barely cleared it from the rail, when the half-consumed tackle gave way. It was with no little difficulty that it was saved. The passengers and crew, with the exception of Captain M. and myself, took possession of the boat, and were soon at some distance astern of the ship. We were left on the quarter-deck, standing, as it were, over a volcano, expecting, every moment, that the planks would be rent from their fastenings, so great was the roar and crackling of the flames in consuming the elegantly-finished cabin, on the couches of which we had revelled in luxury, when feasting our minds from entertaining books, chosen from an extensive library belonging to the packet. But even this precarious footing was not long allowed us. The ship, no longer obedient to her helm, swung round, in consequence of which the flames were turned upon us, and we were compelled to fly to the deep, as the least of the two evils; but fortunately the whale-boat's tackle arrested not only the eye but the hands of the captain, as he was in the act of leaping into the sea, from which he was taken, almost immediately. My fate was not so agreeable. I had caught at some loose rigging hanging over the stern, by which I was suspended, being immersed alternately in fire and water, by the descending flame from the cabin windows, as the stern of the vessel rose on the wave that had just drenched me. Although I was discovered as soon as I had left the deck, it was some time before the long-boat could come to my relief; and, when she did, it was not without great danger to those in her, from the roughness of the sea and the heat of the fire. The captain was taken from the jolly into the long-boat, which he ordered round under the weather bow, and with two or three men ascended to the forecastle, to get some

water from the fore-run. While the men were passing it from the vessel, the captain was sitting on the rail, near the anchor, holding the boat by the painter. At this time the lady, mentioned in the early part of this narrative, was in the stern of the boat, which was in great danger of being swamped by every sea. Of this she seemed not aware; but when she raised her eyes to the main and mizzen masts, which were tottering in the air, she uttered the most fearful shrieks, fearing that they would fall upon the boat. Fortunately, they yielded beneath their own weight, as the vessel rolled to windward, and fell in the opposite direction; and the fore-braces being fast, the fore-yard was snapped short off in the slings. The weather arm of this immense spar fell within an inch of the captain's head; but he, with that self-possession which characterised him throughout the whole of this fearful catastrophe, secured the boat, took the fore-top bowline, went out on to the bowsprit, and, by tying it to the fore-stay, prevented the yard-arm from swinging. This done, he resumed his seat, till the men were driven from their task by the devouring element.

The captain was the last to leave the ship. At three o'clock in the morning, there were twenty-three of us, including the crew and passengers, on the bosom of the ocean, in open boats, three hundred and sixty miles from land. Yet even this did not prevent some from admiring the sublime scene; and one, I know, wished his colours and pencils to sketch it, as the ship was tossed on the restless wave, high up against the gloomy sky.

In ten minutes after we left, the fore-mast, like a pillar of flame, fell hissing into the deep. The Admiral was now transferred to the long-boat, in safety, although the undertaking was fearfully hazardous. Once more among his fellow-passengers, in whose countenances he discovered strong symptoms of despair, this courageous sailor, unmindful of the continual danger of being overwhelmed in the angry sea, endeavoured to banish the general gloom; and with cheerful songs and anecdotes, actually inspired most of us with livelier emotions.

But, alas! there was an occurrence which appalled the stoutest heart of our little band. The fair being whose fatal shrieks that morning rose above the howling wind, now lay in her brother's arms. During those heart-rending cries she had severed an artery connected with the lungs. We saw by the red current fast flowing from her mouth, that death was busy at her heart. She seemed conscious that her hour was nigh, and made several useless efforts to speak to her brother, who bent over her in speechless agony, with his eyes fixed on that pale face. Not a tear bespoke the emotions of his soul; they were too strong to be dissolved in tears. Before noon she had breathed her last; it became my painful duty to close her eyes, and taking the white handkerchief from my pocket, I passed it under her chin, and tied it above her brow. Even the rough sailors wept at the scene of sorrow. All that day, the sea ran mountains high. A third of a biscuit, and a gill of water, which was to be our daily allowance, was eagerly devoured; but it appeased our appetites, sharpened by hard labour, and suffering from the piercing north wind, which incessantly swept the cold spray over our unsheltered heads. But a colder comfort was in anticipation. In a few short days, one, but which?—the lot would decide—must be sacrificed to satisfy the hunger of the others. It was not difficult to imagine the cold steel penetrating the heart of the unfortunate victim, to sever the thread of dear existence. It was evident that Sir Isaac Coffin—for the Admiral was none other—had thought of the impending doom, when he looked on the seamen, who were regarding him with eyes of pity, experiencing, as he was, the twofold suffering of shipwreck and gout.

"Ah, my brave fellows!" said he, in a tone sadly at variance with his words, "don't anticipate a meal of me. You had better look to that young painter. You will find him a tenderer morsel than I am!"

The wind went down with the sun, the clouds faded from the heavens, and the moon smiled on us, as we lay upon the heaving swell, that always succeeds a storm. Not far off, the ill-fated ship, still unconsumed, threw her lurid light upon the pale faces of my companions. Dejection had humbled the heads of some, till, their chins resting upon their bosoms, they were buried in melancholy reflections. No hope of ever seeing home could they reasonably entertain. We were far out of the usual track of vessels going to and from Europe;

and unless some ship that had been blown off her course should be attracted by the light of the wreck that night, our intention was to steer for Halifax, Nova Scotia, that being the nearest land. We endeavoured to sleep, but being crowded into so small a space, it was impossible. When daylight dawned, every one was on the alert. The horizon was scanned in every direction, but no sail appeared to gladden our hearts; and those in the whale-boat were *requested*—for misfortune had made all equal in authority—to go and get some light sails from the wreck. They soon returned with a supply of royals, studding-sail, boom-irons, and other useful matters.

The superstitious sailors now began to murmur, and it was deemed advisable to consign the corpse to the deep. Accordingly, after the church service for the dead had been read from a prayer-book, which a pious sailor had pocketed before leaving the vessel—in a canvas winding-sheet, to which a few spikes and a boom-iron were attached, the last solemn office was performed for one, whose unaffected and refined simplicity of character had won the hearts of all. The brother knelt in silence, and with affectionate tenderness kissed the forehead of the departed. When the blue waves closed over her, and the calm, smooth, glassy surface of the sea bore no traces to mark the spot, no outward signs betrayed his emotion; but the volcano raged within, and he was watched lest he should seek relief in the grave of his sister.

The seamen had been engaged in rigging sails to masts made of the boat's oars. The bread and water was divided between the three boats, in case they should be separated; and the prows were scarcely headed for Nova Scotia, when the first mate roused us by the joyful cry of "Sail, ho!" on the starboard quarter. Even the noble, but almost disabled Admiral, raised his head to see the distant hope. The whale-boat being the lightest, was selected to run down to the distant sail, which the captain perceived, with the assistance of his glass, to be a brig, apparently close hauled on the wind. Fears were entertained that she was beating against the wind, and might go about on the other tack ere we were discovered. We followed leisurely, and with inconceivable alarm, beheld, when the advance boat was near the brig, the smoke, and presently heard the report of a gun. Dismay took possession of our souls, which somewhat abated when we perceived that the whale-boat steadily pursued her way toward the imagined enemy. The interest with which we watched grew more intense every moment, until we saw our comrades ascend the side, and the light thing that bore them drawn to the deck by the hands of the stranger vessel. Our turn came next; and never was a more friendly reception given to the unfortunate, than was extended to us by the generous-hearted Englishman who commanded the brig. Even our wants had been anticipated. Long before the second boat reached the side, the captain had ordered his cook to provide us a dinner of the best the pantry afforded. The long-boat was dropped astern, and made fast to the taffrail, and the jolly-boat followed the first.

When all were safe, with prospects of again setting our feet on shore, the full extent of our misfortunes burst upon us. Mr. Bogue, whose loss no earthly power could restore, was arranging the sorrowful mementos of his once-worshipped sister in the sun to dry, whilst the big tears fell fast to relieve his bursting heart. The captain, who thus far had quelled each emotion of regret, stood with upraised hand clenching the main-swifter by the weather-rigging of the brig. Tears trickled down his sun-burnt cheek, as he beheld the remains of his ship still burning in the distance. She had been his idol, as well she might have been; for like a fair child she was too beautiful to live. It seemed as if the consuming element, jealous of her repose on the fair bosom of the ocean, had resolved her destruction. All sympathised with, and reverenced the tears of the "smitten rock." The faithful sailors saw, and wept with their captain. On the larboard quarter of the deck lay the brave Admiral, still unable to raise his hand. Before the veteran sailor's admiring gaze, his servant supported a large gold medal, presented to him by his gracious Majesty, William IV. A smile of joy played round Sir Isaac's lip, when he perceived that the only valuable saved from among the many he possessed had passed the ordeal uninjured. The last time that I was in the cabin of the ship Boston, I had taken from my trunk, and placed in my pocket, a small tin box, filled with keepsakes rendered valuable by associations. A larger one, in which the savings of years were deposited, I carried to the deck, and

placed it where I could easily find it, when we should be obliged to leave; but the hurried manner in which I had been driven from the deck by the flames, rendered it impossible, even if I had thought of it, to save the treasure, and now once more I was destitute of even a change of linen. By this time the dinner ordered by our new friend was announced; and, whilst we were doing it justice, in the simplicity of his heart, he acknowledged himself to be one of those numerous coasters on the American shore, who, never having studied navigation, take a bundle of shingles when about to leave port, to distribute on the trip out, that they may be enabled to find their way back. He told us that he discovered the smoke rising from what he supposed to be the lowland of the West Indies, about twelve o'clock, and calling for his spy-glass, ascended to the top. Perceiving a vessel burning, and at the same time three boats making towards him, he concluded at once that we were pirates, who, after robbing the ship, had set fire to her. With this supposition, he had ordered his mate to load the gun and fire it, to apprise us that he was not without ammunition to defend the brig.

The third day after our deliverance we fell in with a vessel bound to Boston. Bidding Captain Barnaby farewell, and thanking him for his hospitality, we took our own long-boat, which had been towing astern, and went on board the other brig. In two days the Camilla bore us into Boston, where the packet belonged, to inform the owners of their loss. The news spread like wild-fire; and before we reached the wharf, thousands had collected to see the unhappy sufferers. The young painter was once more in his native place, but without a home. No one came forward to offer the rites of hospitality; and had it not been for the noble Admiral, who liberally employed him to paint his portrait, for which he paid double its value, he would have needed the wherewithal to keep soul and body together. Nor did Sir Isaac's generosity stop here. As a testimony of his approbation of Captain Mackay's conduct, he presented him with a splendid gold watch and a hundred pounds.

London, April 30th, 1836. O.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

A LEINSTER LEGEND.

——Alligat orbem
Plurima cum tota lampade Luna nitet.
Martial, Lib. viii. *Epig.* 50.

The Devil 's in the moon for mischief.—*Byron.*

THE fruitful fields and the productive plains of Kildare, were covered with the rich rewards of all the toils and cares of the husbandman. Every gentle gale that blew from Naas to Athy, felt inclining before it the many-eared tops of the swelling wheat, the ruddy barley, and the bearded oats. The furrows were rent asunder by the strong stalks, which left the soil scarcely visible; no matter how divided by human means, the land seemed the receptacle of an over-filled and all-bounteous hand, that had scattered its blessings with the profusion of omnipotence; and far as the eye could reach, no limit seemed to be placed upon the growing supply for man's wants and comforts. There was the gorgeous spectacle of a happy harvest in Ireland, and never yet has any country exceeded it, in the plenteousness, splendour, and apparently inexhaustible richness of such a view. From a cloudless sky, the full moon was pouring down its sober, argent light. All appeared as quiet as if every living thing had been hushed into repose, while Nature was left undisturbed to proceed with her beneficent work, of storing her favourite offspring with the manna drawn from her bosom.

It was upon a scene so quiet, so lovely, and so cheering, that two persons appeared long after the "witching hour of night" had passed. They were crossing along a by-path, trodden down for centuries, in one of the "heaviest" fields of corn, and as there

chanced to be a stone stile at the end of it, they took advantage of the resting-place to stop and gaze around them.

"Why, then," remarked the younger of the two, "what a lovely crap that is?"

"God bless it! so there is," answered his senior, at the same time steadying himself against the stile.

"How many twelve-penny loaves do you think there are in it, Peter Gorman?"

"More nor you nor I, Jack Cantwell, would eat in a twelvemonth. If we had a guinea for every loaf there, we need never put a spade in the ground again, but might swing on a gate all day, and have bacon for dinner every Sunday, for the rest of our lives, 't any rate."

"And what a beautiful night entirely it is, too, Gorman."

"Beautiful, Jack, it 's more nor beautiful, for the fields look as if they wor full of goold."

"Indeed, and it 's true for you, and from the way the moon is shinin' down on them, as if they were all plated over with silver."

"Augh! silver! I'm ashamed of you to say such a thing; instead of gazin' at an out of the way mighty purty thing like that, a person would think you were only looking at Jack Forristal's, the grocer's, counter, covered over with tenpenny bits. Cock your eye up at the moon, Jack Cantwell, and tell me is that like silver? It 's no more like it, than my wife's pewter plates are like silver, nor your sister's pinchbeck ear-rings that she makes such a golluthu of herself with on a Sunday, like the stuff that goes into a guinea."

"Troth, and sure enough, it's a great deal purtier nor silver; but now, Peter, looking at it this way, wouldn't you think there was a man's face in it?"

"*Think* there's a man's face in it! Why then, that's a good joke! Don't I *know* there's a man's face in it."

"Know—ah thin! how do you know that?"

"Know it—sure every one, except an idiot knows it. Really, Jack, it's a shame for a young boy like you to be so ignorant. You're as innocent as if you were born in the bog of Allen. Why wouldn't you see a man's face in the moon, when there's a man himself in it; and if the only use in the world you have with your eyes, is to spy out the biggest praty on the sieve, you can also see the bush on his back."

"Why then, as sure as there's a priest in Maynooth, I do see the bush on his back, surely—I *think*."

"If you couldn't make out that, I wouldn't wonder to see you eat a keerogue yet."

"And now, Peter Gorman, will you tell us what brought a man in the moon, with a bush on his back?"

"Most sartainly, and asy it is for me to tell that same, because every body knows it; and all I'm astonished at is, that on such a night you would be asking it this time of day. In the ould, ould times entirely—a thousand years, I suppose, before the English came to Ireland, aye, and even beyont the times of Brian Borhoime, and what's more, even before St. Patrick came from Scotland, and I believe before even Fin-ma-Coul was born—there lived upon the other side of Dublin, near to Portmarnock, where the great play-actor, Luke Plunkett's ancestors were then kings and princes, a very great saint—you can't surely be such a real ignoramus all out, as not to have heard of him—he was one St. Doulough. Now the only cross or misfortune St. Doulough had to complain of was, that two of his parishioners were the biggest vagabones in the entire country. He was always preachin', admonishin', and sermonisin' to them, but he might as well have gone down to the Velvet-strand, and advised the cockles not to be boiled, or oysters to swim, or crabs not to walk backward, as for those two bad boys, Johnny Quinlivoune and Paddy Quinlivoune, to behave purty. At first you might think it very hard to say which was the worst of them; for they were both in the thick of every bit of mischief that could be thought of. But then, you see, there was a differ between them, and it was this—if Johnny Quinlivoune was determined upon having anything that didn't belong to him, he would go bouldly up to the owner of it, and if it wasn't given peaceably to him, why he'd knock down the person that refused, and kick him for falling, and then make off with it. Not so with Paddy, for if he was to be on the watch for twenty days, he would stale it, and nobody would be the wiser. Between the two of them, all Portmarnock was in commotion for years together. The very instant a foal grew up, and was fit to run a race, Johnny Quinlivoune took him out of the paddock where he was feedin', mounted on his back, and away off with him to the Curragh, and

win or lose, sight nor light was never seen of the baste again—it was all the same if Paddy fixed his eye on it, for he would stale it unknownst to any body, and carry it off to Dublin, where he'd sell it for any thing in the shape of money, and the only tidings they'd ever hear of it is seeing Paddy drunk for weeks together, may be, afterwards. It was the same with pigs and sheep and hens and ducks, once they got fat and thrivin', there was no keepin' them within the bounds of the parish. They hopped, ran, or flew off one way or another, and nobody was the richer, but the two Quinlivounes, and they weren't worth a hog, nor a tester, no nor as much as a battered camac. Every body was calling out against Johnny Quinlivoune and Paddy, and poor St. Doulough had hardly time to say his prayers, listenin' to complaints against them—they knocked the face off the rapper of his hall-door, thumping at it to tell him of some new depredation or misdemainer of the Quinlivounes.

" St. Doulough was a saint—mind you now, he was one of the real ould saints,—not like any of them swaddlers, or canters, or jumpers, that they call saints now-a-days, and that are no more like the real saints than *Saint* Leger, that you hear the horse-jockeys talking so much about, is a good saint. But now, wasn't it enough to aggravate the best of saints to hear, that notwithstandin' he was hoarse talking to them, that they cared no more for him than if he were a tattered scare-crow.

" ' By this and by that,' said St. Doulough, one Sunday, ' only I would not swear, but I have a great mind to curse them two rapscallions, and that I mayn't be a bishop, but I will do it, if before this day month they don't turn over a new leaf. And just now let them mind themselves, for if I curse them once, see what a figure they'll cut in their new brogues. That I may break the fast but I'll do it, and that's as sure as that the Phœnix Park is near Dublin!'

" Well, to be sure, when Johnny Quinlivoune heard that St. Doulough was going to curse him, the very life was frightened out of him, and why wouldn't it? Mighty lucky it was, that he was sober when the news was brought to him; for if he happened to be tipsy, he was such a bould fellow (when he was drunk) that he would have capered about, flourishing his stick, kicking up his heels, and cryin' out—

" ' Phew! who cares for an ould priest. High, for the Quinlivounes!—and more power to them! Where's the like of them in a fight?'

" And such sort of nonsense, that may be would have left him as cold and comfortless as his born brother is this night. Johnny didn't do any such thing; but he was all at once convarted like, and off he trots to St. Doulough, as if the very divil himself was after him and trying to catch hould of him. He didn't dare to look at the door, much less rap at it; but he waited until St. Doulough should be going out to see the cows coming home in the evening. At long and at last the saint appeared, and he was reading a great big book, that was as full of writing as a hive is full of honey.

" ' God save you, St. Doulough!' said Johnny.

" ' Get out of my sight, you ugly thief,' said the saint.

" ' Sure enough, I am a thief of the world, and as ugly as sin,' answered Johnny Quinlevoune, " but won't your reverence say as much as God save you kindly to me. That's only manners, your saintship.'

" ' Then bad manners to you, is it the likes of you that is be going for to teach me good behaviour, when you know no more of proper-iety than a cow does of a horn-pipe? And then, you robber, to spake to me of manners, but it's an ould sayin' and true—make free with your slippers, and they'll go to church with you.'

" ' It's I that am the robber, your saintship, but sure, I'm going to take to honesty.'

" ' *You*—bother, says the pinkeen, when he knocked his head against the light-house wall—is it trying to invaigle me you are? That I may'nt get my dues, but honesty and you might be married, for you are not a bit of kin!'

" ' Och! your saintship, every word you are saying to me is as hard as a paving-stone. Sure, I'm going to turn.'

" ' Indeed, I wouldn't wonder at the likes of you—I suppose it's a Protestan' you're going to turn!'

" ' With all my vagabondising, I'm not so bad as that yet, your reverence's saintship. No, but I want to be convarted, and honest and good; and that I may never taste another drop, but I want to be a quiet and paisable man, and live by my hard-work, and on small wages, like the rest of the parish. I want to save my sowl.'

" ' Why, then, if it's in earnest you are,

and sure even the wasps themselves, bad as they are, make honey as well as the bees, I'm mighty sorry to tell you, Johnny Quinlivoune, that your sowl will never be saved, until the water that springs from one fountain shall run across a hill and flow into another fountain on the other side.'

" ' Oh, wirristrue ! wirristrue ! here's a saying for a saint to say to me. Arrah, St. Doulough, sure you might as well tell me to go to blaizes straight at once. Sure, for water to run over a hill, is downright impossible. Oh ! I see there's no chance for me.'

" ' Mark my word, Johnny Quinlivoune, if you choose yourself, there is a chance for you ; and nothing is impossible ! '

" 'Murther, murther !—my sowl never to be saved until what you tell me happens. Out of this spot I'll never stir, until your saintship calls back the words you wor telling to me.'

" ' Well, it's you that ought to cry your eyes out, for your sowl is as near a frying as a pair of plaice would be with me on a Friday.'

" That was the last word St. Doulough said to Johnny Quinlivoune, as he shut the door in his face, and then went to bed. Poor Johnny flung himself down on the ground, and there he kept the one side of his face close to the cold wet green grass, and of all the screechin', and roarin', and ullagoonin', it came from him all that live long night. He was crying like a banshee under the saint's windows from night till morning ; and as soon as the cock crew, who should he see coming out of the door but the saint, and his face as smiling as a laughing potato, and over he ran to Johnny and said—

" ' Get up out of that, my own darling boy, for as sure as day your sowl is saved this mornin'.'

" ' Ah, sure it isn't jokin' me you are, your reverend saintship. Where's the water running over a hill from one fountain into another.'

" ' Put your hand to your face, you innocent gommilew ! ' says St. Donlough, ' and you'll see it ! '

" Sure enough, what the saint said was the real fact ; for Johnny Quinlivoune found, that from the way he had been lying all night, his tears (that was the water) had from one eye (that was the fountain) run across his nose (that was the hill) into the other eye (the other fountain).

" ' Don't you see,' said the saint, ' that the water has not only gone over a hill, but the *bridge* of your nose likewise ? '

" ' That I may never sin again, but it has,' remarked Johnny Quinlivoune, jumping up, and skipping about like a young goat, or a dancing-master at a wedding. ' And now,' says he, ' I'll go and try and convart poor Paddy.'

" ' You're right to try,' answered the saint, ' but he's a worse boy, with his kimmeen tricks, than ever you were ; and now just let him know this, that if he doesn't mind his hits, and keep his hands in his pockets, when other men's goods are in the market, he'll be a holy show from this to the day of judgment.'

" ' He must be a born onshogh, if he doesn't mind your reverence,' said Johnny, ' and that I may be hung for horse-stealing, but I'll go now, and do my best with him.'

" As I told you, Paddy Quinlivoune was not a fine bould darin' robber, like his brother ; but a dirty, skamin', mangy thief, that would steal the pins out of a babby's bib sooner nor be idle at mischief ; and if Johnny was talking to him from this till Tibb's eve, there would be no good in it. He'd rob a priest, and go to prayers after it—he'd agree with every thing you'd say to your face, and he'd pick your pockets when you turned your back. He tould Johnny Quinlivoune he'd never take as much as a crab-apple out of another man's orchard again, and what do you think he did that very night ? Why, first of all, he went to Dublin, and stole two prayer-books, a hank of yarn, a rowl of tobakky, a pound of snuff, and a pewter pint, that belonged to the Archbishop himself ; and when he was returning home, what should come into his head, but, to vex St. Doulough himself, he determined to go into his little cabbage-plot, in the very centre of which there was growing a great big hawthorn tree that was the only comfort in the world for the poor saint ; for in summer it was as white as a sheet, with the blossoms that loaded every branch, just as if flakes of snow had fallen on them, and that had a scent delicious as poteen, and far sweeter even than the new-mown hay—and then in the winter, the same bush was as red as an apple with the beautifullest haws that ever yet were seen in Ireland, or the county Wicklow itself, growing on them—haws that were as fat as butter, and that the dirtiest little blackguard boys in the parish would

have bought (if they had the money) to shoot at one another, but that not one of them would touch, because they knew that the saint was fond of looking at them as they were of playing three-hole-span, or watching a pot-full of praties boiling for supper. This very bush, Paddy Quinlivoune in his wickedness determined to cut down, and bring home to make firing. He knew that St. Doulough would be as mad as a March hare, and that the hairs in his wig would be as wild as a distracted hay-stack, when he found that he had lost the bush; and then he thought as the night was as dark as a suit of murnin', that it could never be known who stole it.

" Well and good, in he went to the cabbage-garden, and hard and fast, as if he were working for a wager, he cut and hacked at the hawthorn-tree. He was for two hours as busy as if he were paid for it; and so bent was he upon finishing the job, that he never looked up at the sky, for if he had, he would have seen the clouds clearing away and the stars coming out one by one, and glimmerin', as if it wor winkin' at each other, as much as to say, 'What a purty piece of work that Paddy Quinlivoune is cutting out for himself.' Well, the bush was knocked down at last, and Paddy Quinlivoune stooped, and by the greatest ado, got it clean and clever on his back, and was on the step walking off with it, when out came the entire blaring moonlight upon him, and around him, and left him as open and as undisguised as to be seen by every one, as if it was twelve o'clock in the middle of the day.

" ' Why then,' said Paddy, ' bad luck to me! (God stand betwixt us and all harm) bad luck to me! (to himself be it said) bad luck to me! but a body would think the moon had come down to me, it's so blasted lightsome (the horrid villyan to go and curse the blessed light). I wish the Divil (only mind the way he swore)—I wish the Divil would take me out of this, or (adds he, looking straight up in the moon) or *it* out of *that*.'

" St. Doulough hearing the cursing that was going on in the garden, clapped his head with a new red night-cap on it, out of the window; and when he saw that Paddy had cut his elegant bush, and when he heard the curses of Quinlivoune, and saw the bush on his back, he says to him—

" ' So you've got my bush, Paddy Quinlivoune, and you're cursing the moonlight that discovered on you—oh, you vagabone —now, my wish is, that you, the bush, and the moonlight may never be parted again! May the bush stick to you like wax—may you and the moon never part—but may it make a holy show of you, now and forever more. Amen, a yiernah!'

" The words were hardly out of St. Doulough's mouth, when up like a sky-rocket flew Paddy Quinlivoune and the bush, and (to his face I say it) richly he disarved it. Before you could say 'peas upon a trencher,' there was Paddy staring down at the saint, just as he is at ourselves this very minute.

" ' God forgive you, for a one, Paddy!' said the saint, ' but it's you that have a long penance before you—'t all events you can save your sowl there if you like, for you have nothing to do now for the remainder of your days, but to say your night-prayers.'

" ' Ah, then! where is Paddy, at all, at all?' called out Johnny Quinlivoune, hearing the saint's voice, and chancing to be going by the house at the time, 'your saintship knows every thing, and sure you can tell me where Paddy is, for I want to convart him, and I have been looking high and low for him.'

" ' Troth, and its *high* enough you must look for him now,' answered the saint.

" ' Ah then, what has happened to Paddy?'

" ' Why, Johnny, jewel, he has got a great *uprise* in the world.'

" ' Hurroo! the weather!' exclaimed Johnny, giving his caubeen a great whack against the ground, ' but that's good news for *me*.'

" ' By no manner of means, Johnny, for you'll find he'll *look down upon you* for the rest of your life.'

" ' Troth, and he was always very little good, but how am I to get to him.'

" ' Then, to tell you the truth, I don't know, barring you wor a lark, and could fly sky-high.'

" ' Ah, then, where in the world, is Paddy?'

" ' He is in the world, out of the world, and above the world. He is living, he is not among the living, and he will see all that are living in their green graves, yet.'

" ' Ah, St. Doulough don't be bothering me with any more of your riddles—you were near breaking my heart with one of them already. Will you show me Paddy?'

" ' I will—for he has made a show of

himself—there he is,' said the saint, pointing to the moon, 'there he is with my bush on his back, that he is after stealing.'

"'There he is, sure enough, poor Paddy, and mighty pale he looks, from the fright, I suppose. Oh, Paddy, Paddy!—but it's you that has brought your pigs to a fine market. It's you that now knows that there is no playing with edged tools, nor joking with saints.'

"And that, now, Jack Cantwell, is the story of the man in the moon. As to his brother, Johnny Quinlivoune, he turned monk, and was hard by being a saint, and would have been so, I think, only that he fretted so much in the regard of knowing Paddy to be *alive* in the moon, that he never could have the comfort of *praying for the repose of his sowl.*"

THE THREE BENEVENTI.

A TALE FROM THE JOURNALS OF A MUSICIAN.

PART FIRST.

Of all kinds of castle-building, there is none so common, none so pleasant, and surely none so deplorably fallacious, as that which brings before the eye the ideal image of one whom we have never seen, but of whom we have often heard. How delightful it is to lay stone upon stone of the fanciful edifice, to finish the air-picture more and more, till the structure stands before us completed, and the painted form looks intensely upon us, as though it were some living and breathing creature; and then, when the building is reared to its last minaret, when the portrait seems only to wait the gazer's "Go on, then!" to step from its frame, how disappointing it is to find the vision gone—a mere delusion, an empty vapour—and in its place to behold some reality, always different, almost always inferior to the offspring of our fancy; or to find the attributes we had most loved to ascribe to the unknown, so totally neutralised by some counterbalancing gift or defect, that we are compelled to come forth from our dream with a sigh, to make the acquaintance with one whom we fancied lately that we already knew, yea, even familiarly.

Such was my surprise, but such was not my disappointment, when, upon arriving at Naples, I was presented to the celebrated Abate Benevento. I had heard of him throughout all Italy. In the first place, I had been told that it was absolutely necessary for me to study under the Abate for the mere reputation of having been his pupil. This, in a second instance where I received similar advice, was qualified with the doubtful words, "if he will receive you." A young lady of high rank (so rumour said) wished to take the veil in the aristocratic convent at Rome. "It was impossible:—the number of novices had already been exceeded to the utmost,—unless they could prevail upon the Abate Benevento to use his influence with the Superior to gain her admission." Some memorial was to be laid before the Pope:—who was the most proper person to present it? The answer came readily—"The Abate Benevento." What could I infer from all these facts, which I encountered at different stages of my progress, but that the personage whom I was about to see was some dignified and haughty ecclesiastic—some intriguing spirit—the counsellor of Popes—the confessor of Princes, who by means of rank, and talent, and ambition, had long since seated himself among the highest of the land, and had drawn round him a circle only to be passed by privileged feet? Indeed, this was evident from the extreme difficulty I found in obtaining letters of introduction to him, and the time which elapsed ere he consented to admit me as a musical pupil (for the Abate was the first composer of his time, and his monastery bore a high reputation from that circumstance); so that two days after my arrival in that most fascinating of cities, Naples, it was with much trembling that I appeared at its portal.

On inquiring for l'Abate, I was told that I could not possibly be admitted; but I sent in my credentials by the stern, passionless-looking porter, and after waiting for a long half hour, he returned, and bade me follow him. We passed silently through the

extensive and dreary corridors of the monastery; and, after crossing an inner court, my conductor knocked softly at a small door. It was opened, and through it I was ushered into the church belonging to the building. It was of moderate size, and very beautiful; how different in its style from that sober gloom which we are accustomed to consider as the beseeming character of religious edifices! It was cheerful to an English eye, cheerful almost to gaiety; the walls were panneled with pale glossy marbles, and, through the large windows, the light of day, untinged by any coloured medium, streamed brightly in upon the chequered pavement. I had time to observe all this, for I was told that the Abate was just then in the choir, superintending the erection of a new organ. I had time, too, to notice two very remarkable monuments in the outer aisle. The one was erected, so said a motto, to Sibilla Benevento, who "died January 13th, 17—, aged twenty-five." It was an oblong tomb, adorned with a recumbent figure of great beauty, though only partly completed by the sculptor: the arms, the form, and the drapery being only imperfectly chiselled; but the face, which was finished, bore at once honourable testimony to the skill of the artist, and the loveliness of her the memory of whom it had been designed to perpetuate. What regal pride sate upon the brow! what firmness compressed the round lips! And yet, with all this stateliness, this sternness of expression, I had almost said, there was in the profile a slight, a very slight redeeming softness. Perhaps this was aided by the manner in which the hair was arranged, not in chaste and simple braids, but in ringlets full and flowing, veiling half of the neck and bosom of the sleeper. A coronet of full-blown roses and myrtle decked the lofty brow, so exquisitely carved that the flowers seemed almost to tremble upon the pillow where her head reclined. Her hands were folded, and a guitar lay by her side. The other tomb was decorated with the insignia of painting, bust, pallet, and easel, and bore this inscription — "Girolamo Benevento, the brother of Sibilla, who did not long survive her, died July 12th, 17—, aged thirty-two." There was some further legend upon the lady's monument, but this I had no time to examine, for I heard a voice in the choir say, "Why did you not tell me that the young man was waiting?" and after some muttered apology, an ecclesiastic came out, and beckoned to me through the brazen gates into the presence of one, whom I had so often pictured to myself, and always so different from the reality.

On a ladder beneath the unfinished instrument was standing a man of low stature, whose countenance was the meekest and mildest I have ever seen. There was no beauty to recommend it, save a gentle and benign composure, and an intellectual elevation of expression commanding respect and confidence. His eye was tranquil and settled, his voice low; and when he descended and greeted me with almost paternal welcome, I stood in bewildering amazement, scarcely able to believe that this was "the counsellor of popes, the confessor of princes," the reverenced, the exclusive Abate, of whom I had hitherto entertained such awe.

Soon, indeed, I felt the distance between the powerful churchman and the nameless student much diminished by the great kindness of l'Abate's manner. We began, at first, as was most natural, to speak of music. I turned to the organ. "This will be a noble instrument, when finished," said I.

His countenance lightened up in an instant, and he cried, "You can play upon the organ?—you shall come and try the new diapasons which I have just been tuning. Here, Bartolomeo! Giuseppe! Why, the idle fellows are all gone; but no matter;" and hastening to the bellows himself, he insisted upon my trying the new stop. I begged him to allow me to call for some assistance, but in vain. "Go on! go on!" he cried, at every attempt I made to break off, "I love to hear the sound of my own pipes." And stop after stop was drawn out and exhibited, much to my reluctance, while he continued blowing away eagerly, only pausing to ask my opinion, and testifying sincere pleasure at my praises, until a grave-looking monk entered, and with a look of the most formal horror at the undignified occupation in which he found his superior engaged, delivered him some message with great reverence.

"Well, I suppose I must come," said the Abate, with a sigh; "it is vexatious that I cannot command one undisturbed hour." And shaking the dust and metal filings from his robes, he followed the stately messenger.

The friendly intercourse thus established between us, was improved at each succeed-

ing interview. I was his only scholar; for his time was so much occupied by his ecclesiastical affairs and his organ (the latter certainly sate nearer his heart than the former), that to him it would only have been a serious annoyance to be burdened with many pupils. I presently loved the old man much, and felt it a privilege to be admitted to the society of one whose influence was so great, and whose intimacy was so universally courted. I soon became aware of the great value of his instructions; for, as his genius was not confined to music alone, the refinement of a cultivated and elegant mind spread itself over his pursuit of his favourite art, and he displayed in his lessons and compositions that intimate feeling of the beautiful which (if I may be allowed so to express myself) can belong only to the intellectual musician. He was full of the poetry of his art; yet the high perfection he had reached had not abated his love for every simple and natural melody. He delighted in the music of birds, in the tone of the wind when sweeping through the avenues of his rich and shaded convent garden, and listened with eagerness to the flowing rhyme of the improvisatore, and the ballad of the wandering minstrel. It was very pleasant, when the hours of study were over, to walk by his side through those deep and private garden shades, to hear his quiet and heartfelt exclamations of pleasure as the sounds he loved best interrupted our converse. Assuredly he was, at such times, happier than when engaged in the active duties of his high station.

And the hours of study, too, were no less delightful. His private chamber was hung round with pictures, among which the portrait of a beautiful female, obviously from the same original as the sculptured form on the tomb, was much the most conspicuous. On this my eye always rested with interest and curiosity. Beside it was suspended a guitar richly inlaid with ivory and gold; and a thousand small memorials of a gentler being than man or monk filled the massive cabinets, or were carelessly disposed among tomes of theology, manuscript scores, and unframed paintings. Much as I longed to ask the story of the picture and tomb, I felt that it would be unbecoming and impertinent; and I refrained with the more difficulty, because he was always referring to the past, and would say, "So my sister would have sung such a passage," or "So my brother would have painted this or that subject." He lived, in fact, half his life in the memory of these two beings, with whom my fancy loved to link some intricate and interesting history.

One day, when we walked together in our favourite avenue, he was expressing his delight at the extreme quiet of his retreat, and its complete freedom from interruption (for at such times he gave positive orders not to be disturbed), and he said how much happier he should be, could he thus always shut out the affairs of a stormy world, and pass his days in tranquil meditation.

"Yes, father," I answered, "this is very delightful; yet to me it would be somewhat too like dreaming away existence. I feel that I could not hold myself apart from the sympathies, the passions, and the honourable strivings of my fellow-men. I would fain ennoble myself by my art; and if, in the elevated station which I would reach, I could not have the waveless peace of obscurity, I would willingly pay the unquietude and the care as the price of the supremacy attained by enthusiasm and daring."

So spoke the youthful folly of nineteen. He smiled, and shook his head.

"Ah, I am older than you, and have seen whither such feverish aspirings tend. I have seen how little happiness the pride of art raising its possessor to the highest height can bring—how vain it is to fill the void which the sacrifices it often enjoins may leave. But perhaps I look only at the dark side of the question. Come, I will use an old man's privilege. I will tell you the tale of the fortunes of my family, and you shall draw your own moral therefrom."

Satisfied as I was by this mark of his confidence, it may readily be believed that the following story sunk deep into my mind. In fact, from the notes I made after the above conversation, I am almost enabled to give it in his own words.

"The family of Benevento," said the Abate, "has always been counted, by those curious in such matters, to be among the oldest and noblest in Italy. My ancestors were a proverbially haughty race; but the extravagance of some, and the calamities which oppressed others, had sunk its glory and wealth so low, that my father, after having been driven from one impoverished

estate to another, was at length compelled to take refuge in a small country lodge—almost a cottage—which, with a feeble old man, his sole attendant, was all that remained to console him for the loss of the fifty palaces, and the thousand retainers, and all the pomp and stateliness which from time immemorial had surrounded the sons and daughters of the house of Benevento. I remember little of him, for he hardly noticed my sister, my brother, or myself; and dreamed away his declining years in unnumbered sad remembrances of the days which had been; so that the care of our childhood devolved entirely on the old domestic, who was devotedly attached to the family, in whose service he had been born, and whose wane he had witnessed during all his long life of faithful service.

"Poor old Pietro!—he was far more zealous for the honour of the name of Benevento than its representative, and did his best, from his scanty store of acquired knowledge and large collection of legendary traditions, to train us up as children descended from a race which had ever been fruitful of cardinals, statesmen, and warriors of high renown. We were early imbued with all the deeds of noble daring, all the generous actions achieved by our ambitious and gifted forefathers, and taught that it was not only a merit, but an imperative duty, to endeavour, by exertion, and sacrifice, and toil, and economy, to place ourselves in the exalted station to which our high name entitled us. Never was so much pains taken to cultivate benevolence or humility in some, as was bestowed in our case to render us proud and tyrannical. Pietro's grandson, a cheerful, bright-eyed boy, exactly as old as my brother Girolamo, was made our slave, and instructed that it was suitable and necessary he should submit himself entirely to our commands, however unreasonable or disagreeable they might be; and Girolamo must have tired his patience. He was an apt scholar in Pietro's lore—of bold and impetuous temperament, born with a full measure of talent and enterprise. From his infancy he manifested the most decided genius for painting and sculpture. It was his greatest delight to carve rude models or images of Pietro, Sibilla, and myself; and among my first recollections is impressed the circumstance of being held forcibly on the old man's knee, while the artist in embryo attempted to draw my likeness on the pavement with charcoal; and when the spirit of infant restlessness could no longer be pacified, and I struggled successfully to extricate myself from the constraint of a fixed position, he vented his vexation by seizing little Giannetto, and blackening his face and hands with the crumbling remains of his crayon.

"As he grew older, this imitative talent so clearly developed itself, that Pietro persuaded my complying father to gratify his eldest born in his dearest wish, and place him with a painter of celebrity. Accordingly, after much difficulty and hesitation, Girolamo's desire was accomplished, and he left us to become the pupil of the celebrated Carlo Maratti. I remember finding his departure a great relief. I loved Sibilla tenderly, and in those days was repaid by a large return of sisterly affection. We received together the rudiments of the scanty knowledge of which our sole instructor was possessed; and this, with a few lessons in feminine arts, given to her occasionally by the kind nuns in a neighbouring convent, was the sum of what she knew. Music was her delight, as much as painting was my brother's; and she was never so well pleased as when she would sit beneath some tree, and sing the melodies she had gathered from the surrounding peasantry, or learned in the convent chapel, to Giannetto and myself, her easily-contented auditors. She, too, was very proud, and a willing hearer of old Pietro's tales. As she grew older, she began unconsciously to refer to the maxims he was ever inculcating, as oracles, and eagerly listened to the tidings which occasionally reached our retired abode of Girolamo's extraordinary success in his profession. She became tall, and very handsome. That picture which you have seen does no justice to her beauty at this period. It was painted after the world and care had done their work.

"About this time my father died. It is a painful thing so to speak of a parent's loss, but he had lived so little for and with his children, that their sorrow was moderate and easily comforted. Then, for the first time since he had left us, came Girolamo to superintend the funeral, and to take the order of what small property yet remained. How greatly changed was he, even in the brief space of three years! He had grown out of our knowledge in mind as well as in body. The seeds of ambition early sown

by Pietro had taken deep root, and the enthusiasm with which he studied his art was obviously mingled with aspirings after temporal state and honour. The fresh thoughtlessness of youth was corrupted into a recklessness and licence of conduct, and a rudeness of speech which might well have beseemed a disciple of the stormy Caravaggio. He was now overbearing and gloomy; and as he assumed authority over us, as the head of our ancient family, he decided that we should leave our cottage, and henceforth live with him in the city. He commended Sibilla's beauty much, and held many long and private conversations with her; and as she looked up to him with that natural deference with which a young and country-bred girl might be disposed to regard a haughty and bold youth five years her senior, he thus resumed all his old ascendency over her character.

"We left our cottage, the home of so many happy years. I believe that of those who went, I, then twelve years of age, was the only one who regretted it; and I still look back to it with regret. While one stone hung upon another, I loved henceforth to retreat to it for retirement and meditation. But there is nothing now left, no vestige to show where I dwelt for so many long and peaceful years! When I came to reside here, I paid it my last visit. A few grey fragments among the thick matting of grass and wild-flowers which many summers had thrown over them, were all that was then remaining. The garden was overrun with weeds, the shrubs were degenerated and run wild, the hedges which separated it from the surrounding country were broken down, and the whole spot wore such a desolate and melancholy aspect, so little like the sunny habitation of my childhood, that I resolved to visit it no more. Yet, when I departed from it, even at that early period of life, I was not without some promptings of that ambition which had arisen to such a height in my brother, and was then stirring the gentler nature of my sister to a conflict little guessed by any of us at that time. I, too, had lent an eager ear to tales of days and deeds gone by, and was beginning to cherish, as a hope and an incentive to exertion, the idea that ere long I, too, might be bending my strength of body and mind to restore the ancient honours of the house of Benevento.

"We resided with my brother, whose employment as a painter, especially of portraits, was increasing and lucrative. Among others who came to be immortalised by his pencil, was the Marchese Castagna, an old noble, whose vanity kept pace with his patronage of the fine arts. It chanced that by some delicate flattery (be it said, by the way, that this was not meant or suspected by Girolamo, who had too much pride to employ such a vulgar means of obtaining success), the mean unexpressive features of the worn-out courtier had been brightened by some beam of intelligence in the course of transfer to the canvas. This riveted the Marchese to my brother. He gave him introductions, and would further have rendered him advice and assistance, had there been any chance of the two latter being patiently received. I well remember his arrival one bright morning. Girolamo, whose habits were irregular in the extreme, had passed the night abroad, and was not yet returned. Sibilla and myself were in his studio. I well remember, too, how particularly beautiful she looked, as, impelled by some sudden fancy, she had placed herself before an unfinished painting of Cassandra, in an attitude corresponding with the figure of the picture, and began to sing, with her full rich voice, some impassioned strain from a popular opera. In the midst of this the door suddenly opened, and the old amateur, who had been concealed behind it for some time, entered with my brother. Sibilla was overwhelmed with praises and prognostications, and retained in the studio so long as the nobleman remained. When we were again left alone together, she told me, to my great surprise, that her voice was to be cultivated with a view to her future appearance as a public singer. Though she had never known much of the sensation of fear so common to her sex, she now betrayed some timidity and much agitation at the prospect before her, and from that hour her bearing become more lofty, and her speech more reserved; she seemed to have laid aside the carelessness of youth, and to have arisen from among its vanities and pleasures, a proud and thoughtful woman.

"That hour was the beginning of much unhappiness to me. I had never loved Girolamo with that near affection which draws heart to heart. He had early mounted far above me, and our paths were altogether different. But my sister had

been my all in all, my confidant and my counsellor. I had told her all my heart, and had been repaid by her deep and silent love. Those days were now over,—over for ever. From the day in which she was initiated into the preparatory studies of her new profession, she seemed to live but for it. She devoted herself to the study of its rudiments with an energy surprising in one so young, and occupied her time in practising or storing her mind with classical history, or the more romantic chronicles of the age of chivalry. She seemed not to heed or require the encouragement of her masters. There was a stimulus within her, all-sufficient to impel her onward with a devotion and perseverance which nothing could dishearten, nothing impede. She pursued her object with the steadiness of one whose soul is filled entirely by one all-absorbing purpose; and the consequence was, that in a shorter time than was at all customary, she was pronounced fit to try her powers by the ordeal of public criticism.

"The day was appointed when she was, for the first time, to appear; but it had been deemed advisable that she should first retire into the country to recruit her health, which had suffered severely from her close application to her studies. An incident which occurred on the evening before her departure rivets this on my memory.

"It chanced that that night I sate up much later than usual to read. My lamp had long burnt itself out,—still I do not recollect why I could not summon resolution to go to bed, but remained lost in a dreamy succession of reveries, or listening with a languid curiosity to the tinkling of guitars in the dusky street, or the sharp sound of the passing steps of the late reveller hastening homewards from masquerade or banquet—when I became aware, from the near sound of music, that some serenader was pausing underneath the window of my sister's chamber, which was partly above the room where I sat. A guitar was tuned, and a melodious voice sang a lay at that time popular:—

Sleep well—the day is over,
The storm its strife hath done;
The wind hath hushed its anger wild,
And all is calm, and bright, and mild,
Then lady mine, sleep on!

May Fancy o'er thy slumber
Her golden visions pour,
Nor dream that here, when night is deep,
A scorned one comes to watch and weep
This once—and then no more!

Sleep well till breezy morning
From dream-land set thee free;
And ere thou quit its charmed shore,
The winds shall blow, and waters roar
Around my path from thee.

"You have lived among us long enough to know that on these occasions the appearance or silence of the lady is regarded as decisive of the degree of favour in which she holds the serenader. While the strain was proceeding, I distinctly heard footsteps in the room above (my sister's apartment). Curious to ascertain what were her feelings towards him who payed his homage in such a melancholy wise, I held in my breath to listen. She did not cross her chamber floor with the decided tread of one whose purpose is settled. Ere the song had ceased, she advanced close to the window. Methought I heard the latch which fastened the casement turn; then hastily she withdrew. All was still for a few seconds, and presently a dark form slowly paced past my window; but the twilight was so deep that I could only discern that it was a human figure which went by. I fancied, so profound was the stillness, that I caught a low sigh—but it was only a fancy; and then, by very slow degrees, the footsteps returned—then once more drew back—and their sound finally died away in the distance. I remained wrapt in a reverie till the day began to dawn; yet this was no extraordinary occurrence whereon to build an air castle. I was, however, at that time of life when no circumstance is too unimportant to engage the attention of the imagination.

"As I had taken leave of Sibilla on the previous evening, I saw her no more, for when I arose she was gone. I entered the apartment which she occupied, and found, upon a table in the window, an old manuscript family chronicle which she ever took great pleasure in reading. The book was open, but tears had fallen on the record of past glories, for their traces were distinctly visible on the page. While I stood gazing on these tokens of conflict and suffering, some one came and summoned me down stairs. Old Pietro, who had rarely visited us since our change of residence, was below, and eagerly desired to speak with me.

"I found the poor man in deep distress, for his grandson, his Giannetto, had, the evening before, been suddenly missed. In his chamber were found a few incoherent lines, wherein he bade his grandfather a long farewell. Pietro had inquired vainly

among their neighbours for some explanation which might throw light on his sudden disappearance, but none knew the way he had taken, and the desolate old man had wandered to the city, in the vain hope of receiving comfort from us, or tidings. I did my best to soothe his sorrow. Of course, I could give him no clue whereby he might hope to discover the lost one; for it was only after he left me that one of those bright, keen, lightning thoughts, which carry a beam into obscure places, flashed across my mind—baseless, but not to be put aside—a conviction that our old playfellow and the wanderer of the night might be, *must* be the same person. Memory came to my aid. I recalled a thousand instances wherein Giannetto's endurance of our whims and exactions had resulted only from his fear of displeasing my sister. From their childhood he had run at a word from her—followed her like a shadow through the vineyards — ransacked the country far and near for gifts which might please her—and had once, when very young, accomplished a long and tedious ramble of miles to bring her a rare rose-tree on her birth-day. The voice, too, of the preceding night, though matured, had certainly not been totally unfamiliar. And what tale did Sibilla's undecided steps, and that tear-blotted leaf, tell? It did not then occur to me to employ the solution which later days forced upon me, in the shape of a supposition that love, or what might have become love, had been sacrificed on the altar of ambition. This may be but conjecture—for my sister would have owned it to none had her pain of heart been ten times greater; but I know that Giannetto was never more heard of or seen in the neighbourhood of Naples, nor am I now able to guess his fate."

(*Part II. next month.*)

THE MAD DOG*.

"THAT is a noble animal of yours, Sir," said I to an elderly gentleman who sat near me on the deck of a steam-packet in which I was lately travelling, and with whom I had been for some time holding conversation. As I spoke, his hand rested fondly on the broad and shaggy back of a huge Newfoundland dog, in whose honest countenance were expressed all those generous, daring, and magnanimous traits for which the species are remarkable.

"He is, indeed, Sir," said he, proudly, "just what you designate him, a noble animal—a genuine Fides Achates, ever ready to peril life or limb for his friends, among whom I have the honour to hold the first place. I assure you," continued my garrulous companion, the most responsive chord of whose heart I had evidently touched, "I hold far higher opinions of the destinies of the brute creation, and of dogs in particular, than the world in general is disposed to entertain. In a word, I think they have souls, and that natural theologians have, by the majority of their arguments, as fully proved it as they have the immortality of our own."

As he said this, he threw his eyes upwards, and pointing his finger to the azure canopy above, exclaimed, with much feeling—

> "And thinks, admitted to yon equal sky,
> His faithful dog will bear him company."

Here a kind glance at Neptune indicated the particular application of the lines. "Now, Sir," he continued, "I see nothing *savage* in the thought thus exquisitely expressed, and which the poet assigns to the untutored man; but I view it, on the contrary, in the light of a generous non-exclusive aspiration, which would do infinite honour to him who boasts a higher civilisation and more cultivated intellect. What is more natural, let me ask, than to long for the society of friends?—and can there be a conceivable paradise without them? Am I to limit my affection to man? No! Neptune here is my friend; the only one, too, who never failed me. I therefore adopt as my own the sentiment I have quoted, and believe, if I go to heaven—and heaven can't be heaven without those we love—my faithful Nep must e'en go there likewise."

* The following is no imaginary tale. The extraordinary case described by the writer as one of supposed rabies, actually occurred, in all its details, to a friend of ours, the author of this paper. Not a fact is exaggerated."—ED.

As he concluded his harangue, he patted his favourite on the head. The dog wagged its tail, and looked up in its master's face "unutterable things."

I was exceedingly amused by the cano-mania, and singular creed of the eccentric old gentleman; but as I was in a listening, rather than a talking mood, and felt little disposed to meddle with his concluding syllogism, particularly the *major*, which I deemed delicate ground, I contented myself with one of those significant smiles (or smirks), expressive of doubt and deference, which we put on when equally disinclined to argue or to admit a point. A tall military-looking man, however, of some five-and-thirty, who sat near us, and whose bronzed features told of tropical suns and jungle fevers, seemed indisposed to let the subject drop.

"I, Sir," said he, in a half-jocular tone, to the cano-maniac, "like yourself, am among the dog's most devoted admirers, though I confess the subject of their immortality is one which I have never troubled myself to consider; for it is obvious at a glance that to settle it at all satisfactorily, is about as easy as to ascertain the quantum of coals which the sun consumes in a fortnight, or the value of rail-road stock in the moon. Much as I admire them, however, I must confess that the horrible disease of rabies, to which they are so subject, greatly diminishes the pleasure I feel in having them about me. It is passing strange, and one of the inexplicable mysteries of Providence, that so appalling a malady should have been given to an animal apparently in other respects expressly designed, above all brutes, to be the friend and companion of man. I declare I never caress the faithful creatures, that the harrowing thought does not present itself, that at the very instant its throat in some sense may be an open sepulchre, and, to borrow the same language, the 'poison of asps, or worse, upon its lips;' to which dread venom, owing to some chance bite or scratch, a friend or much-loved child may fall a victim."

"You speak feelingly, Sir," said I; "I entirely acquiesce in the view you take of the subject, and for that reason never suffer a dog to be at large in my house. The very name of hydrophobia makes me shudder, and awakens in my mind the most frightful images. It would almost seem as if, in the formation of this disorder, nature had sedulously selected and compounded all the worst features of every other. The most agonising suspense of weeks, nay months, generally precedes the attacks of this incurable disorder—the most exquisite sufferings attend, and the most fatal effects follow it."

"You have rightly characterised it as the quintessence of the horrible," said the Captain; "but in one particular I rejoice to differ from you. I deem it curable; and strange as it may sound, I consider myself a living proof of the fact."

I started, as if electrified, at this singular announcement, and the elderly gentleman stared at the Captain as if he had strong doubts of his sanity.

"Cured of hydrophobia, Sir!" we both exclaimed, almost simultaneously, and in nearly the same words. "The thing is impossible, Sir. Surely you are mistaken."

"I do not affirm *dog*matically that such is the fact," rejoined the Captain, with a passing smile at the idea of his own pun, "but that I believe it to be so, on what appear to me good and sufficient grounds."

"The subject is one in which I take a deep interest," said the old gentleman, whose momentary suspicion of the Captain's sanity had given way to feelings of respect; "and if it would not be trespassing too much on your kindness, I should be glad if you would favour us with the particulars. We have still some hours before us, and I think they could not be better employed."

"Though unwilling to incur the infliction of listening to a story of the duration contemplated in the concluding clause of the old gentleman's remark, I still felt some curiosity to learn how the Captain had passed unsmothered through the ordeal, and therefore joined my solicitations to his."

"*Volontiers*," said the obliging soldier, and throwing overboard the stump of a cigar, and sounding a preliminary point of war through his pocket handkerchief, which he hastily thrust into his bosom, he thus began:—

"In the account which I am about to give you, gentlemen, of the disease with which I was attacked in India, and from the effects of which I am to this moment not entirely free, I shall adhere, so far as my recollection enables me, most rigidly to facts, from which you are of course at full liberty to draw your own conclusions. I firmly believe myself that this disease was a modi-

fication of hydrophobia, or rather rabies, in which opinion I have been joined by more than one competent judge among the members of the medical profession to whom I have related the particulars. Some, however, have ascribed my symptoms to other causes; and some have doubted their reality altogether, thinking the vagaries of an excited imagination would sufficiently account for all I fancied I felt. I only wish this last class of gentry a racking hebdomadal toothach, that they may dispose of it as easily on their Berkeleyan system as of my sensations.

"It is now some years ago since I returned to Bengal from the province of Arracan, in the southern division of which I had for some time been actively employed. My health, which during the Burmese war had suffered considerably in those wild and woody regions, had been still further impaired by more recent exposure to their chilling mists and poisonous malaria. Altogether I was in that state when, without wishing to be profane, it may be truly said, 'we view things, through a glass, darkly,' *i. e.* through the black and bilious medium engendered by a disordered liver; and my nerves, those legs of resolution, tottering from disease, required all the moral support I was able to afford them. After a short sojourn in the city of Palaces, and the arrangement of a few preliminary matters, I hired me a thatched country boat, in pursuance of a tardy plan of economy; and having fitted it up with carpet, curtains, &c., so as to render it habitable, I launched myself and my fortunes on the broad and muddy bosom of the Gunga-jee. It is not my wish, gentlemen, even did time allow of it, to inflict on you a description of my voyage up the river, with a view of adding variety to my story. Suffice it to say, I was bitten by bugs and stung by musquitoes, smoked about twelve chillums per diem, read an odd volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and indulged in melancholy thoughts of those 'far awa'.' By way of variety, I sometimes listened to my very pious Maujee, who from morning till night instructed his paroquet in the Shasters. I think I now hear the measured intonations of his voice whilst addressing Sukker Dop Beta; that is to say, his son Sukker Dop, the poll-parrot. The bird occupied a small perch near the helm, which it is the Maujee's business to direct; and with a most knowing twist of head, and saintly upturning of the eye, took in his daily dose of theology, which commonly ran thus—

> Succra punjacoor Ram, Ram,
> Goorooko bundigee, bist nakkoon
> Para Ram,

with a great deal more about 'Gungajee and Godavery,' equally unintelligible for the most part to me. Once, in a fit of enthusiasm on approaching the classic ground, I determined to perpetrate an ode or an epic on the field of Plassey, but, unfortunately for the world, could not get beyond 'Immortal Clive!' Things went on in this way for eight or ten days, by which time I reached the hospitable house of a friend, an indigo planter, who resided on the banks of the river. From him, with whom I remained for about a week, I received a favourite spaniel, once the property of a departed and much-loved brother, and which I had left under his charge on quitting Bengal. Shortly after receiving back the animal, I observed a marked alteration in its appearance. Strings of viscid saliva hung from its jaws; it staggered in its gait, ran its head against trees and walls, and was often taken with a kind of vertigo. There was an unusually dead and fishy lustre in its eyes, and the poor creature would fix them with a vacant and peculiar sort of wistfulness on myself, or on any other object that engaged his attention. I observed him several times attack cats and other animals with preternatural energy and a ferocity entirely foreign to what I remembered of his former disposition, which was particularly timid and gentle. Once or twice when I accompanied my friend out coursing, and we killed a jakall or a fox, Rover was the last to leave it, shaking and tearing it with a violence which seemed to result from some controllable but powerful irritation, to which he seemed glad to have found a vent. I describe the dog's state thus minutely, deeming it essentially necessary to enable you, gentlemen, to form a correct judgment of what I am about to relate. In my progress up the Ganges, the dog frequently accompanied me in my evening rambles, and when threading my way, gun in hand, through the twilight and dove-haunted groves which adorn its fertile banks. This I permitted, as the creature evinced no ill feeling towards me, and I never had suspected him of madness, attributing his altered state to old age, or some other

cause. Being, however, from his reduced condition and weakness, of no service to me when shooting, I desired the dooriah, or dog-keeper, to tie him up, which he accordingly did for a few days. One fatal morning, however, when about to take my usual constitutional stroll, I ordered this spaniel to be loosed with the other dogs. Whilst they ranged the grass jungle in search of game, he staggered after me, close to my heels, and frequently jumped up and mouthed my hand caressingly, which seemed to say, 'Master, don't think ill of your poor old dog, who would hunt if he could. He loves you, and kisses your hand in token of it.' In the course of the morning, the sun becoming powerful, I missed him, and ascertained from the dooriah that he had attempted to pursue a jackall, and had probably laid down exhausted in the grass jungle, which was high enough to conceal him from our view. Here was apparently an interposition of Providence, and had I left him to his fate, I might have escaped what afterwards befel me. Impelled, however, by my good or evil genius, as the case may be, I insisted on the dog-keeper's going to seek him, and then bent my steps towards my boat. I had squibbed off my barrels, and was on the point of embarking, when the dooriah returned with the dog, which, running unperceived behind me, evinced its pleasure by again mouthing my hand. A few minutes before this occurred, when hastily ramming down a charge, I had inflicted a small, but rather deep and rugged scratch on the third finger of the right hand near the nail, by striking it against the serrated edge of my shot-belt. This slight abrasion, which bled considerably, was, with the rest of the hand, profusely covered with saliva from the animal's mouth, the flow of which was more than usually excited by his running in the hot sun. Not liking his looks, the suspicion of his being rabid for the first time flashed on my mind, and I immediately knelt down and washed my hand with sand and water, and afterwards, if I remember rightly, passed a hot needle across the scratch, to prevent any absorption of the virus. The following morning the dooriah descended from the top of the boat, and informed me that the dog was 'paugal pogeya' (run mad); that he bit and tore everything that came in his way, and that the people were afraid to approach him. On going up, I found matters as described. He lay in a corner, his eyes shining like two live coals, biting the end of an oar, and evidently labouring under what is called the fit or paroxysm of madness. Under these circumstances, and to prevent mischief, I determined on destroying him, and had him immediately thrown overboard. We were nearly in the middle of the river, and he made some ineffectual efforts to swim, but his strength soon failed him, and he sank. As he went down, his eyes shone with a sort of fiendish lustre which I shall never forget. They resembled two brilliant opals, and I almost expected to hear them hiss as they became immersed in the water. Some days after this, probably a week or more, when the scratch had nearly healed, and I thought little of the matter, I was seated in my arm-chair, reading at the door of my boat, my legs, Indian fashion, horizontally disposed on the table, when suddenly I felt a slight lancinating pain, like a spark of fire, shoot up the wounded finger. I continued reading. Again it returned, and I laid down the book and drew a deep inspiration. Once more I felt it, and my heart sank below zero as for the first time the appalling thought burst on my mind that I had received infection from the dog. I immediately, with trembling fingers, turned up my sleeves to examine my arms and hands, to ascertain if there was any difference between them. In the right and infected arm there was no appearance of redness or inflammation, but its veins were greatly enlarged, and from time to time they fluttered and throbbed as if some unusual commotion was excited in the circulation of the parts.

"'Good heavens!' I inwardly exclaimed, 'what can this mean? I am in a fearful strait; but peace, troubled spirit, be calm—be firm—all may yet be well!'

"I now made an inward determination to guard against imagination, well knowing that under such circumstances of fearful excitement, it is ever prone to seize on 'trifles light as air' to confirm its worst apprehensions. If, I thought, I have really received infection from this animal, a sure and miserable death awaits me, recovery from hydrophobia being opposed to all experience; I will therefore firmly combat the idea, till the evidence of the fatal truth (if it should do so) becomes too overwhelming to be resisted.'

"Having formed this resolution, I endeavoured to eat and drink, and even to assume a more cheerful bearing than before; but the whistle proved an abortion, and the half-hummed melody of Erin's bard died on my lips, as the withering thought of my probable state obtruded itself on my mind. In vain I tried to drive it away: like a pertinacious blue-bottle fly performing his buzzing gyrations about one's head, it still returned to the charge. I saw that I was attempting an impossibility. The instinctive dread of a painful dissolution was too strong for my assumed indifference: its clamours would be heard; and to feel at ease under such circumstances was no more to be thought of. Towards the evening and following day I felt the sensation return, accompanied by a dull, rheumatic pain in using the arm. Something was clearly wrong, and no time to be lost. The mere superficial scratch would not account for the sensations, and but one inference remained. A medical man was at the time passing up the river with a military detachment, and to him I determined to go and state the grounds of my uneasiness. He was a fine fellow, but so complete a character, that I cannot resist giving you a sketch of him and our interview.

"As I entered his budgerow, I found the doctor, a huge gigantic Scotchman, about six feet three, seated near one of the open windows, and looking rather pensively out on the wide expanse of the Ganges, which, reflecting the purple tints of parting day, swept majestically past, bounded in the distance by the blue mountains of Rajmahl. Seated in his lap, the picture of stolid abstraction, was a huge ape, over whose red and half callow carcass the doctor's arms were lovingly entwined. My entrance roused him and his familiar from their musings. The first reconnoitred me through his spectacles with the peering look of a short-sighted man, whilst the latter, who I soon discovered had been taught to evince decided hostility to all but his master, saluted me with a fearful gnash of the teeth, and a sort of *en avant* movement which plainly said, 'Shall I give him battle?'

"'I have called, Sir,' said I, 'to ask your advice on a matter connected with the state of my health, and which gives me much uneasiness.'

"'Sit ye doon, Sir, sit ye doon,' exclaimed this Patagonian disciple of Celsus, 'and let us hear a' aboot it.'

"I did as requested, commenced my story, and was in the midst of an animated description of my dog's rabid symptoms at the time the accident occurred, when my tale was ludicrously interrupted by Jocko springing suddenly from his master's knee, and bolting like a shot through the open door of the badgerow.

"'By my saul, he's at them again!' exclaimed the doctor, and away he darted after his favourite, roaring, at the top of his lungs, 'Jocko, ye deevil ye, come back.' As he made his exit from the cabin, a hurried trampling of feet over head on the roof of the boat, a cry of 'urree bhay,' and sundry splashings in the river alongside, quickly explained the cause of the hurly-burly. In fact, it appeared that the unamiable beast had conceived a most unnatural antipathy to his sable countrymen; and whatever the doctor's curative disposition in other respects, he had taken no pains to heal the breach. On the contrary, he evidently, on the modern non-intervention system, encouraged Jocko's evil disposition, and relished the fun of seeing him scatter the alarmed dandies (or boatmen) here and there like a dispersed covey of partridges. I must, however, add, in justice to the doctor's humanity, that he seemed anxious to arrest the progress of the joke before it went too far; in other words, before the monkey had essayed his teeth on the shoulders and other fleshy parts of the blacks. Having secured the delinquent, the doctor brought him back, holding his chain in one hand—the creature's eyes winking all the time, and his mouth pursed up like a man blowing a hot potato, and emitting a wo-begone cry, as if he had been the most amiable and injured animal in existence.

"Having apologised for the interruption, and briefly explained the cause, which was, however, sufficiently obvious, he requested me to proceed with my account of myself. I accordingly resumed, and having concluded with what I considered a very earnest and convincing peroration, I paused for the reply, fully expecting it would confirm my worst apprehensions. I was not a little astonished, however, when the doctor, after a moment's consideration, during which he seemed to take a comprehensive view of the case, instead of

addressing me with that gravity of aspect and solemnity of manner which I thought becoming the occasion, broke forth in a hearty good-humoured style, which plainly indicated that he did not consider my case very alarming.

"'Ye'll no go mod this time, Sir—tak' my word for it. Ye'd been deed long ago if 'twas hydrophobia ye had. No, Sir; ye're worth two deed men yet, as would say my gude old father, the Provost o' Dunfermline, whar lies Robert the Brus. Keep up ye're spirits, and ye'll do vary weel.'

"He then proceeded seriously and more at length to reason away the grounds of my apprehensions, and concluded by saying, 'I'll gie ye a pill to tak' to-night, and a plaister for ye're haund. Ye shall dine with me, and I'll answer for it, ye will be as weell as any man in Christendom to-morrow.'

"The good-humoured eccentricity of this kind-hearted, though rough Caledonian, and his strong assurances that I had nothing to fear, overcame entirely for a time the force of my previous convictions. A gush of joy and hope broke in upon my heart, replenishing as it were anew those springs of life which the dread of this accursed malady had almost dried up. It was, I assure you, gentlemen, a feeling which language can but faintly describe; a repose of the spirit which perhaps can be comprehended in its full extent by him only who has been placed in a similar situation. I felt like the criminal pardoned when the axe is upraised, and restored at once to the plenitude of happiness, to life, friends, and reputation. I yielded completely to the pleasing delusion, for such it proved. The sun seemed once more to shine in joy for me, nature again smiled, and all for the moment was gilded with the brightest tints of happiness, the more lovely in their splendour, as they had a short time previously seemed the more obscured. The morrow, however, and the next day came; and with them, instead of abatement, an alarming increase of the sensations. I still clung, however, to my hopes; but they soon vanished, and the torrent of uneasiness and anxiety, momentarily stayed, burst again upon my mind with tenfold impetuosity. I now experienced a violent rheumatic aching in the arm, and a stinging pain under the armpit, and upon the right side of the neck. My rest began to be disturbed by strong sensorial excitement. My intellects, previously dull and inert from the effects of a long continued chronic liver complaint and consequent dyspepsia, became, from the newly induced action in my system, clear, strong, and capable of continued exertion. The affected finger had a peculiarly dead and numbing sensation. It occasionally started and quivered, and I felt a crawling or vermicular motion along the course of it. When I lay down to rest and closed my eyes, it seemed to swell to an enormous size, so that, like Slawkenbergius's nose, it might appear questionable whether it belonged to the body, or the body to it. The bed appeared to rise, sink, and shelve with me, and a continuous and riotous succession of images danced through my brain like the fleeting figures of a phantasmagoria. In vain, night after night, I strove to lull this strange excitement. The organ, stimulated by the poison I had imbibed, ceased to obey the solicitations of nature, refused to be at rest, and it was in vain that I strove 'to steep my senses in forgetfulness.' After tumbling and tossing all night, I rose in the morning, haggard and unrefreshed, to dwell over a prospect at which my soul shuddered; nor, let me observe, did I ever obtain a sound night's rest during the continuance of the disorder, unless under the influence of some powerful opiate. From before such (to me) overwhelming evidence of my being seized with an appalling disease, whose fatal progress no human skill could arrest, every doubt now vanished. The agitation, anxiety, and alarm which I felt whilst a prospect of my being mistaken existed, now subsided into a somewhat calmer feeling, and the deaththroes of hope gave birth to resignation. When being swept away towards the cataract of Niagara, a poor Indian, of whom I have read, made at first almost superhuman efforts to avoid the impending danger; but finding all attempts to propel his little bark against the mighty current utterly unavailing, he suddenly suspended them, seated himself in the head of his canoe, folded his arms with the most exalted dignity, and with his face turned towards the boiling abyss about to engulf him, calmly glided on to his fate. This in some measure presents a parallel to my case. I was fully resigned to my probable end; but though with scarcely a shadow

of hope (for I believed the disease to be fully as fatal as it is represented), I still thought it right, and determined to omit no means which might afford me a chance of averting it. When death appears inevitable, it is wisest to meet it calmly; for the mind that reflects and calculates must be sensible how desirable it is to shake off as much as possible all unavailing regret, all violent emotions, which embitter the closing scene, but can by no possibility retard it. To this most of us are equal: it is the fearful alternation of hope and despair which tries the firmest spirit. As I have stated, I now felt convinced that I was destined to die of hydrophobia; and, possessed of the common opinion respecting the rapid progress of the disease when once manifested, I hourly expected the fit or paroxysm which was to terminate my career. Indeed, that crisis not having already taken place, created surprise, and led me to suspect that mine was some anomalous or modified form of the disease. I was very low, but calm and collected, and conscious of the full possession of my senses.

" This state occupied some days, until I reached the station of B—— on the Ganges. At this place I called a meeting of medical men, to consult on my case. One of these, if I rightly remember, was my Scotch friend, the worthy son of the Provost o' Dunfermline. I stated my case minutely, and my conviction, that however unlike rabies in general, in many important respects my disease was evidently some form of that disorder, and that the slowness of its progress, on which I anticipated they would lay a stress, might be accounted for by several circumstances:—First, the dilution, weakening, and probable removal of much of the virus, by the application of my mouth to the part; secondly, the fact that the dog was not in a state of violent madness at the time he licked my hand; and, lastly, the difference of climate, which might perhaps diminish the intensity of this disease, as it is known to do that of some others. They retired to consult on my statements, and, on returning, gave it as their unanimous opinion that I was not suffering from the cause I imagined; that the complaint appearing in such a form was opposed to all experience, and that, had I received a hydrophobic infection, the disease would long before have run its course. In short, they seemed to think that I was labouring under an obstinate delusion, the result of depraved health and an excited imagination. I was mortified at conclusions so opposed to my own firm, and, I will say, well-grounded conviction, and, to the best of my recollection, I addressed them something to this effect:—

" ' I am not prepared, gentlemen, obstinately to declare that I take a right view of my disorder, but I am persuaded that you take a wrong one, and that the delusion is more on your part than on my own. Had you admitted my sensations to proceed, as I state they do, from the hand, and ascribed them to a wounded nerve, or any other cause differing from the one to which I am irresistibly led to assign them, I should by no means at once have felt disposed to reject your opinion; but your considering all I feel to be imaginary, convinces me that you are in error, and tends the more strongly to confirm my own belief. No authority, not the collective wisdom of the whole faculty, would convince me that I had not a headach, when suffering from its tortures; nor can I in the present instance relinquish the testimony of my senses. I suffer from new, peculiar, and very distressing symptoms, and I feel their *punctum saliens* to be the identical scratch, licked by an animal which I destroyed most decidedly in a rabid state, as all my servants can testify. I feel myself calm, and capable of forming a rational judgment on such data; and though I admit my general health to have been bad, I cannot conceive it to be the primary cause of such effects. I doubt not you have seen and heard of many cases of fancied hydrophobia, and other imaginary disorders, the result of terror and weak nerves. Mine, however, is not of this class, be assured; and as the excess of scepticism to me in this case will be worse than the extreme of credulity, I hope you will re-consider, and change your view of it, to the end that some powerful means may at once be applied to check the further progress of the poison, which I feel to be hourly grappling with my system. The old adage says, " give a dog a bad name, and hang him." With equal truth it may be observed, fancy a man mad or under a delusion, and the more rationally he talks, the more confirmed will be the opinion that he is so.'

" All I could say failed to produce any effect upon these self-opiniated gentle-

men. They retained their opinion, I mine. I remained a few days longer at the station, during which new symptoms began to appear. These I shall briefly describe in their order. They were of a kind which satisfied me that the dog or poison, and not the mere scratch, was the cause of them. I had a peculiar drawing up sensation under the lobes of the ears, precisely similar to that which is sometimes felt when a strong acid is put into the mouth. Two small hard lumps, less than peas, formed in the roof of my mouth, broke and sloughed away. The uvula became relaxed, fell down on the root of my tongue, and produced a very unpleasant sensation. A painful constriction of the throat came on, attended with constant spitting of viscid saliva. A dull pain shot through my temples, and cobwebs or threads seemed to lie on my face and nose, which I felt a constant disposition to brush away with my hand.

" I now continued my route by water to reach my own station, one hundred miles distant; and, that I might be within reach of medical assistance, I kept close to a fleet of boats conveying a detachment of troops to the upper provinces. On the second day, I think, after leaving the station, when about to sit down to breakfast, I felt the above sensations to such a degree, and with such a fulness in the head and throat, that I determined on being immediately bled. This I thought must be the crisis coming on at last. I accordingly sent a young friend who was with me to invoke the aid of the doctor of the fleet. He came, and, as the others had done, vainly tried, from the best of motives, I am convinced, to argue me out of the evidence of my senses. He appeared particularly anxious to impress on me a lively idea of the freaks of disordered imagination; and with that view, I remember, related to me some curious stories of individuals who had fancied themselves tea-pots and glass vases, and had resisted every effort to arouse them from their strange delusions. He also discoursed of others who had actually gone into convulsions at the sight of water, and afterwards laughed heartily at their own folly when introduced to the supposed canine author of their calamity, and satisfied of his healthy state. I willingly admitted all his facts, but not the personal corollary he wished me to draw from them.

" ' Hould your tongue, you fool. Do you think you know better than the doctor?' was the reply, according to that monopoliser of good things, the facetious Joe Miller, to Paddy's *vivâ voce* assurance that he was not dead, when about to be committed to the deep by a zealous and authority-fearing countryman, who had received him among a consignment of slain from the cock-pit.

" My continuing to persist in an opinion, after so many able professional men had pronounced it unfounded, may appear to savour of foolish pertinacity; but to myself it seems as little unreasonable as poor Paddy's remonstrance. Belief is no act of volition, and I could not then, as now, help drawing the same conclusions, of the reasonableness of which the sequel will enable you, gentlemen, to judge.

" I now bared my arm, and begged the doctor to phlebotomise without delay, which was accordingly done. I bled till I fainted, and on coming again to myself, found the fulness in the neck and throat greatly relieved; but my strength was proportionably reduced. The doctor, a young assistant-surgeon, advised me to have my head shaved, to keep cool and quiet, and return immediately to the station I had left. With the latter part of his advice I at once complied, having received from him a sealed medical certificate authorising my return, and representing me (I have since heard) as labouring under an hallucination little short of insanity. After a short intermediate delay, I reached B——, and took up my abode with an amiable and hospitable young friend in the Civil Service.

" I was now visited by the surgeon of the place, a kind and good man, whose attentions I can never forget. Albeit we were not agreed upon the subject of my malady. Here, as I began to regain the strength I had lost from the bleeding, I experienced a return of all the former symptoms. Not to detain you longer than is necessary, I shortly left the place, and proceeded by dawk (in a palanquin) to my ultimate destination. All that happened to me from the commencement of this strange affection, it would of course be out of place to mention; but before I proceed farther, you must allow me to gratify my feelings by stating the great kindness I experienced from many commiserating friends with whom I was brought in contact—creditable to themselves individually, and

to the generous and hospitable Indian community of which they formed a part. But above all, I owe a passing tribute to a charming pair with whom chance about this time brought me acquainted, and who, like myself, were proceeding to the upper provinces. He was an officer of rank, of cultivated mind and refined manners, whose character presented a delightful compound of the soldier, the gentleman, and the Christian, whilst she, the fair companion of such worth, displayed in her's the softest assemblage of her sex's virtues—

> Whatever can to sight or thought be formed
> Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet.
>
> MILTON.

How much I felt I owed to their unaffected kindness, and how earnest were their endeavours to allay my melancholy forebodings, and impart a more cheerful tone to my spirits! Sometimes, almost withdrawing my mind from the melancholy end that threatened me, I strolled with them, sketch-book in hand, on the picturesque shores of that portion of the Ganges which flows through the province of Behar; now transferring to my book the features of some interesting object, now gazing and expatiating on the many striking beauties of scenery which our changes of position would disclose. Here stood the mouldering and time-stained mosque, rent by the sinuous shoots of the destructive peepul tree, silent and sad as the thoughts of other days; there appeared the lonely Duryah of the sainted Durveish, or the milk-white temple of the Hindoo nestling amid the cool recesses of the tropic grove. Beyond, the usual back-ground, long sweeps of the mighty Ganges, sprinkled with many a sail, its rocks, and headlands, and arrowy palms melting into the rich and amber glories of the evening hour. Sometimes I joined their social meals; and often, when our boats were moored at night, and many a light sparkled along the shores—when the cry of the jackall startled on the ear like a funeral yell for the departed day, and the hunza's querulous note floated over the rippling expanse of waters—how often have I perambulated the bank in her agreeable society, discussing and exchanging thoughts on many a solemn and interesting theme! In short, my meeting with these friends was a bit of sunshine to relieve one of the darkest passages of my life.

"Having reached my station, where I fancy accounts of my state had preceded me, I called another medical consultation, which terminated as unsatisfactorily as the former. The false impression had been imbibed, and I was said to be *malade imaginaire*, so far as regarded the supposed cause of my sufferings. There was no reasoning this away. I was attended by the surgeon of the place, who gave me some medicines, to cure, as he said, what he deemed my complaint; which, however, he scrupled not to describe to others as wholly created by the imagination. My sensations, hitherto apparently confined to the head and throat, now extended to my body, and the functions of the stomach became preternaturally deranged, in a way on which I need not dilate. Before the infection had fairly manifested itself through my system, my appetite was bad, and the slightest deviation from a simple regimen disagreed with me exceedingly. Now, however, the case was reversed. I felt a ravenous and almost insatiable hunger—whatever quantity or of whatever variety I ate or drank, I experienced not the slightest feeling of heaviness or indigestion. My throat exhibited an increasing appearance of redness and inflammation; and so great was the accumulation of ropy saliva in my mouth, that I was necessitated to hold it some times for a quarter of an hour over the fumes of boiling vinegar, for the purpose of extracting the saliva.

"The most distressing symptom, however, was the constriction of the throat, which felt as if narrowed and drawn up by a thread. But of the peculiar sensation, no words can impart an adequate idea—cold, oily, clammy perspirations broke out continually on my temples and the palms of my hands, and I experienced spasmodic tremblings and twitchings over every part of my body. The ribs or chest felt as if one side was forcibly drawn or laced over the other, and an intense gall-like bitterness filled my mouth. I had an acute pain in my heart, from the region of which a sort of grasping or grating sound audible to myself continually proceeded. The nail of the affected finger began to decay, and did eventually fall off. The sensation of numbness still continued, and any pressure near the cicatrised scratch, left a dark impression for some time, as if in paste. Not unfrequently at night, a sort of fit or paroxysm would come on, in which my hair seemed to rise with a sort of crash, and I felt other anomalous and strange sensations. My

medical attendant, reasoning on certain appearances, would exclaim—

" ' How can you expect not to suffer, with your liver in this state ? "

" I told him he had not started the game, though he might have a chance to be in at the death—that I had marked the progress of the thing, and could assure him that he was mistaking effects, and those recent ones, for the cause of the malady. In short, though he was an attentive man, I felt myself sinking. As we could not agree, I begged him to discontinue his visits, and took the management of my case into my own hands. Just at this time, and before I had arranged any decided plan for myself, an Armenian shopkeeper, who lived in the Bazaar, had occasion to call upon me on some business. He took the opportunity to observe, that he had heard of my sufferings, and was confident he could suggest a plan of treatment which would procure me relief. He had some years before, he said, been bitten in the leg by a rabid dog, which attacked him when shooting in a wood, and he was in consequence reduced to a far worse state than mine. When given over by his medical attendants, and all hope of recovery abandoned, his case by some means which I do not remember was brought to the notice of an intelligent French physician, at Surat, in whose praises he was enthusiastic, and who, it appeared, had directed much of his attention during a long residence in the East, to hydrophobia, and other similar disorders. He undertook the case, and effected a cure by a mode of treatment which the Armenian assured me he had since successfully tried on several persons bitten by rabid dogs, and other animals.

I was startled by these assertions, but though I anxiously wished them to be true, I could not divest myself of the idea that the man was himself under a delusion. I told him so, observing that a well-substantiated case of cure of hydrophobia among us was almost unheard of, and that all claims to the disease were deemed spurious unless duly substantiated by Death with his grim terrors,—a species of verification with which I shortly expected to be favoured. The poor fellow declared, with almost as much vehemence as my Uncle Toby to Le Fevre, and I am happy to say with more truth, that I should not die, provided I followed his directions. I now anxiously listened to the details of those cases which he professed to have cured, and I confess there was a circumstantiality and appearance of veracity in the good-natured creature's narratives, as he delivered them, in his piebald jargon of half-English half-Hindostanee, which fairly staggered my unbelief, and afforded me a lively hope that by his means I should recover from my distressing disorder. With all the ardour of a searcher after the philosopher's stone, I cross-examined the Armenian most rigidly, and was delighted to find that his statements seemed to bear the consistency of truth. The following, gentlemen, is a brief outline of one of them :

" Being one evening moored in a boat near a village in Bengal, he observed a large crowd assembled on the shore. Curiosity induced him to approach. On reaching the spot, he found several persons in the act of leading a man, strongly bound with cords, who, with sparkling eyes and mouth covered with foam, appeared suffering intensely, and presented a horrible spectacle. On inquiring the cause, he was told that the man had some time previously been bitten by a mad jackall, and was now raving mad. Anxious to save him, but with little hope of success, he addressed the friends of the sufferer, advising them to adopt the plan he had found successful in his own case. They thankfully promised to do so ; and having given them some brandy, &c., he left them, and retired to his boat. Chance having brought him to the same village some time after, he was agreeably surprised by a visit from his patient, completely restored to health, who with his wife and children came to thank him as their benefactor. He drew an artless and touching picture of this family, who brought him a present of fruit and flowers as a testimony of their gratitude.

" I now submitted to his directions, and the following is the course he pursued :

" He ordered my head to be shaved, and had it and the arm rubbed daily with a mixture of opium, old ghee (a kind of liquefied butter), and puppeetah, which last is a species of nut-gall. He ordered me daily three strong vapour-baths, medicated with the leaf of the neem-tree. He also gave me a decoction of an intensely bitter herb, called putta, and leem, a sort of clover which grows near wells in India, and is deemed by the natives a great purifier of the blood ; also an infusion of the puppeetah, to free the stomach from mucus. I felt immediate relief from the baths. The

skin was softened, the pores opened, and nature, which before was vainly struggling to relieve itself by partial clammy sweats, now threw off by copious secretions much of the load that weighed it down. The first or second night after taking them, I was seized after laying down with a sudden burning heat in the left arm, as if the very marrow was in a state of fusion. I started up, thinking some strange thing was about to happen to me. The sensation, however, was but momentary, and was followed by a copious burst of perspiration in the part, which completely saturated my shirt-sleeve. The following night I experienced an exactly similar sensation about the nape of the neck and down the spine—it was as violent and transitory as the other, and followed by precisely the same effect. I continued this plan for a month or more, daily found increased relief and ultimately overcome what I would term the inflammatory stage of the disorder. I soon embarked by the advice of my friends and returned to my native country. The reaction from which I suffered for a long time, nearly three years, was almost as bad as the disease itself. It consisted for the first few months of racking pains at the full of the moon, constant constriction in the throat, and at times a complete prostration of nervous energy, greatly aggravated by the damp and variable climate of England. To this I may add, frequent returns of the pain in the region of the heart, which I was wont to relieve by the application of blisters. My nerves, by the blessing of God, have now in a great measure recovered their tone, but I still and probably ever shall experience occasionally very uneasy sensations in the weak parts, and am rather subject to hypochondriacal affections on getting cold, or the slightest check of the perspiration, which it requires all my little stock of philosophy to combat.

" Having now, gentlemen, concluded my narrative, I will, with your permission, briefly sum up the impression made on my mind with respect to the origin, progress, and nature of the disease from which I suffered. They are the result of long and frequent reflections upon it; and if it was, as I think, of the nature of rabies, it may serve to throw some light on that dreadful and obscure disorder.

" The disease clearly arose from the point scratched; but whether caused solely by the wound, or by the saliva applied to it, may reasonably be the subject of a question. In my humble opinion, and I have always thought so, the former was of too trivial a nature, being exceedingly superficial, though a considerable scratch, to have produced such a train of consequences. Moreover, I have since perused several detailed accounts of persons who have died of rabies; and I find that I had all the symptoms ascribed to them, excepting the dread of liquids, which seems by no means an invariable concomitant of the disorder, which is likewise not always so rapid in its termination as is supposed, giving premonitory symptoms months before the fatal termination. There is, however, I have heard, a disease dogs are subject to, which, though not rabies, bears a strong resemblance to it, and this may possibly have been the infection I had. I, however, cannot divest myself of the belief that it was the genuine rabid virus, but so diluted and diminished in quantity, as only greatly to agitate the system without running rapidly to its crisis, and causing death. Whatever it was, it followed the course of the nerves to the throat and head, with which, if I may so express myself, it seemed for some time engaged; thence from the back of the neck or spine it travelled to the trunk, and as the poison reached each particular viscus successively, it appeared to disorder its functions in an extraordinary degree, producing a new train of symptoms. For example, when it reached the liver, it produced the strangely vitiated secretions; when the gall, the intense bitterness of the mouth; when the heart, the severe pain with the rasping and labouring sound; when the lungs, the lucid sensation and difficulty of breathing. Its leading peculiarity, however, seemed to me, a constriction or narrowing of the pores, throat, valves of the heart, and other passages; and this latter, I should think, the immediate cause of death in fatal cases; and that of the pores, of the increased discharge from the salivary glands. I would still, in confirmation of this, remark a fact which appears to me to bear upon it. When in the most dangerous moment of my illness, I lay upon my bed in a weak and sinking state, the heart seemed particularly affected; it laboured, worked, and actually seemed to emit a sort of gasping or chirping sound, as if its movements or action was clogged and oppressed. My extremities were cold and benumbed; objects became dim to my sight, and, whether with just reason or not, I cannot say, I thought myself on the eve of

dissolution. At this moment a faithful servant, observing my condition, gave me, with the consent of my medical attendant, a glass of hot brandy and water, which he put to my lips. I drank it, and almost instantly felt as if something had burst or snapped in or near the heart (this was prior to taking the baths), followed by a rush of blood to the extremities, which I sensibly felt. I thought this must be some flicker of the lamp, some rally of the spirits, the common precursor of death. I was, however, mistaken; a warm glow succeeded, my strength slowly revived, and a particular danger seemed overcome. I never for an instant had the slightest dread of liquids, or difficulty of swallowing; though I often imagined the case would have been otherwise, had the constriction in the throat, and the spasmodic affection of what is, I believe, learnedly denominated the epiglottis, and which was strangely affected, been more intense.

"If my disorder did not originate in the dog's saliva, but simply from the scratch operating on an irritable nervous temperament, it is strange it should have exhibited one prominent symptom: the slimy or stringy secretion from the mouth or fauces, so precisely similar to that which the dog had for some time anterior to my destroying it. If, however, it had no connection, with canine madness, the same, I think, could not be predicated of more than one of the cases which the Armenian described to me as having treated successfully, and which, admitting the correctness of his facts, must have originated from a rabid virus, or some animal poison perhaps as fatal, and producing very similar appearances. And as the plan of unloading the system by repeated sweatings, with other subordinate means, proved efficacious in those instances, it might be well to give it a fair trial in this country; in which, however, I should conceive from the coldness of the climate and consequent rigidity of the frame, a more continued and powerful application of the means would be requisite.

"In the foregoing statement, with which I fear, gentlemen, I have tired you, I have doubtless made many crude remarks, and drawn unmedical conclusions, which would call forth a smile, 'a withering, killing smile,' from those who have studied the manifold mysteries of the 'bundle of pipes and strainers.' You do not, I presume, belong to that devoted, humane, and enlightened body, the medical profession, or I should humbly apologise for my unlicensed trespass on your preserve. As it is, I give you my story, with all its imperfections, as a genuine mass of facts and impressions, on a subject in which you appear to feel an interest—from the rough ore of which I have often thought, were it made known, a grain of valuable matter might perchance be extracted."

The captain ceased, and I thanked him heartily for his obliging narrative. The old gentleman took a long pinch of snuff, and after a deep-drawn and most emphatic "Ha!" exclaimed—"Well, Sir, you have suffered much—'tis a horrible disease, certainly, that hydrophobia. I hardly know what to make of it. I sincerely trust, however, that it is confined to this planet."

B.

SANDPIT GATE, WINDSOR PARK.

The lodges at the several entrances into Windsor Great Park have nothing deserving particular notice, with the exception of the one near Holly Grove, called Sandpit Gate. It was built in the year 1800, after a design from the Gothic by Mr. Wyatt. The dwelling-house is embattled, and the carriage archway, on each side of which is an octagonal tower, has a corresponding parapet. The ivy, with which it is clothed in several places, tends greatly to heighten the pleasing appearance of the whole building.

The adjoining enclosures were fitted up for his late Majesty's private collection of foreign quadrupeds and birds.

On the western side of this gateway Windsor forest extends itself, the original circumference of which was computed at one hundred and twenty miles; but a small portion only, adjoining the park, and intersected by the forest road from Windsor to Reading, has been retained for its original purposes, the forest being enclosed by act of Parliament.

Drawn by W. Daniell, R.A.

Engraved by J. Redaway.

THE COURT.

THE last month has been a busy time at Court, but we are gratified to state that the health of the King and Queen appears to be improved rather than injured by the fatigue they have undergone. A writer with the transcendant genius possessed by the author of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, could alone describe in adequate terms the magnificent scenes at which their Majesties have presided, since the date of our last brief sketch of courtly proceedings. Levees, Drawing-Rooms, State Balls, Banquets, Races, Regattas, Reviews, Concerts, and other brilliant entertainments have taken place in rapid succession The extraordinary concourse of foreign Princes, and other distinguished visiters, has given additional animation to the royal festivities. This was particularly observable at the Grand Review in Hyde Park on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, and at the Banquet given by the Duke of Wellington to his Majesty, the Prince of Orange, and the whole of the Officers who commanded at the glorious battle which the distinguished party met to commemorate.

The Duchess of Kent has given several grand entertainments at Kensington Palace.

The Duke of Sussex is rapidly recovering from the effects of the operation his Royal Highness has undergone for the removal of the cataract, which had for a long period impeded his sight.

At the Queen's Drawing-Room, on the 16th ult., the following Ladies had the honour of being presented to her Majesty:

The Princess Galitzin and her sister, by the Countess Brownlow; Mademoiselle Rapp, by the Countess Sebastiani; the Princess de Bretzenheim, by the Countess Brownlow; Countess of Aboyne, on coming to the title, by the Countess of Erroll; Lady Beresford, on her marriage, by Viscountess Beresford; Lady Graves Sawle, by Lady Trelawny; Lady Louisa Forbes, by the Countess of Wemyss; Mrs. Hill, on her marriage, by Lady Vivian; Mrs. Winthrop M. Praed, by Lady Granville Somerset; Lady Francis Gordon, by the Duchess of Hamilton; Lady Polwarth, on succeeding to her title, by the Countess of Romney; Hon. Mrs. Milnes, by the Countess of Mexborough; Miss Mathew, by Mrs. George Mathew; Miss Emma Buck, by Mrs. Buck; Lady Anna Maria Courtenay, by Lady Elizabeth Courtenay; Lady Louisa Hughan, on her marriage, by Lady Denman; Mrs. Henry Darley Griffith, by her sister, Lady Campbell; Mrs. Hodgson Cadogan, by the Duchess of Northumberland; Mrs. Ross Farquharson, of Invercauld, by the Countess of Wemyss; Mrs. Colonel Rolt, by her sister, Mrs. John Round; Mrs. John Hibbert, by the Countess of Caledon; Mrs. James Mills, on her marriage, by Lady Young; Mrs. Robert Harrington, on her marriage, by the Duchess of Hamilton; Miss Brigstock, by her mother, Mrs. Brigstock; Mrs. Frederick Barnes, by her mother, Lady Honeywood; Mrs. Macnamara, by Lady Hamilton; Mrs. Adolphus Shelley, on her marriage, by Lady Shelley; Mrs. Millet, by Lady Mary Long; Hon. Mrs. Henry Arundell, on her marriage, by Viscountess Ashbrook; Mrs. General Bowes, by Lady Augusta Kennedy Erskine; Right Hon. Lady John Campbell, by her sister-in-law, Lady Charlotte Bury; Lady John Scott, by the Duchess of Buccleugh; Lady Mary Christopher, by the Duchess of Buccleugh; Lady Rouse Boughton, by Lady St. John; Lady Chetwode, by Lady Montfort; Lady De Dalberg Acton, by the Countess of Jersey; Lady Cockburn, on her return from abroad, by the Hon. Lady Cockburn; Lady Georgiana Bertie, by the Countess of Jersey; Lady Palmer, on her marriage, by the Dowager Lady de Clifford; Lady Fanny Cole, on her marriage, by Lady Churchill; Lady Kinloch, by Dowager Lady Kinloch; Hon. Miss Dutton, by her mother, Lady Sherborne; Hon. Miss Flower, by her mother, the Viscountess Ashbrook; Hon. Mrs. Gregory, on being granted rank and

precedence as the daughter of a Viscount, by her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Hood; Hon. Lady Deering, by the Countess of Caledon; Hon. Mrs. Frederick Angerstein, by Mrs. Angerstein; Mrs. George Lempriere, by Viscountess Beresford; Mrs. John M'Douall, on her marriage, by Lady Walker; Mrs. N. Bland, by the Countess of Wemyss; Hon. Mrs. Carnegie, on her marriage, by Lady Mary Long; Mrs. Charles Chichester, by Lady Clifford Constable; Mrs. Henry Daniell, on her marriage, by Mrs. Colonel Daniell; Mrs. Burke, by Lady Stepney; Mrs. Lindesay, on her marriage, by her mother, Mrs. Williams Wynn; Miss Cockburn, on her return from abroad, by Lady Cockburn; Miss Eustace, by Lady Eustace; Mrs. Hawkins, on her marriage, by the Marchioness of Ely; Mrs. William Cayley, on her marriage, by Lady Denman; Miss Burke, by Lady Stepney; Lady Frances Bouverie, on receiving rank, by Lady Elizabeth Courtenay; Miss Johnson, by Lady A. K. Erskine; Mrs. George Eyres, on her marriage, by her mother, Mrs. Rushbrooke; Mrs. Orby Wombwell, on her marriage, by the Countess of Erroll; Miss M'Gregor, by her mother, Lady M'Gregor; Miss M. A. E. Thackeray, by Lucy Countess of Winterton; Mrs. Osbaldeston Mitford, by Lady Georgiana Mitford; Mrs. Robert Hale, by the Dowager Lady de Clifford; Mrs. Rice Clayton, by Lady Dufferin; Mrs. Edward Fitzgerald, by Lady Paul; Mrs. De Burgh, by the Countess of Erroll; Mrs. Dallas, by Lady Dufferin; Mrs. Whitgreave, by Lady Salisbury Trelawney; Mrs. Patterson, by Lady Young; Mrs. Spencer Phillips, by Lady Rodney; Mrs. Ackland, by the Countess of Denbigh; Mrs. Randall, by the Hon. Lady Bedingfield; Mrs. Willoughby Moore, by the Countess Beresford; Mrs. Scudamore, by the Hon. Mrs. Hood; Mrs. Francis Davies, by the Countess of Sheffield; Mrs. Manzergh St. George, by Mrs. Charles Shawe; Mrs. George Houlton, by Lady James O'Brien; Mrs. Frances Walpole, by Lady St. John; Miss Dyott, by Lady Parker; Miss Louisa Cole, by Lady Frances Cole; Miss Fitzroy Robertson, by Lady Montfort; Miss Newman, by Lady John Russell; Miss Charlotte Parker, by her mother, Lady Parker; Miss Ackland, by the Countess of Denbigh; Miss Milnes, by her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Milnes; Miss Temple Boudoin, by Mrs. W. Clay; Miss Shuttleworth, by her mother, Mrs. Frederick North; Miss Randall, by the Hon. Lady Bedingfield; Miss Cottin, by Lucy Countess of Winterton; Miss Birch Reynardson, by her mother, Mrs. Birch Reynardson; Miss Patterson, by her mother, Mrs. Patterson; Mrs. R. Stewart, by Lady Young; Miss and Miss A. Stewart, by Mrs. Stewart; Miss Hamilton, by Lady Hamilton; Mrs. W. Codrington, on her marriage, by Lady Codrington; Miss Wombwell, by Lady Erroll; Mrs. Colonel Harriot, by Mrs. Storey; Miss L. Elliott, by Mrs. Elliott; Mrs. Bentham, by Lady R. Boughton; Miss L. Cooper, by Mrs. C. Cooper; Miss C. Smyth, by Lady Smyth; Miss F. Ponsonby, by Lady B. Ponsonby; Miss F. Rodd, by Lady Rodd.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Mascarenhas, a Legend of the Portuguese in India. By the Author of "The Prediction." 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

We recollect reading, in a Sunday paper, a statement that the publishers had paid 1500*l.* for the copyright of these volumes. This absurd puff was the more injudicious, because the public are, at the present day, too much in the secret of the publishing trade, not to know that no probable sale of a novel, by even the greatest writer of the day, could cover the expenses of publication and advertising, if such a price were paid for copyright; and that the probable sale of a book by the fair writer of "The Mascarenhas," whatever talents she might possess—and that she has considerable talents we fully admit—would never induce such experienced tradesmen as Messrs. Smith and Elder to embark in so hazardous a venture. The author of "The Prediction" is yet but little known in the literary republic, and we should not apprehend that her name alone would induce a very extensive reading, though this is a point upon which all prudent publishers depend to cover their outlay, when they are not speculating upon the maiden talents of a writer. This silly puff was calculated to do the work considerable injury, by exciting a prejudice against it; and we do confess that, when we began to read it, we were ourselves not free from such a feeling.

As we proceeded, however, in our perusal, the prejudice wore off, and we soon became deeply interested in the tale, which is wrought out by a skilful and powerful hand, combining vast research in the history of Mahommedan India, as well as in Hindū antiquity, with the romance of fact attached to such characters as the Emperor Aurungzebe, and Sevagee, the founder of the Mahratta power in Hindostan. There is, in these volumes, a vividness and force of description which places before your eyes a

beautifully coloured and harmonious picture, glowing with the tints of truth, and yet working upon the imagination with all the fascination of poetry and romance. Having ourselves visited many of the various places which the fair writer has selected for her most powerful scenes, we can testify as to their accuracy, though she has embellished them with the poetry of a beautiful fancy. Nothing can be more delightful than the manner in which she has interwoven the incidents of her tale. With an exuberance of materials very difficult to compress, she has skilfully reduced them into order, so that the incidents do not crowd upon each other sufficiently to distress and confuse the reader. In a word, this novel may take a high stand among its competitors of the season; and, independently of any other merit, it must be extensively read, from the light thrown upon that part of the history of India not accessible, without considerable labour, to the general reader.

Travels and Adventures in Eastern Africa, descriptive of the Zoolus, their Manners, Customs, &c., with a Sketch of Natal. By Nathaniel Isaacs. 2 vols. Churton.

It has often been remarked, that where a man has encountered privation, suffering, and toil, he generally leaves a local attachment, founded certainly not upon pleasing associations, which renders him blind to that which stares every dispassionate observer in the face. Mr. Isaacs gives a very remarkable instance of this feeling, in the enthusiasm with which he urges that a British settlement should be formed at Port Natal, which, according to his opinion, would make one of the finest commercial stations in the world, though he unconsciously shows that quite the reverse is the fact, and that, from the dangerous nature of the coast, the casualties would annihilate all trade, even if an advantageous one could be established,—a matter by no means clear. Mr. Isaacs never visited Port Natal without being either actually shipwrecked, or in imminent danger of shipwreck; and his first acquaintance with that place was his being cast away there, and suffering all the extremes of distress consequent upon such an event in a country inhabited by savages.

Mr. Isaac's book is, however, very readable and entertaining;—nay, more, it is extremely exciting. The personal adventure he has encountered is of a very spirit-kindling nature, and is truly the romance of reality. Had Mr. Isaacs possessed literary attainments of a higher order than that which he displays, he might have written a prodigiously successful work. As it is, there is matter well worth perusal, as there always must be in the records of a life of toil and peril. The author gives some very curious and new information concerning the Zoolu country and its inhabitants, to which our missionary societies would do well to attend. It unfortunately happens, however, that whenever two parties of Englishmen touch, about the same time, at some previously unknown coast, each on his return home endeavours to decry the other, or, at all events, there is one party who always strives to throw discredit upon the other. The critics here, who know probably just as much about the country described as about the mountains and valleys in the moon, always become partisans, and write down one party with all their might. Such has been the case with regard to Mr. Isaacs, who, in our humble judgment, has not been dealt with according to strict justice. He has even been censured for complaining of sectarian uncharitableness, whilst he had certainly very good grounds for so complaining. Christian charity is not always the companion of those who go forth to convert the Gentiles and in the charges brought by the reverend gentleman against the English party at Natal, there are evidences too strong of passion and exaggeration not to induce us to receive such statements with caution, if not with distrust.

The Poetic Wreath, consisting of Select Passages from the Works of the English Poets, from Chaucer to Wordsworth. Chapman and Hall.

A very pretty and judicious selection of passages from our best poets, on different subjects, alphabetically arranged. These passages, stored up in the memory, would become a treasure to any young candidate for literature whose reading is not yet sufficiently extensive to allow of his having collected a store of his own. The volume is prettily got up.

The Priors of Prague. By the Author of "Cavendish." 3 vols. Macrone.

The author of "Cavendish" has long been before the public as a pleasing and spirited writer of imaginative works connected with naval life. He now appears in a new capacity; that of a delineator of characters which have existed, by means of fictitious adventures, so interwoven with historical truth as to form a very plausible and probable memoir full of stirring adventure. This first work contains the life of Wortley Montagu, son of the celebrated lady Mary, and himself but too renowned for the follies of his youth, and for his singular apostacy at a more mature period of life. Mr. Neale has formed a very good estimate of this individual, and has painted him as he probably existed, putting more prominently forward the amiable parts of his character, and very skilfully presenting those points which, though they extenuate, still by no means excuse his faults. The style of auto-biography which Mr. Neale has adopted, adds great facility to the develop-

ment of character, and is the more delightful to the reader, because he enters into direct and personal communication with the individual by whose adventures he is to be excited.

We are gratified to find that a second tale of the "Priors of Prague" has been announced.

Tales of Fashion and Reality. By Caroline Frederica Beauclerk, and Henrietta Maria Beauclerk. First Series. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Two sisters, probably, sending forth their joint stock to cross the sea of publication, and steer clear of the quicksands of criticism!—and with the name of Beauclerk, too! Surely the book must be read, must be liked, must be fashionable. At all events, everybody must *have* it, if they do not read it, which to the publisher—that is, reading it—must be matter of perfect indifference. But really these tales deserve to be read. In some there is considerable power—in all there is amusement and truth. The lovely sisters—for lovely they *must* be—throw a charm upon matters of every day life, as upon incidents of a higher character, which renders them irresistible. We cannot refrain from extracting from this volume one little precept, which may be of use to many of our fair young friends, who, in spite of our grey hairs and green spectacles, honour us with their especial notice.

"Beware of younger sons. They are a race especially patronised by girls, who are not aware of the danger of such proceedings. In general society, they are of use to call the carriage, take mothers to the supper-room, &c. &c."

We trust the sister authoresses will soon favour us with a second series of "Tales of Fashion and Reality." We would however advise them, in doing so, to avoid writing French, more especially French poetry. Not only are they unacquainted with the structure of this latter, but they are not sufficiently well versed in the French language to be able to write it. There are some awful mistakes in the French portion of the present volume.

The Visionary, a Fragment. With other Poems. By Lady E. S. Wortley. Longman.

Here we have the Lady Emmeline again, with the same beauties and the same defects which we have repeatedly pointed out before. Lady Emmeline Wortley has too much talent not to be told of her faults; and yet we regret to say that our own counsels, and indeed those of critics much more competent to advise, are received like the "*vox clamantis in deserto.*" It is really a pity. We do entreat her ladyship, once more, to write with less haste, and not to produce any new poems until they have undergone the slow ordeal of her own unbiassed and approving judgment. There is considerable power, and warmth, and enthusiasm, in "The Visionary," and at times there is also great elevation of mind; but as a whole, the poem is unequal, and the weak stanzas often fall like a spring frost upon the most powerful, and dry up their bloom and freshness. Lady Emmeline has also a defect, which at times we hope to see disappear, and the next moment despair of it: we mean bad rhythm. It exists in every poem she has published. Does it arise from a defective ear, or from inattention? If from the latter, there is no excuse for its remaining uncorrected.

The Althorp Picture Gallery, and other Poetical Sketches. By a Lady. Blackwood and Son, Edinburgh. Longman, London.

We have only space to call the attention of our fair readers to this pretty little volume of clever poetry, as well worthy of their notice.

The Works of William Cowper, Esq. Edited by Robert Southey, Esq., LL.D., Poet Laureate. Vol. IV. Baldwin and Cradock.

We have here to announce the fourth volume of this beautiful edition of Cowper's works, of which we have before spoken several times. The present volume contains a collection of Cowper's letters.

Beauty; illustrated chiefly by an Analysis and Classification of Beauty in Woman. By Alexander Walker, Author of "Physiognomy founded on Physiology," "The Nervous System," &c. Effingham Wilson.

We have read this work with great delight. The subject is treated in a masterly manner, and the style is excellent. The former claims the attention of every member of society, and we would recommend the perusal of this volume to mothers as well as to fathers of families. The knowledge which it conveys will be found extremely useful in the physical education of females; and Mr. Walker has done well to illustrate beauty by analysis of that being whom God has made the most beautiful of all his creatures. It would require much more space than we have at command, to give a notion of the contents of the volume before us; we can only therefore say, that to a complete knowledge of the scientific part of his subject the author adds immense practical information, and an elegance of style very rarely found in works of science.

NEW MUSIC.

An Elementary Compendium of Music, for the use of Schools. By a Lady. Murray.

THIS is the only rational work we have yet seen upon harmony, or thorough bass, as it is barbarously termed. To teach musical composition seems still to be considered the mere explaining of a kind of musical shorthand in figures, which is of no use whatever in modern music. These figures were invented to express the harmony intended by the composer, in order that the organist or the harpsichord player might add such accompaniments as he deemed proper. Modern composers write their own accompaniments, the form of which is always specific; therefore a figured bass is not required. Now, teachers of thorough bass (we detest the term!) limit their efforts to teaching the use of these figures, instead of teaching that which the figures represent; hence pupils experience insurmountable difficulties, and many can never be brought thoroughly to understand what harmony is. The fair author of the present volume has taken the right course; in a very simple and intelligible mode, she teaches the reality of harmony, and afterwards indicates the figures, which are learned as an accessory instead of the principal and, indeed, only part of thorough bass. We strongly recommend her book to teachers.

FINE ARTS.

The Dream of the Bottle; a humourous Design by Schrovedter, with an explanatory Poem in German and English. Also, an emblematic illustration of Goëthe's celebrated Ballad, "Vanitas vanitatum vanitas," by Neureuther, accompanied by an English Version and the original Music, as sung in Germany. Schloss.

To those fond of the humourous these two engravings will prove attractive, both as works of art and specimens of German fun and conviviality. The late James Hogg, during his visit to this metropolis, observed to us, that he had never seen, in London, a man really drunk; that a specimen of complete inebriation could be found only at Edinburgh. From these engravings we may infer that the Germans are not behind the Scotch in this accomplishment, only they are a more imaginative people. As works of art, these two plates are full of merit.

We must crave indulgence for delaying to notice the several engravings that have been sent to us; but the crowded state of our pages will prove our best excuse.

Engravings from the Works of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. By Samuel Cousins, John Lucas, Thomas Leighton, Charles Turner, William &c. &c. &c. Part I. Hodgson and Graves.

AN undertaking of this kind, to give at a very reasonable rate engravings by the greatest artists from the best works of Sir Thomas Lawrence, must receive the most extensive patronage. This first part contains the three following engravings, for the very moderate price of twelve shillings:—His Majesty, King William the Fourth, engraved by Coombs; Donna Maria, Queen of Portugal, engraved by Lucas; and the two exquisite heads, entitled "Nature," engraved by Cousins. The original pictures from which these plates were engraved must be perfect in the memory of every lover of British art, as specimens of its very best efforts; and each must do justice to the high merit of the engravings, which give as perfect an idea of the pictures as can be conveyed without colour.

CONCERTS OF THE MONTH.

PHILHARMONIC.

THE last concert for the season of this society, took place on the 6th ultimo. It opened with Beethoven's sinfonia, No. VIII. (in F), which went beautifully, and is one of the most perfect compositions of the kind we ever heard. In the first act, M. Thalberg again gave one of his wonderful performances. It is quite lamentable to read some of the contemporary criticisms on the playing of this great

artist. Are we really a nation of drivellers in musical matters; or are the critics of the daily press most especially ignorant in all matters of art? We here refer more particularly to the criticisms in a morning paper, in which Thalberg's playing is compared to a French musical snuff-box, and Ole Bull's violin playing gravely stated to be superior to that of Paganini. What confidence can be placed in critics who so recklessly get out of their depth upon subjects they do not understand? Miss Clara Novello gave with very good effect, Mozart's "Resta o cara."

The second act opened with Mozart's sinfonia in E flat, to which the orchestra gave the most perfect effect. M. Ole Bull then played a military fantasia. The execution of this young artist is very sweet and very perfect; but it wants breadth, and power, and character; and the *cantabile*, though beautiful in mechanism and meant to convey feeling, is nevertheless cold and kindles no emotion. Besides, Mr. Bull's music is very bad—it wants genius; being devoid of conception and effect, and full of grammatical errors. O Paganini, how art thou misunderstood here—how has thy name been profaned!

Bishop's cantata, "The departure from Paradise," has a great deal of merit, and the instrumentation is very effective. It was beautifully given by Madame Malibran de Beriot, who afterwards sang a duet with Ivanoff. The overture to Leonora, by Beethoven, closed the performance.

MR. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT.

THIS performance was as crowded as the most fashionable rout ever given, and hundreds of lovers of music were sent away for want of room. With the exception, perhaps, of De Beriot's, this has proved the most attractive concert of the season. The beneficiary's new overture to "The return of the Crusaders" is full of merit of the highest order. His concerto in A flat is also a fine composition, and was very effectively given by himself. Signor Puzzi's horn accompaniment to Tamburini's air from Mercadante's "I Briganti," was beautiful. It was with real regret that we saw this most perfect of horn players withdraw some years ago from professional activity; and it is with equal pleasure that we now see him resuming that active professional station which he should never have quitted. We were much delighted with Benedict's beautiful air "Quant' io l'Ami," so beautifully given by Malibran. Miss Trotter's duet with Rubini should have been omitted.

The concertante duet by Thalberg, with which the second act opened, was splendidly given by himself and Benedict. Then followed the duet by Malibran and Grisi. It was the perfection of the art. Balfe sang very beautifully his ballad from "The Maid of Artois," accompanied on the cornet à piston by Mr. Handley, whose cadence, by-the-bye, is vulgar, and carries with it the very extreme defects of the English style. Madame Sala gave "Angels ever bright and fair" in excellent taste, and with a shake such as very few of our singers possess. Signor Puzzi's horn solo was, what what his playing always is, beautiful, and the duet for piano-forte and violin (Benedict and De Beriot) was a novel, splendid, and effective performance.

DE BERIOT'S CONCERT.

THIS concert ought to have been given in the theatre instead of the concert room, for hundreds attempted ineffectually to obtain admittance. We succeded in reaching the ante room, but could get no further. Here we heard the famous duet, "Ebben a te ferisci," sung by Malibran and Grisi, which more strongly than ever confirmed to us the superiority of the former. Grisi, with her fine voice and execution, really sinks into insignificance before the enchantress. De Beriot's new concerto is a beautiful composition, of an elevated character, and written in a broad, flowing style. Miss Trotter, who, as a pupil of Rubini's, is always thrust into these concerts, shall have the charity of our silence. The duet for piano, forte and violin by Thalberg and De Beriot is exquisite and was exquisitely given by the two composers. We must further notice as beautiful, De Beriot's romance, sung by Madame Malibran de Beriot and accompanied on the violin, by her husband; so also must we notice Thalberg's piano-forte solo.

MR. EDWARD SCHULZ'S CONCERT.

HERE was a good band, and a very judicious selection of music. The concert opened with the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," by Mendelssohn Bartholdy. It is a splendid composition, and was done justice to. We have but little space to devote to this performance; and shall therefore briefly state, that the beneficiary played a fantasia on the piano-forte, composed by Thalberg—and a duet for two piano-fortes, with Mr. Herzt; that Madame Giuletta Grisi sang "Del asilo," by Costa—and the Polacca, from "I Puritani," which would have been better omitted; that Signor Ivanoff sang "O cara immagina," by Mozart; that Madame Malibran de Beriot sang, "La tremenda ultrice spada," in her very best style; that Tamburini sang "Vi ravviso;" that—that—in short, there were many other highly attractive pieces, which we have no space to particularise. In conclusion, we have to state that Mr. E. Schulz is certainly one of the best piano-forte players of his day.

M.ᴿˢJ. Roberts.ᵒⁿ pinxᵗ J. Cochran sculpt

THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

La Belle Assemblée.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF LADY COURTENAY.

ELIZABETH, Lady COURTENAY, is the seventh daughter of the present Earl Fortescue, and wife of Lord Courtenay, eldest son of the Earl of Devon.

The noble family of Fortescue, of which her Ladyship is a scion, descends from Sir Richard Le Forte, a distinguished soldier under William the Norman, who bore a shield before that chief at the battle of Hastings, in consequence of which the life of the latter (who had no fewer than three horses killed under him) was most probably saved. As a reward for this gallant action, certain lands in Devonshire were bestowed on the faithful knight, and the name as well as arms became indicative of the event, the significant French word *escu* having been added to the one, while the fact was recorded by means of the motto, *Forte scutum, salus ducum*, appended to the other. The son of this Sir Richard Le Forte,

Sir ADAM FORTESCUE, Knt., also commanded at Hastings: his descendant,

WILLIAM FORTESCUE, of Winston, living tempore Richard II, married Isabel, daughter and co-heir of John Beauchamp of Ryme, and had two sons, William his successor at Winston, and

Sir JOHN FORTESCUE, a distinguished warrior, who served in France under Henry V, and was rewarded for his courage and conduct by the government of Meaux, and the province of Brie. Sir John married Joan, daughter and heiress of Henry Norris, and had with other issue, Sir HENRY FORTESCUE, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland, in 1426, and

Sir JOHN FORTESCUE, Knt., an eminent lawyer, who was constituted Lord Chief Justice of Ireland in 1442, and is said to have been made Lord Chancellor by Henry VI, after that monarch was forced to fly to Scotland. Sir John was the author of a celebrated treatise, entitled "De laudibus legum Angliae," in which he calls himself Cancellarius Angliae. After the battle of Tewkesbury, and the final overthrow of his royal master, Sir John retired to his seat at Ebrington, and died there at the advanced

age of ninety. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Miles Stapleton, and was succeeded by his son,

Martin Fortescue, Esq., who married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Richard Deynsell of Buckland Filleigh and Wear Gifford, in the county of Devon, by whom he obtained those estates; and had two sons, from the younger of whom, William, descended the Fortescues, Viscounts Clermont in Ireland, and from the elder,

John Fortescue, Esq., of Buckland Filleigh and Wear Gifford, descended lineally

Hugh Fortescue, Esq., who married Mary, daughter of Robert Rolle, Esq., and dying in 1661, left, with other issue,

Arthur Fortescue, Esq., whose eldest son—

Hugh Fortescue, Esq., married Bridget, only daughter and heiress of Hugh Boscawen, Esq., of Tregothnam, in the county of Cornwall, and Margaret his wife, fifth daughter and eventually co-heiress of Theophilus Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, (whose elder sister was married to Robert Rolle, Esq., of Heanton Sackville Court, in the county of Devon,) and by her had issue,

Hugh, of whom presently.
Boscawen, who died unmarried.
Theophilus, who died unmarried.
Margaret, who became Baroness Clinton, on the death of her brother, Hugh Earl of Clinton, and died unmarried, in 1760.

Mr. Fortescue wedded, secondly, Lucy, daughter of Matthew first Lord Aylmer, and by her had issue,

Matthew, successor to his half-brother Hugh.
Lucy, married to George Lord Lyttleton.

Mr. Fortescue died 25th November 1719, and was succeeded at his decease by the eldest son of his first marriage,

Sir Hugh Fortescue, K. B., who was summoned to Parliament, 16th March 1721, as Baron Clinton, in right of his maternal grandmother, the above-mentioned Margaret, daughter and co-heiress of Theophilus Earl of Lincoln, and Baron Clinton, and was created Baron Fortescue of Castle Hill, in the county of Devon, 5th July 1746, and Earl of Lincoln; the Barony of Fortescue to revert in default of male issue to his half-brother, Matthew Fortescue, Esq. The Earl dying without issue the 3rd May 1751, the Earldom expired, the Barony of Clinton passed to his sister Margaret, while the Barony of Fortescue devolved, according to the limitation, upon

Matthew Fortescue, second Baron. This nobleman married, 8th June 1752, Anne, second daughter of John Campbell, Esq. of Calder, North Britain, and of Stackpole Court, in the county of Pembroke; and was succeeded at his decease, in 1785, by his elder son

Hugh, the third Baron, who, on the 1st September 1789, was created Viscount Ebrington, and Earl Fortescue. His Lordship, who was born 12th March 1753, espoused (10th May 1782) Hester, daughter of the Right Hon. George Grenville, by whom he has issue,

Hugh, Viscount Ebrington, who was born 13th February 1783, and married, in 1807, Susan, daughter of the Earl of Harrowby, by whom (who died 30th July 1827) he had issue—Hugh, born 4th April 1818; John William, born 14th July 1819; Dudley Francis, born 4th August 1820.
George Matthew, who was born 22nd May 1791, and married, 19th Feb. 1833, Louisa Elizabeth, 5th daughter of the Earl of Harrowby, and has a son and a daughter.
John, in holy orders, born 5th May 1796.
Hester, Dowager Lady King.
Catherine, married 24th June 1820, to the Hon. Newton Fellowes.
Anne, married in September 1814, to George Wilbraham, M.P.
Mary, married 15th Feb. 1823, to Sir James Hamlyn Williams, Bart.
Eleanor.
Elizabeth,

The youngest daughter, the Lady Elizabeth, whose portrait forms this month's illustration, was married on the 27th December 1830, to William Reginald, Lord Courtenay, and has a son, William Reginald, born 28th October 1832.

Lord Courtenay is the eldest son of William Courtenay, present Earl of Devon. The Earldom of Devon was dormant from the death, in 1556, of Edward son of Henry the attainted Marquis of Exeter, in whose behalf the Earldom had been revived in 1553, till the 15th March 1831, when it was adjudged by the House of Lords to William, third Viscount Courtenay, cousin of the present Earl, to whom his Lordship succeeded 26th May 1835.

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM GODWIN, JUN.

For six long years had the Lord of Ullanor courted the haughty Bertha; for the same six years had the fair one been as cold to his suit, as the winter's snow that capped the high hills of his domain was to the bare foot of the meanest vassal that trod them in search of a precarious existence.

The continual cross that he received from his mistress, turned the good-nature of Ullanor into moroseness and inhumanity. Not now, as was once the wont, did the houseless stranger find a welcome within his castle walls; not now, as had been the fashion in foregone years, did the traveller and the pilgrim find the ample board spread in the hall. The porter, learning from his lord how to be rude and sullen, ever stood on the threshold, and with a frown and an oath drove the suppliant from the door.

Already on that day when the sun makes its longest sojourn above our heads, teaching nature to rejoice at his presence, had the surly fellow dismissed four of those wandering creatures, whose daily trust was more in others than in themselves, when suddenly a fifth made his appearance at the castle gate, to crave admission and food, for he was sorely hungered, and that day had left many a weary mile behind him. That which was no real part of the man was despicable enough: his garments hung about him in vile disorder, showing everywhere the havoc that time had been making with them: but when they were dismissed and the eye came to canvas the man himself, his whole appearance stamped him a master-piece of nature—not one of those on which she has expended her happiest efforts, but where, fitful and wayward, she has put together materials more remarkable for their power of striking than of pleasing—more calculated to excite wonder than harmony. He was a Moor, or something akin thereto; and he appeared to have none of the compromising spirit of a citizen of the world, for his vest savoured much of the oriental usage, while his raven hair for the most part lay concealed under a turban of white cloth, which gave their full effect by contrast to his strongly marked brows, beetling in savage majesty above his eyes.

But all this was nothing to the surly janitor of the castle, who had no sooner scanned and made due account of the worth of the man by the worth of his vest, than he determined that, Turk, Christian, or Jew, he should find no admission there. With his intention wrought to this condition, he thought that he could not do better than anticipate the begging petition which he saw wavering on the lips of the stranger; and with this charitable purpose he began: "Halloo, you Emperor of Morocco, there is no place for you here. The sun shines not within four walls—our hearth embers are extinguished every one—so go your ways, Sir Swarthy-man, and see what they can do with you at the next monastery. It is but two leagues thither, if you can find out the short cuts."

The Moor looked at his foul-mouthed accoster with that sort of contempt that the generous mastiff entertains for the noisy mongrel that yelps round his heels, but condescended nothing by way of reply.

At that moment the Lord of Ullanor rode up to his castle gate: he had just come from his daily visit of ceremony to the Lady Bertha's father. On that day he had been used worse than ever: the lady had absolutely refused to see him; and after trying in vain for more than an hour, by dint of messages, to change her resolution, away rode the Lord of Ullanor in a towering passion. As he galloped over the hills and through the glades on his way back, he had silently brooded over all the contempt that in six long years he had received in return for his love, and, as each painful recollection arose to his memory, deeper and deeper he plunged the rowel of his spurs into the sides of his generous steed.

It was in this mood that he galloped up to his own castle-gate. "Stand out of my path, thou infidel dog," cried he, "for, by Heaven, this day I will spare neither man nor beast."

But the Moor heeded him not: still did he stand his ground; and when the lord's

charger would have brushed by him at the height of his speed, with the skill of an Arab he not only checked his pace, but in an instant brought him to a stand.

"Why, how now," said the Lord of Ullanor, "are you, in good truth, weary of life; or do you think, that because I have borne so much from a woman, I will endure yet more from the son of a woman?"

"Those, my lord," replied the stranger, undauntedly, "are not the subjects that occupy my thoughts. I have lived a life of some years, and never yet spent a moment in idea or reality upon a female."

"And I," said Ullanor, "have spent no moment of the last six years otherwise."

"For that," said the Moor, "each man has a different pursuit. You follow one appetite, and would have love for your love; just now, I follow another, and would have viands for my hunger."

"Good faith," said the Lord, with a grin, "you have impudence for your sauce at least. Travel onwards, knave, you find no solution to your wants in this castle:" and the chieftain would have ridden forward, but still the Moor's hand was upon his bridle.

"Lift your hand," quoth the knight, "or by my spurs I will lay upon your back with the butt end of my javelin!" but still the Moor's hand was stationary, while his unwilling lips muttered that they had not tasted food for four-and-twenty hours.

The impatient lord did not hear the sentence completed, for, still finding the bridle detained, he dealt a blow on the broad shoulders of the stranger. Something indescribable fluttered across his swarthy brow, as he received the indignity, but he spoke not, though his hand still maintained its former situation.

"How now," said Ullanor, astonished at his perversity, "must I repeat the chastisement before I can teach you better manners?"

"Under favour, I think not," said the Moor, with a scowl; "enough has already been attempted. But, perhaps, if your lordship will not give food, you may be inclined to sell it?"

"Sell, dog!" said Ullanor, "do you think that I am a shopkeeper or a pedler?"

"Certes not; for then my proposal were nought; they sell for gold and for silver, but of those have I none. The coin in which I would pay is valueless to me, though you might deem it worthy: I can teach the Lord of Ullanor those things that would light up his bosom with gladness."

"You cannot teach yourself common sense," said the Lord, with a sneer; "your long fasting, I trow, has bred silliness;" and again he would have passed on.

But still was the Moor at his bridle. "For pity's sake, some food," said he; "I can teach the mixture for long life."

The Lord of Ullanor laughed, and spurred on his steed.

"I know where grows the precious balsam shrub, that makes the warrior invulnerable."

In vain did he speak. The knight would not hearken to his boastings.

"Yet one word, Lord of Ullanor. I ken a rare and subtle compound, against which the perversest love cannot hold out; a marvellous mixture, that draws affection from frozen hearts as surely as the sunflower faces the dazzling orb that raises it from the earth."

This was a subject that Ullanor could not withstand, and he lent an eager ear to the further converse of the stranger. But it was now the latter's turn to lead the way, and he vowed that nothing tending to that important secret should be drawn from him till the wants of nature were satisfied. Ullanor no longer opposed him: together they entered, and the Moor was established at a plentiful board, where he regaled himself to his heart's content, while the knight strode heavily up and down the room, thinking that he would never arrive at the end of his repast.

At length the four-and-twenty hours' gap was filled up, and the stranger condescended to be somewhat more explicit in his explanations. It would be tedious here to enter into all the profound dissertations that he published respecting simples and compounds: suffice it to say, that after having discoursed for some time on the nature of the experiment which he was going to make, he put into Ullanor's hands a small box of ointment, with the contents of which the Lord was directed to anoint the palms of his hands previously to presenting himself again before his mistress.

Ullanor, overjoyed at the treasure put into his possession, was almost ready to worship the donor, who looked on his raptures in silence, as though astonished that such a trifle could shake the soul of a being that styled himself man—the lord paramount of every thing created. At length,

deeming each moment that he now lost an expiring age, the knight called lustily for his steed, and before many minutes had elapsed, was travelling towards the halls of his beloved even quicker than in anger he had that morning quitted them.

The Moor stood at the castle-gate, and watched him as he spurred his mad course across the plain: and, as he thought of his fearful intentions for the future life of the Lord of Ullanor, a savage glee mounted the throne of his heart, and there reigned, all reeking in the picture of what should follow. "Oh ho!" quoth he, in secret converse with his soul, "is it so, is it so, my rash Lord? Yes: Lady Bertha shall be thine—but thine only to consummate thy misery. Am I not Isolom, the great Chief of the Desert; and was it to be buffeted by a woman's shuttlecock, that I gave up country, home, and friends, to seek knowledge through the world. Dear, precious, exquisite knowledge! Here in the face of day do I thank thee, for to thy power shall I owe the sweet of revenge. Gods of my land, did you behold it? Did you see Isolom, the chosen and the mighty, tainted by the cuff of this fitful lord? Even so do I fear me! But, by yourselves do I swear, that as you witnessed the insult, so shall you be spectators of the reparation. The stretch of knowledge—the field of science, I here abandon, and to me there shall be nothing but vengeance. Have with ye, Ullanor, for from this hour my eye shall rest on no word but 'Revenge!' On the surface of the lake shall it be deciphered; and every mountain shall bear 'Vengeance' on its brow." And thus as he communed to his inward spirit, away strode Isolom, the great Chief of the Desert.

And how sped the Lord Ullanor in his suit? He sped right cheery and well. The Lady Bertha forgot her taunts and her gibes, and bowed her ear kindly to the soft whisperings of his love; and when the Lord was bold, and finished his song of love with the burthen of marriage, no frown sat on the marble of her front, but a blush stole into her cheek, as though it would make ample amends for the unchanged appearance of her brow. Thus came matters to a crisis; and in six weeks' time from the departure of the Moor, Ullanor accomplished what had fruitlessly cost him six years. Before the altar the two were made one, and high in the air sounded the harps of the minstrels.

And now who so happy as Bertha and her lord? All things human smiled around them, and even Providence befriended the pair by adding those dear pledges, which true love always acknowledges as the final knot in the link of affection. Before they had been wedded a year, the Lord of Ullanor was a father, and as though everything was to come to pass with more than common success, the same hour presented him with twin sons.

The Lord of Ullanor looked proudly around him, and no where did his eye sparkle with such pride as when it rested on the two boys that Heaven had bestowed upon him. His good-humour and benevolence once again revisited their ancient haunts; and he hung out the banner of invitation to all, from the day that made him a parent to that one on which his offspring were made partakers of a Christian's rights. To describe the pomp and splendour of the christening, were an impossible task; all was there assembled that riches could command—that exertion could collect together—that joy, glee, and happiness, could implant in the human heart.

Like a man of wisdom and prudence, Lord Ullanor determined to make early provision for his sons, who were named Edmund and Osmond. With this view he selected from among his own tenantry a young man, about eighteen, who promised, from his demeanour and conduct, to turn out a perfect soldier. This youth was received into the castle, and encouraged in every way to qualify himself for the task of marshalling the young gentlemen on some future day to the field of arms.

"You have seven years before you," said Ullanor to his vassal; "for it will not be till my boys shall have arrived at their seventh birth-day, that I shall place them under your care. Make the most, then, of that time to prepare yourself at all points, and trust to your Lord for the sure remuneration of your service."

For a while the Lord of Ullanor's vassal was all that he could wish. His javelin was the steadiest, his arrow the fleetest, his sword the sharpest of any within the domain; and his paramount looked smilingly on him.

But before long all this was altered. The youth became melancholy: he first neglected his meals, and then he neglected his studies. It was in vain that Ullanor frowned upon him, and that his companions

laughed at him: nothing could shake him from this new course, and scarcely a day elapsed in which he did not throw away javelin, spear, and cross-bow, and betake him to the deep recesses of the neighbouring wood. There he would throw himself at length on the green sward, and breathe forth sighs without number, sometimes stringing nothing but interjections together, and at others breaking forth into a wild ditty, such as this:

How weighty is the Lover's breast,
Scorn'd, when he pines to be carest!
How wo-begone, when none can guess,
Not e'en his mistress, his distress!
Poor heart o' mine!

Oh, then each day is murky night!
For him gold Phœbus sheds no light!
The modest moon affords no ray,
Nor twinkling stars attend his way!
Poor heart o' mine!

Sweet concord, where he comes, is mute;
And when he steals the woods among,
For him the birds have no salute,
For him they wake no real song.
The whole world through he hears no chime,
Save Echo answ'ring—"Heart o' mine!"

It was on one of these occasions, just after he had thus given vent to his misery, that he perceived a stranger standing before him. At the sight of one so near he started, and was in some trouble to conclude whether he could have been overheard while easing his heart, when he thought that none but the mute things of nature were witnesses to the unburthening. But this was not long subject for doubt. The new comer advanced step by step till his minutest whispering would have fallen audibly on the peasant's ear.

Then said he, "Young man, you are in love, for which I blame you not, seeing it is the nature of most men: your folly lies in wasting the precious moments of youth and opportunity among the poorer works of nature, while you have it in your power to revel in the charms of her loveliest daughter."

"Her loveliest daughter!—I in love!" said the youth, "you are dealing in enigmas; and as I am a bad guesser, with no time to waste, I shall decline the favour of being treated with any more."

"All very fine," said the stranger, "and proves that even a lover's wit is good for something! But all this is empty dallying. You are in love with the Lady Bertha?"

"With the Lady Bertha!" exclaimed the youth, a falsehood quivering on his lips, to which they involuntarily refused to give utterance.

"You do well," said his unknown scrutinizer, "not to take the trouble of denying what I know to be fact. My business is done in a few words. For reasons that I care not to disclose, it will serve my purpose to enable you to win the lady's affections. Look on this little box: it contains an ointment, which, previously to entering her presence, you must rub on the palms of your hands: that once done, all after will work as you wish."

"But—"

"I will have no argument," sternly interrupted the stranger. "There is the box, and all you have to do, is to debate with yourself whether you shall use its contents as I have described, or throw it into the first pond you come to. In all that, please yourself, and you will please me. And now, Sir, begone!"

The youth was too far gone in the depths of the passion to throw away any chance, however small; so, perceiving that the stranger was earnest in what he said, he went his way, wisely concluding that the ointment, if it did him no good, at least could do him no harm.

The stranger marked him as he paced away from the spot where they had conferred, and, when the peasant was gone far away, he made the wood echo with his bitter laughter, as he exclaimed—"Oh, ho! is it so, is it so, my love-sick youth? Yes, Lady Bertha shall be thine, but thine only to consummate the oath that I registered in front of yon stately castle. Am I not Isolom, the great Chief of the Desert, and shall Isolom have vowed vengeance in vain. Forbid it, sun, moon, and stars! Forbid it, ye gods of my land, that heard me vow to abandon every thing for vengeance!"

And on he stalked to the thickest of the forest, where rock, and cavern, and ancient tree, united to form a gloom suitable to his soul.

And what became of Isolom's new disciple? With shame to the fair one be it spoken, he prospered even as the Moor had promised, and the Lord of Ullanor's peace was blasted for ever. Far be it from these pages to trace the misery that the inconstancy of Bertha placed in her husband's bosom; suffice it to say, that the peasant was sacrificed to the first ebullition of his passion, and the wretched Bertha, still bewitched by the wondrous ointment, unable to bear the loss of her favourite, dug for herself a grave, where her virtues and her vices together found a resting-place.

From that day the Lord of Ullanor smiled no more. His life was as a blasted moor, where the highest cultivation could induce no thriving. The world went well with him—his fortunes smiled gaily—his enemies sunk, and his friends prospered—but still there was that within the heart of Ullanor that baffled all the exertions of good fortune to overpower.

The only objects that were at all able to restore his equilibrium, were his children, and not even they certainly—only by fits and moods—at those times when he could bring himself to look upon them as the representatives of the Lady Bertha as she had once been, and wholly apart from what she had afterwards become. But even at the best of those times it was not an actual pleasure that he received from their presence—at the utmost it was not more than a relaxation—a momentary cessation from that anguish which at other periods he was for ever enduring.

In this manner years passed away, and Edmund and Osmond, no longer boys, sprang into man's estate. In their characters, there was this essential difference—Edmund was almost a passive sojourner in life's city, while Osmond was overflowing with passions of all sorts, and could rarely be kept within the bounds of moderation.

The only passion which Edmund yet seemed formed to enjoy, was that of solitude. He would bury himself in the deep recesses of the neighbouring wilds, and court that species of self-banishment which cannot bear to have mortal footstep cross its path. Here and there would he wander, listless of the course he might be pursuing, and always satisfied if he attained his great end of being alone. It was clear that there was some feeling lurking within his bosom, which had not yet been developed, and which it rested with the chain of circumstances to bring to light.

This development at length took place. In one of the wildest of his solitary rambles, Edmund was overtaken by a storm, the tremendous character of which drove him to seek the nearest shelter. He was in a part of the country of which he knew but little, as it was situated beyond his father's domain. Despairing, therefore, of meeting with a habitation, he penetrated deeper and deeper into the mountainous district in which he was wandering, in the hopes of discovering some cave or hollow in which he might hide his head from the merciless fury of the tempest. After a while, he succeeded: having climbed a rugged point of rock, he perceived immediately below him, in a very narrow defile, a dark-mouthed cavern, wherein he instantly resolved to ensconce himself. Bold, hardy, and active, the thought was almost as speedily executed as conceived.

Here for a while he remained uninterrupted; but anon soft sounds stole upon his ear; the wild note that nature teaches to none but her dearest children, broke along the crags of the cavern to the spot where Edmund was standing. Acting like some invisible fairy, the music led him on to the interior of the cavern. At first all was darkness and gloom, but even here he was rewarded by the fresh distinctness of the airy notes which served him for a guide. A little more patience, and Edmund came to a spot where the widening of the sides of the cavern formed a sort of apartment: it was from this abode that the melody had issued; but if the effect was beautiful, how much more lovely was the cause. On a bank of moss, where roses and lilies tastily kissed each other's downy lips, sat the damsel whose warbling had taught Edmund that the chief charm of existence was not solitude. Her beauty was too living, her excellence too real, for cold history to depict: a writer cannot award its due merit to the poorest leaf that nature bids leap from its bud, how then shall he dare hope to do justice to a work that outstripped all the rest of nature put together?

Few words may tell what followed. Edmund saw, loved, adored. What the sweet Ellen felt, she never told. When her alarm subsided, there was a smile to be seen playing on her moist lips, but that might be accidental; and her frowns were not very potent, but a thousand things short of love might have weakened them.

From what Edmund afterwards learned from Ellen's father, it appeared that he and his daughter had for many years resided in that cavern. In former days he had been lord of a considerable portion of land adjoining that of the estate of Ullanor, but, having given offence to a more powerful baron than himself, he had been expelled from his territory, and obliged to take refuge in the poor shelter where Edmund had found them. He was employing such interest as he had with the king to persuade him to compel his enemy to retire from his usurpation; but he found it a slow process,

and one of little profit, years having elapsed with nothing but messages passing to and fro, the sovereign not much caring to incense so powerful a lord as the usurper had contrived to make himself.

No sooner was Edmund put in possession of this story, than, full of love and generosity, he carried it to his father, and entreated that he might be put at the head of the vassals, and see justice done to the father of his Ellen. But Ullanor would not hear of this: he was on amicable terms with the usurper, and the waste of spirits which his misfortunes had brought upon him had rendered him averse to embroiling himself with the neighbouring lords.

Filled with despair at finding his proposal so ill received, Edmund conducted Osmond to the cavern, in the hope that by interesting his brother in the fortunes of the deposed lord, they might conjointly be able to induce his father to that decision in which he by himself had failed.

This was the commencement of Edmund's misfortunes; for, no sooner was Osmond made acquainted with the lady, than he was as desperately smitten with her as his brother had been. Accustomed to give way to every impulse of passion, Osmond no sooner found himself in this condition, than he resolved to steal a march upon his brother; and knowing that, through bashfulness, Edmund had as yet mentioned nothing of his affection to the father of Ellen, he seized an early opportunity of conversing with the old man, and proposing himself as her betrothed.

The father, of course, could not but be aware of the advantage that would arise to his cause, should his daughter become the bride of one of the house of Ullanor; he, therefore, by no means forbade the match, but left it entirely to his daughter's disposal. This was not altogether the conclusion at which Osmond wished to arrive, but not knowing how to vary it, he was obliged to be content. The consequence was, that Ellen decisively, though kindly, rejected him, and left him too well convinced of the superior power that Edmund had over her mind.

Alas! how true it is, that though the injured will forgive a thousand times, never will the injurer! Osmond had made the first step towards infamy in endeavouring surreptitiously to supplant his brother, and now, fairly plunged in the sea of passion at having been so firmly rejected, he seemed gradually coming to a resolution that nothing should impede his course, and paused only for a while, till he could make up his mind how he might most potently give vent to his rage.

At length it was resolved. Calling for his steed, away rode Osmond to the castle of the usurper, where his name and rank speedily gained him admittance. He found the great man reclining on a couch, while a handsome youth, standing near, was endeavouring to soothe him to sleep by the tones of his guitar, occasionally accompanying the instrument with some light ballad. Before Osmond arrived, he had worked himself up to almost a higher stretch than the human mind can endure, and, therefore, scarcely waiting to pay the customary compliments of meeting, he immediately desired to hold converse with his lordship for a few minutes in private.

"This is in private," said his Lordship, "for we can speak in French; the lad here has never been out of his father's house till within these three months, since which he has lived with me."

Thus assured, Osmond proceeded with his tale, and a plan was speedily arranged betwixt him and the usurper, the latter desiring nothing more devoutly than to get the rightful lord within his clutches, and therefore gladly consenting to Osmond's proposal of resigning all claim upon Ellen.

But the youth at the guitar was not quite so ignorant as his Lord had supposed; in proof of which he understood every word that was uttered during the conference. The fact was, that he had been the foster-brother of Lady Ellen; and had lately contrived to get himself introduced into the usurper's family, that he might be continually on the watch for any plot that might be hatching against his foster sister and her father.

No sooner, therefore, was he able to make his escape from the castle, than he flew to the cave where the exiles dwelt, and informed them of what was going on. He found Edmund with his mistress, and concluding his intelligence to be of much too great importance to pause for anything, he immediately, notwithstanding her presence, detailed his errand. At the information Edmund was inexpressibly shocked, but seeing that not a moment was to be lost, the usurper's plan of attack being laid for that very evening, he insisted on conducting Ellen and her father to a place of safety;

and the page not daring, for fear of discovery, to go back, was received into Edmund's service, for the sake of his foster-sister.

The consequence of this manœuvre was, that Osmond's plan entirely failed; and what was still more vexing, he could not discover by what means. That which was mere rage before, now mounted into absolute madness. He appeared ever in a paroxysm, and his attendants shuddered to enter his presence.

At this very time the Lord of Ullanor was seized with his death-sickness; for three days he lay senseless and motionless; after which, by a final rally of nature, he somewhat revived, and calling his boys to his bed-side, he entreated them to hold by one another. "During your lives as yet," said he, "I have been your union. But that can be no longer. The chords of life are snapping asunder, and each succeeding moment I feel more intimately than the previous one, that my minutes are numbered as closely as those of yon hour-glass. Fare ye well, my brave boys; while happy and prosperous, be as brothers to one another; but should one of you sink deep in adversity, oh, let the other stand by him as a father, cherishing, supporting, succouring—"

And so died the Lord of Ullanor.

Was it not strange, that language so touching, and so plaintive, could not reach the heart of Osmond? It made him more morose and misanthropical than ever—his hate more deadly—his passion more furnace-like!

It was not so with Edmund. The good youth wept as he dwelt on his father's wishes, and his heart swelled amply with love towards the only one that remained of the house of Ullanor. "Yes, let Osmond be what he will, never will his brother forget the dying request of his father. Honoured shade, art thou not near me, as I speak it? Was it not enough that the whole of thy latter course was heaviness, without thy boys adding the curse of disobedience to the prayer with which the light of thy mind expired?"

So communed Edmund to his soul.

"What have I to do with affection and love? Where I set my great cast, have I not lost all? Does not Ellen hate me? Does not her father despise me? Away then with death-bed petitions, and farewell entreaties, to make place for the immensity of my vengeance."

So roared Osmond to the wondering air, while echo, affrighted at such horrid utterance, gave back the words that had been forced upon her. But it was not echo only that repeated the last word of Osmond's apostrophe: a stouter and deeper-toned voice joined in the chorus, and shouted "Vengeance!" as lustily as young Ullanor himself.

Surprised at a cry so like his own, Osmond looked up, and saw standing before him a dark-favoured man. Age had now begun to mark his brow, and his hair was not so black as it might have been some twenty years before.

The stranger knew by cunning intimation that Osmond was the man whom he wished to meet. Osmond knew the same of the stranger by instinct. They had not conversed five minutes before they had both plunged deep into imaginary seas of bloodshed and slaughter.

It was agreed that Ellen must be had at any price. But the price that the Moor set upon her purchase, was no less a one than the life of Edmund. This was certainly a proposal for which Osmond was unprepared. He hated Edmund speculatively; as a theory, he desired that all sorts of misfortune should fall upon his head; but murder was no speculation; theory staggered aghast at the killing of a brother. So much to show that Osmond's heart had still enough of humanity in it to make a pause on such a proposal. But the truth goes onward, and declares that the blow was decided on. For his humanity there was a shudder, and an end to it; but for his revenge, there was resolution, as fixed and as bloody as that which consummated the death of Cæsar.

Away went Osmond to brood over the destruction he had warranted. The aged man remained behind, and once more his thoughts flowed thickly in upon him, as they had been wont in former days when he called himself Isolom of the Desert.

"Now then," quoth he, "Revenge is drawing towards a close. The mother a suicide!—that is revenge. The father dead of a broken heart!—that is revenge, too. Let Isolom wind up the whole by the downfall of the sons, and then indeed will that foul blow of Ullanor's be washed away. Soft then, awhile. Before Edmund dies, Osmond must be deeply inveigled, and widely surrounded, that there may be crimes enough to condemn, and no loop-hole for escape."

Full of these thoughts, the inhuman Moor caused a meeting between Osmond and the usurper, the end of which was that a plot was laid to deprive the king of his throne, the better to make room for the twain to reign conjointly. When every thing for that purpose seemed ripe for execution, Osmond, sick of longer delay, insisted on the Moor's completion of his promise by his compassing the death of his brother. Isolom no longer saw reason to resist its execution: he had worked Osmond into a traitor, and he therefore thought it high time that Edmund should be moved from the world's stage. He accordingly quitted the castle of the usurper, where Osmond was residing, armed with a letter from him, in which he besought the renewed friendship of his brother. Edmund's heart bounded gladfully at the contents, and he welcomed the Moor by every show of hospitality, extending his condescension even so far as to change wine-cups with him at supper. This was Isolom's opportunity: he infused a sleeping-drug into the goblet, and had the satisfaction of seeing his victim drain it to the dregs. Shortly after Edmund retired to rest, and, in the dead of the night, when buried in the profoundest slumber, the Moor stole to his chamber with a poisonous dagger in his grasp. But when arrived there, he found a person on whom he had little reckoned. This was no other than the page, whom Edmund had taken under his protection, and whose custom it was to sleep on a pallet at the foot of his lord's bed. The page was roused in an instant by the Moor's entrance, and sprung on his feet to give him that reception which he deserved. Between these two a deadly combat took place, for the page having succeeded in wresting the dagger from the Moor, both had recourse to their scimitars. Isolom, however, was too much for his antagonist, who was at length smote to the ground by a dreadful cleft in the shoulder: in his fall the page encountered the poisoned blade which the Moor had brought with him, and, as the latter stooped to put an end to the life of Ellen's foster brother, he received the poniard full in his breast. The effects of the poison were instantaneously manifest: Isolom staggered and fell.

By no means the least wonderful portion of this scene was the quiet sleep which Edmund enjoyed during the whole of the conflict, so potent was the drug which he had swallowed in his beverage. It was not till all had been quiet an hour, that he awoke with a deep respiration. To describe his horror is impossible, when he perceived his faithful page weltering in his gore, and not far from him the dying Moor. Quickly from his couch he sprang, but too late to be of service to the faithful boy: death had assumed full possession of the corpse, and his cold limbs swayed impotently backward and forward as they were put in motion by Edmund's gentle examination.

At length a deep groan from the Moor summoned the Lord's attention, and he turned to him as if to demand an explanation. A minute or two elapsed before Isolom could utter an articulate sound. At length, with profound exertion, he said, "Life is ebbing—ebbing—and where is my revenge? Dear revenge, where art thou? Alas! I have written but half thy page on the book of fate, and the other moiety yet remains to be accomplished. Ride, then, young knight, to the strong-hold of the usurper. Ride thee—ride thee, I say, and destroy thy brother even as he would have destroyed thee!"

He could say no more. The subtle poison of his own formed dagger was now in full possession of his whole frame. Mingled with his blood, it had penetrated even to his very tongue; and that member now cleaved to his palate, as dead and as senseless as—after this pause—its master was.

What simile can give a hint of the misery of Edmund? He knew not how to act, how to think; but still the dying words of his father rang in his ear, and he determined to penetrate even to the castle of the usurper, in the forlorn hope of yet redeeming his brother from perdition.

When he got there, he found an immensely strong guard of the king just arrived, for the purpose of seizing Osmond and the usurper as traitors; for the Moor, as soon as he found his victims sufficiently embarked in his scheme, had taken care to inform the king of every particular, the better to insure their certain destruction. The usurper, on hearing of their arrival, killed himself on his own sword, whilst Osmond raved about the castle like a madman. In such a situation Edmund perceived that words would be useless. He therefore hurried him through a postern, and got him as quickly as possible on board a ship that lay in the offing, the

captain of which he took care to bribe sufficiently to induce him to sail immediately.

A single line explained to Ellen his motive for quitting her for a while, and whither he had gone.

After a passage of some days, the brothers were safely landed on the opposite shore. Osmond's paroxysms had gradually subsided, and had assumed the shape of sullenness, or almost of apathy. He would listen for hours to the kind words of Edmund, yet never for a moment, by word or deed, show his consciousness of what was uttered.

Edmund was in despair. He knew not what course to pursue to rouse his brother into action. At length he was fortunate enough to learn that the king of that land was about to give a grand tournament, to which all stranger knights were invited.

"Will you tilt with me?" said Osmond to his brother, when the question of their going thither was started.

Edmund's answer was a ready assent, and it was arranged that they should take the lists against one another, each clad in light blue armour. Preparations were accordingly made to this effect; but when Edmund went to the herald to appoint their turn, he was informed that two knights with light blue armour were already entered. "But, however," said the king-at-arms, "it can but cause some little confusion; and therefore, Sir Knight, you shall be registered according to your desire."

The day that was to witness the gallant bearings of so many knights broke with uncommon splendour. Osmond, for the first time since his journey, appeared to have imbibed a fresh spirit. He armed himself with alacrity, and even wore a sort of smile on his countenance. It was not a smile that gave entire pleasure to Edmund, for it did not appear to him to have the healthfulness of honesty about it; but still he was in hopes that, so much being achieved, it might lead on to better things.

As soon as they were both armed, they rode away to the tournament. Their turn was not yet arrived, but it gradually drew nearer and nearer. At this moment a messenger put into Edmund's hand a slip of paper. He looked on it, coloured, and in silence followed the messenger. Well might Edmund colour, for he perceived the contents to be in the dear hand-writing of his Lady Ellen, announcing that she had just arrived with her father; that prosperity was smiling upon them, and that the king, on hearing of the death of the usurper, had restored her father's lands.

The turn of the light-blue knights had now arrived, and was duly announced by the proper officer. Osmond, as soon as he heard it, dashed into the tilt-yard, and, scarcely condescending to make his obeisances to the king and the courtly dames, faced his opponent. With somewhat more delay, the other knight in blue brought his horse opposite to that of Osmond, and at the third sound of the trumpet, both clapped spurs to their chargers, and drove at each other. Osmond's adversary was overthrown, and in an instant it was perceived that the spear which had effected that office, was one full barbed and pointed for the genuine service of war, instead of blunted, as the laws of the tournament required. There was a general shriek of horror when it was seen that the point of the spear had completely gone through the fallen knight's armour; but Osmond looked on with savage glee, and leaping from his horse, was the first to pluck away the dying man's beaver. What was his astonishment when he looked on features which he never before had beheld, instead of those of his brother, as he had anticipated! What was the grief of the king when he perceived those features to belong to his eldest son, who in a freak had assumed a light blue armour to contend with one of his favourite companions!

After a moment's pause, the king cried out with a loud voice to seize upon the recreant knight who had so grossly violated the laws of arms. This brought Osmond to himself, and springing like a lion from the grasp of those nearest to him, he fled to one of the inclosed stands which had been erected for the attirement of the knights. Here he was joined by Edmund, his still zealous brother.

For the first time for many a month the sight of this brother seemed to awaken nature in Osmond's bosom. "Go thy ways, Edmund," said he; "with me life is up. God bless you with——Yes, though it chokes me, the great God bless you with your Ellen!"

But Edmund shook his head mournfully, while forth from his scabbard he drew his trusty blade.

"Oh, no! no!" said Osmond; "back

with it, for the love of old Ullanor." What he would have said more, he could not, for hundreds poured in upon them. Osmond and Edmund fought side by side, and many a knight had fatal proofs of their prowess; but numbers were at length too much for them. They both bowed the knee, they both kissed earth, and met death in the same moment. As they lay on the ground their faces were to the enemy; and, if nothing but their backs had been gazed upon, it would have looked as though they were in soft slumber, while pleasant dreams flitted through their brains.

But the poor Ellen—what of her? Full of life, joy, and soul, she had parted with her Edmund. "But for an hour," quoth she.

"An hour!" said the fond youth; "but for the twentieth part of that hour, dear love."

In that little share of a little hour, a dreadful game was playing, of which she little dreamed.

At last rumour came—not with those false words his lying lips are wont to pronounce. Oh, rumour! this time thou wert worlds too true!

Like a hunted deer, the Lady Ellen flew to the tiring-house of the knights. She gave but one look, but in that solitary gaze there was more mischief than in a thousand pointed swords. She did not scream—she did not even groan—but she sank down as softly as one might ouch on a bed of down. Those that looked on could see no flutter of the bosom, no motion of the pulse. And why? Alas, for pity, she was dead of a broken heart! And thus death, whom we call enemy, locked in mutual embrace Edmund and Ellen, whom the chances of life had so cruelly separated.

IRISH LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.

Nunc Orestillam tibi commendo, tuæque fidei trado.
SALLUST.

To Lydia, the devoted youth he sent
With tablets sealed, that told his dire intent.
POPE'S HOMER.

THE old Roman poet says—

"—vitiis nemo sine nascitur. Optimus ille est
Qui minimis urgetur."

Now, if for "vices" we read "miseries," the proper translation should be—There is no one without his peculiar annoyances, and happiest is he who is afflicted with the least. It is my opinion, at all events, that each man is destined to suffer from some peculiar grievance, and that there is an idiosyncrasy in unhappiness, as in disposition. Some complain (most unphilosophically, I admit) of being always in want of money—others, of never being out of a quarrel—a third, of a termagant wife—a fourth, of ill-conducted children; whilst mine surpasses them all, for my miseries are not caused by any wilful deed of my own. They are the uncalled for, the unprovoked, the unamiable, never-ending persecutions of those who designate themselves my friends. In one word, I am overwhelmed with letters of introduction. Every packet that sails from "the green little island" is laden with a new affliction for me. Its cargo contains a nuisance, and I am quite certain that for my unhappy self there is a consignment of post-free epistles, and some rosy-cheeked, loud-voiced, and louder-rapping he or she Patlander. They come to me of all ages, and of all sexes. The old gentlemen want to get gratis into the House of Commons, and to possess the entrée of the House of Lords—the ladies desire tickets for the opera—the young gentlemen, passes for the theatres; and all require of me to escort them about town. My house is an hotel, and my table an ordinary. My time is not my own, and my fortune is expended upon my friends' friends.

I could perhaps forgive the consequence of letters of introduction, which bring me into contact with those who are my equals; but my afflictions are increased by those atrocious introductions which throw upon me candidates for all situations, from colonial judges down to police constables—it is no matter which; for it is only a bare act of justice to my modest fellow-countrymen to declare, that they will take *any*

situation, and consider themselves fitted by nature for *every other*. So much does this confidence in their "intuitive knowledge" prevail, that I am convinced, if an advertisement were published in the Irish papers, to the effect, that a person was wanted to occupy the situation of Lord High Chancellor of England, hundreds of spalpeens from Connaught, and turf-cutters from the Bog of Allen, would be among the candidates for such an office. Ask them could they discharge its duties?—you may calculate upon an answer in the affirmative, and they will leave you to find out, that they know nothing about them. The diffident Hibernian would never give the reply of the man who was asked if he could swim, and said, "he did not know but he could, for he never tried." The former, even if he never saw a river, would at once declare, "To be sure, he could—and beautifully, too. Why not?"

It is of individuals with such pretensions, and assailing me with letters of introduction, that I complain the most; and in order that the world may sympathise with me, I shall state one fact, which has recently occurred.

On a dark, chilly, dismal morning in the month of March, I was awakened out of a sound sleep by the agreeable information, that "a Mr. Cornelius Terence O'Shaughnessy wished to see me upon most important business—so important, that though he was told I was in bed, he declared he could not leave the house without speaking to me."

I am greatly afraid that it was not my prayers I said, as I tumbled out of bed, which I had not pressed for more than three hours, the preceding evening, night, and, I may add, no small part of that morning, having been devoted to the entertainment of five masculine letters of introduction—one from Cork, one from Clonmel, and three from Dublin. With my head still ringing with the last jolly chorus I could remember, of "We won't go home until morning—we won't, we won't, we won't," I descended to the drawing-room, where I found Mr. Cornelius Terence O'Shaughnessy with his two horrid-looking, brogue-covered, beastly feet planted on the fender, and he busily engaged in poking up the fire from bottom to top.

The animal did me the favour of standing up, on my entering the room. He was about six feet two in height; his age, I suppose, about eighteen years. His hair was of that fiery, furious, outrageous, blazing red, that would defy all the tincturing powders that ever yet have been invented, to mitigate it a single shade. Nothing but the whitening brush of time could change it. There it stood, a natural fire-work, erect and bristling, and evidently unconscious of any comb. Neither bone nor ivory could have withstood such hairs: they would have been burned, as surely as if they were run into a furnace. His forehead was low and contracted, adorned, however, with a pair of eyebrows, which seemed to have abandoned the nose, in order that they might elevate themselves into a perpetual arch of admiration beside his Gorgon hair. The eyes, in the centre of which were almost imperceptible spots of blue, were standing out from a little impudent cocked nose, and they were as wide, as white, and as intelligent-looking as a pair of opened oysters. The mouth, adorned with three inches of upper lip, was so formed that its owner could not close it for half a second, if he were to obtain a dukedom for doing so. I could not proceed further in my examination of the creature, who was clothed from head to foot in a heavy frieze-coat, decorated with tin buttons, each the size of a five shilling piece.

"Mr. O'Shaughnessy, I presume." It is thus I commenced the conversation.

"Och! you needn't presume at all at all; bekase it is myself, Cornelius Terence O'Shaughnessy in person."

"Well, Sir, might I inquire what the important business must be, that has obliged you to honour me with a visit so very early in the morning?"

"In troth, and it's you that might inquire; but then I don't like your saying 'must,' by raison of its being said in my country, '*must* for the king, but not for his men;' and now as to it's being airly, sure it's not so mighty airly, all out, for it's almost nine o'clock, I'm next to sartin. And now as to obliging you, to be sure I wish, for it's I that have the important business to tell you about, and it's you that will be obliged to me for spaking to you on the head of it."

"In plain language, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, what is your business with me?"

"Plain language! Why, then, blur-an-ounty-fish, isn't it English I'm talking as well as yourself?"

"Will you be kind enough to explain yourself?"

"To explain myself! Ah, then murder-gush-sheery, amn't I talking as plain as a readin'-made-aisey; or is it a dicksonary you want me to have in my pocket, that I might give you the words, and the sinse of them too?"

"I have really a good deal to do, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, and I must request of you, plainly, simply, and at once, to tell me what is this business that you say is so important."

"There, now—there you go again with your must—'must for the king;' but to be sure I'll tell you. I'd have told you long ago, only you see I'm a skolord, saving your presence, and mighty particular like in the use of the lingo, for I know every rule in Alvany's prosody, from the first to the last, from 'Vocalem breviant aliâ subeunte Latini,' down to 'syllaba cujusvis erit ultima carminis anceps.'"

"Any one who sees you, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, must at once perceive you are very accomplished. But be so kind as to tell me—"

"Och, bethershin! Maybe you want to borrow money from me, when you say that I'm accomplished. But Gawney's-ash!—it's I that am that same, and it's yourself that'd swear it, if you wor only to see me dancin' a hornpipe to the tune of 'Shiver the sheets.' By the piper that played before Moses, but my two heels and ten toes are as active on the back of a door as a pair of drumsticks. Whew!—it's I that can rise upon suggawn, and sink upon gad."

"Yes, but your important business?"

"Augh!—there's no talking in any comfort to you. But now, by dad, I think of it; there's no time to lose, and I hope you'll run about it, without waiting to say as much as 'By your lave.' Here is my important business."

"Where?"

"Ah! where else but in my caubeen? And a mighty dear bit of felt it is, by the same token, for they charged me three hogs for it in John's-lane. Bad 'cess to them, the Dublin Jackeens would bate out a fox himself in roguery."

"Pray, Sir, what important business can be in your hat?"

"By dad! the like of it hasn't happened since the battle of Watherlew. It bates out the risin' in '98 to nothin'; and it's the real uprise I hope it'll be to myself this day. But here it is."

I saw Mr. O'Shaughnessy take his wet dripping hat from the sofa, and pull from the lining two beastly dirty-looking letters.

All was at once explained to me. They were letters of introduction, and he to whom they were confided was seeking for a situation!

As a mere matter of form, I received the two letters, and read, or seemed to read them, very attentively. The first was as follows:—

"My very dear Sir,

"Being entirely cognisant, and most accurately aware, that the multiplicity and multifariousness of your complicated and manifold avocations, pursuits, and businesses must pretermit the possibility, or indeed the propriety, of occupying, engaging, or absorbing your leisure or disengaged hours, I, therefore, shall not condescend to or demean myself by attempting to obumbrate your intellectual luminaries, or obthurate your understanding by any aggregated, prefatory, or conglomerated compliments. Venerating your intelligence, admiring your supernatural genius, and almost exalting to the quintessence of idolatry your patriotism, I seize, grasp, catch, apprehend this most favourable, auspicious, and thrice-fortunate opportunity of planting, placing, and fixing under the sheltering, floriferous, and umbrageous shelter of your exalted and never-to-be-too-highly-estimated and regarded patronage, my prime, first, and most elaborately-informed pupil, Master Cornelius Terence O'Shaughnessy. The mellifluousness and mollitude of his manners, the saccharineness of his disposition, the extemporaneous sprightliness of the incessant ebullitions of his fancy, must confer upon you perpetual, never-ending, and perennial opportunities of pleasure, delight, and the most sublimated gratification.

"Master Cornelius Terence O'Shaughnessy most accurately and scientifically perpending, cogitating, and believing that the contracted, narrow, and pauperised sphere of the Kerry Andes was too curt, scant, and denuded of the pecuniary and recompensatory provender to sustain his powers of deglutition, and reward and repay the hodiernal exertions of his intellectual qualifications, he has determined upon encountering the perilous and aqueous

barrier that divides this from the monetary-parturient metropolis of England. Computing, reckoning, and esteeming, amid the numerous and divers items of felicity that form the quotient of my totality of happiness, the supreme pleasure and delight of accounting and calculating upon you as one of my most very dear and greatly regarded patrons and friends, I humbly, but confidently, beseech, require, request, and demand of you to fix in some exalted (if possible) lucrative (most assuredly) situation, rank, office, or employment, my wonderfully-gifted and miraculously-accomplished tyro, Cornelius Terence O'Shaughnessy. With the native, inherent, and indigenous modesty and diffidence that are the continuous concomitants of supermundane acquirements and intuitive talents, he apprises, informs, and acquaints me, for your direction, guidance, and adoption, that he will be content to commence and begin his highly-to-be-distinguished and never-hereafter-to-be-surpassed glorious career, by one of those minor, inferior, and laborious, but pretty-well paid situations, attached and belonging to the diurnal and matutine gazettes, and which situations are occupied, discharged, and enjoyed by those functionaries or officers who apprise the carniferous, farinaceous-consuming, and cibose citizens, of the multiplicity of orations that have been orally propounded pending the nocturnal hours, when the aforesaid citizens have been buried in the profundity of repose. May I be diartuated and disjointed if the concinnateness of his style will not cicurate for the most fastidious, the redundant pleonasms of extemporaneous eloquence, so that while there is a diargentation of his pockets, his praises will circumvolate around the cirrigerous crest of fame. His glory will circumfulge around the pipe-water and gas-circumforated piazzas of London. Confident in this prediction as I am that a plain theorem relates to a rectilineal surface, or is terminated by the circumference of a circle, so that all the angles in the same segment are equal, I have, my very dear Sir, the honorificabilitudinity to be

"Your disponsated and devoted friend,
"and thermopote acquaintance,
"HUGH ROONEY, Philomath.

* "*Clashnamagurthamaraughafinane*,
"Feb. 1, 1836."

* This is the name of a parish in Kerry.

"Hugh Rooney!" involuntarily I exclaimed; "who in the world can Hugh Rooney be, that calls himself my friend?"

"Oh! by the powthers that bates cock-fightin', for you to be axin' who Hugh Rooney is. Sure he's the greatest schoolmaster, and the wonderfullest scholard from this to Ballyseedy. Wasn't it himself that taught me the classics, and gave me many a leatherin,' too, with his infernal big blackthorn for not being able to tell all at once the differ betune a carmen anapæsticum and a carmen Glyconicum. Not know Hugh Rooney, indeed! Sure he is such a beautiful writer altogether, that the priest of the parish would be almost afraid to argue with him. Is it Hugh Rooney, that writes all our petitions to Parlyment, and great grand resolutions for the *news*, all as full of big words as an egg is full of meat; and then for you to go for to say, who is Hugh Rooney? Why, then, sure you know him as well as my mother knows the only silver spoon she ever had? Sure at the great public dinner in Tralee, in 1827, didn't Hugh Rooney sit next to you all but six; and that same evening didn't he drink wine twice with every one else, and three times with yourself, bekase you wor a stranger; and wasn't he so attentive and polite-like with you, that he was dead drunk before the speeching began, and had to be carried out of the room, although he had an oration written out, and which he told us all about the next day, and which began this way—'Mr. Chairman and gentlemin, unexpectedly called upon as I am, I trust you will be after excusing my embar-*ras*-ment, and especially in the regard of this great and momentious *cris*-is; and whin—'"

"You need not trouble yourself with reciting the speech, Mr. O'Shaughnessy. I remember Mr. Rooney very well. Now for the next letter."

"Aye, do Sir, just read that; the other had the larnin', but that has the heart in it. That's from my own father, who has left Kerry since 1828, as he couldn't get pace or aise from the ould squire, who never let a year pass over the poor man's head, that he did not ask him for rent."

I then read the following epistle:—

"Plase your honour and glory,

"This comes hopping you are in good health, as I am at present, thanks be to God for it! My wife Judy has got a touch of the screwmatics, and is nearly as little

use in the house, as the three-legged stool, which has only got one foot to stand upon. My daughter Molly was married this time twelvemonth to one Jack Walsh, a very dacent boy, whose heart is bating for the love of Ireland, but who is desperately bad off for a new pair of shoes. Molly has made me twice a grandfather all at once, for she had two childer about three months ago. My son Tim is in the 'firmary these five weeks, with the head he got from the Cullinanes at Kilrush fair. Bad luck to them at any rate. There is one of them in the next bed to Tim, and no more nose on his face than on our bellows. My son Corney is going to London to make lots of money, and it's he that wants it. He is a real beauty; I hope the girls won't invaigle him, barrin' it be some rich widow, that doesn't know what to do with her crocks of gold. But beauty, your honour knows, is only skin deep, whereas the larnin' is the thing that carries the day every where. And now I'll just say this for Corney, that if all the larnin' he has in his head was put on a horse's back, it would break down under the load. He is the very divil at the Latin, and as to the Greek, I'm tould, he cares no more about readin' it, than I do of skinnin' a pratey. Indeed, I wanted him to be a clargy, but there's a colleen of Tom Kane's hard by, that has thrown a sheep's eye at him, and knocked all the devotion out of his mind. Now, if your honour doesn't forget how I sarved you when you were down here at Ennistymon, and when I was near losin' my life for you, you will be plaised to give Corney the best situation that's going at the present time in London. Corney has a great laning all out for the speechifying, and if you wor to get him a place where he'd be hearin' it always, and the hire was not to be sneezed at, why may be, he'd be able in the long run to be a Counsellor. Only think of myself being the father of a Counsellor. That I mayn't sin, but if I heard that once—Counsellor O'Shaughnessy!—hullabaloo!—but it's I, ould as I am, that would dance a reel in my stockin' feet. Why, if Corney was a Counsellor, he'd make his fortune here, if it wor doin' nothin' else but plaidin' at the Sessions. Why there's myself, that that dirty shabby blackguard Miles Mahon, the shebeen-house man, has processed for seven shillings' worth of whisky, drank at my daughter's weddin', (for since the peelers got into the county, there is no such thing as having a still of our own); but I have a *pint* of law for Miles that he knows nothing about—he hasn't got no licence, and by raisin of that, had no right to sell the whisky. Won't that get me a dismiss, your honour? Oh! by dad, if Corney was a Counsellor, I'd be as full of pints of law, as a hedgehog is of bristles. I hope you'll make Corney mind his hits, and get on in honesty, and not be stravaging about London town, nor gettin' into rows. And will your honour just try him in his prosody, for he has bothered the life out of me with it.

"The times are very hard, and the praties has missed, and the landlord there's no gettin' any good of him—the rent is so high that I havn't be able to pay him anything these four years; and when I asked him for an abatement, he desired me first to pay up the arrears. There is no raisonin' with some people; but if Corney was a Counsellor, may be I'd have a pint of law against him too. My hand is cramped from writin' so much. My wife and Molly send their love to you, and they desire that you won't make too great a pet of Corney, as they say he is consaited enough already; and Jack Walsh says, if you know any one comin' this way, may be you'd send him some of your old shoes (not rights and lefts, for he never could wear them), or if not, the price of a new pair, so that he could fit himself to his likin'.

"I am, your honour,

"MICHAEL O'SHAUGHNESSY."

"P.S. If you send Jack the shoes, you might stuff them with some 'bakky for myself. "M. S."

"And now that I have read your father's letter, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, how does it happen that I am so much obliged to him; or what could he have possibly done, which endangered his life, in my service?"

"Oh! by the powthers, this is worse, and more of it. That you should forget ould Rooney, is not wonderful; for he can remember nothing hardly himself, after takin' his five tumblers. But to forget my poor father, that you nearly knocked the life out—"

"I? There is some mistake."

"Mistake—well, well, there's no teachin' a dog manners. Why man dear, didn't you give him the lumbago, that he couldn't walk for a month, from you."

"No, I assure you—"

"Only listen to him denyin' it! Oh!

it's all true—'out of sight out of mind,' and 'aiten bread is soon forgotten.' Why, the poor man had no more voice than a magpie for a week, from the way you had him screechin' all day for you."

"I give you my honour, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, you must mistake me for some other person."

"Bathershin—tell that to your nurse. Do you think I wouldn't remember your countenance, if I wor to see your back half a mile off—and no great beauty it is by the same token. It's the most disungrateful thing I ever knew, for you to say, you don't remember all my poor ould fool of a father did for you. Warn't you, in 1829, in Ennistymon?"

"Yes."

"War n't you there, when Mr. Maurice O'Connell was there?"

"Yes."

"And then to say, you don't remember Mick Shaughnessy?"

"I am obliged to say I do not."

"Well, well, some people have heads, and so have pins. Ah, by gorra, I can't keep my temper. Did they chair you round the town?"

"They did, to oblige Mr. O'Connell."

"Very well, and who was it helped to chair you? Wasn't it poor Mick Shaughnessy, with fifty other gommilews—and wasn't he near breaking his back with you, you were such an ugly load entirely; and didn't he almost screech out his life for you, though he never saw you before nor since. And sure now, here am I, his own born natural son, Cornelius Terence O'Shaughnessy, and all I ask of you, for all the favours done to you, is, that you will just clap on your *trusty* this very minute, and be off in a pair of minutes and have me made a *ray-porthur* of."

"What is it you say?"

"Plain English, to be sure, what else? I want to hear all the speeches, and I want to show every one how the people that make them ought to talk. Like just as if I had a fortune, I want to go into Parlyment, and like many a one who goes there, I want to make money of it too."

"Really, I am sorry to say, that neither your manners nor your education seem to qualify you for such a situation."

"My manners—why then is it to my own face you'd be after sayin' that I have bad manners:—I, that have paid a shillin' a month for the last two years to Barney Dillon, the dancing-master of Coonachamuchalaugh. Manners, indeed! Ah then, where would a body larn to get a polish, barrin' it was from a dancin' master? And then, as to edication, show me the scollard in this place to match me. Why, I have larned Cordery, and Selectae, and Prosody, and the Eclogues of Virgil, and three books of the Eneid, and one book of Saise-her (Cæsar), and five chapters of the New Testament, that's Greek, and almost a hundred lines of Homer, and I can parse against a parish. As to your English books and newspapers, I was always too knowledgeable to be bothered with them, and raily I know as little regardin' them as Solomon himself. Besides being a raypor-thur, I intind, if they pay me dasently, to write for the magazines; and may be, it's I that won't astonish them with my Latin odes, and some beautiful cut and dry thaimes (themes) that I wrote at school, and that Hugh Rooney has given a finishin' touch to."

"I must bid you good morning, Mr. O'Shaughnessy—the only thing I can do for you, is to give you——"

"What a hagar! if it's a ten pound note, I won't refuse it."

"My advice—to leave London as speedily as you came here."

I vanished from the room. I heard some china ornaments smash against the door I had closed after me; and in a few minutes the heavy feet of my intended client were noticed descending the stairs, while curses and threats of vengeance were heaped upon my head, and the wish most cordially expressed, that Mr. O'Shaughnessy had but one friend in London, in order that he might enjoy the divine satisfaction of shooting me through the head, for my ignorance and ingratitude.

A plague upon all writers, and carriers, of letters of introduction!

THE SMUGGLERS.

A FAMILY GROUP. BY AGNES S. TAYLOR.

Chi mal commincia peggio finisce.

THE autumnal sun was setting with unusual splendour behind a lovely village in the west of Suffolk, gilding its modest spire, its circumjacent fields, its woods and its dells, with a bright stream of purple light. The landscape, as it unfolded itself to the eye from a small eminence near the high road, appeared as if covered with a thin, undulating, but richly-tinted gauze, which, though it broke the hard outline of distant objects, still left them distinct; and, as the sun continued to sink under the horizon, assumed a grey, then a darker hue, until the different parts of the picture gradually blended into indistinctness. There was a beautiful serenity in the scene which seemed to mark peace and repose. Every sound was hushed, save the chirping of the insects in the stubble-field, and the languid rippling of a small brook which slowly wound its way among the scattered cottages of the village, and was crossed by a bridge of the most primitive construction, being merely a roughly fashioned plank. Here, nature seemed to look on the world with a smile of happiness; here, the bruised and withered heart might naturally seek that quiet solitude, which, if it does not heal, soothes into calmness the mourner's sorrows. Yet, to this secluded spot have passion, with its feverish ecstacies, and crime, and despair, brought troubles, and tempests, and desolation!

Towards the close of September of the year 1820, on such an evening as I have attempted to describe, and just as twilight had begun to shed its dimness on the landscape, a man was seen ascending a hill, to the right of the village, which led to a noble mansion, encircled by an extent of park and plantation scarcely exceeded in the great continental forests. He seemed, when closely observed, to be considerably past sixty, but appeared still to retain all the firmness of great muscular power, and much of the elasticity of youth. Constant exercise, temperance of living, and regular habits, had imparted to his fine countenance that glow of ruddy health which seldom stays to grace the cheeks of old age. He was considerably above the middle height. Upon his open brow, over which were thinly scattered a few silver hairs, integrity had fixed her stamp; and his clear blue eye shone with a nobleness of sentiment greatly at variance with the homeliness of his attire. He was clad in the coarse grey frock of a peasant, and beneath his broad-brimmed hat flowed, over his neck, an abundance of the white locks which so scantily graced his forehead.

In his right hand he bore a strong stick, which he used rather from habit than because he needed its assistance to help him on his way. He was evidently labouring under strong mental excitement, and often looked eagerly on either side of the road, as if he expected some person to issue from the plantations by which it was bordered. After such scrutiny, he would bend his head and sigh deeply. A large dog, of the shepherd kind, followed him, and plainly sympathised in its master's feelings. The poor animal would watch the old man's countenance, and on each display of uneasiness would lick his left hand, which hung listless by his side, and express its feelings by a gentle moan.

"No! Rover, no!" exclaimed the old man, at length; "we must wait no longer. He is not here! The sun is already down, and we have two long miles to walk before we reach home."

So saying, he struck off the main road into a by-path which led across the plantations towards his cottage, formerly a lodge at one of the entrances to the park. Scarcely had he lost sight of the road, ere he perceived Sir Henry Wilmot, the owner of the mansion before him, and his own landlord, the man of all others he wished at that moment to avoid. There were reasons connected with his family which made him anxious to pass Sir Henry unheeded.

Sir Henry Wilmot was a young baronet, who had lately succeeded to his estate by the demise of his father. He had spent

many years abroad, and had returned from the continent in time only to consign, with due honours, to the family vault, the remains of his deceased parent. Sir Henry, though of a fiery and impetuous temper, was nevertheless a kind-hearted man, most anxious to gain the good-will of the peasantry on his estate, and eager to improve their condition. He was therefore in the habit of stopping his tenants, inquiring minutely into their condition, and ascertaining their little wants. His extreme affability alone would have rendered him a great favourite among them, independently of the various benefits which they derived from his benevolent disposition.

The old man, on approaching his landlord, raised his hat respectfully. This Sir Henry returned with great courtesy, and having surveyed him from head to foot—

"Your face is familiar to my recollections, friend," said he. "May I inquire your name?"

"Paul Thorton, Sir. I was an old servant of your late venerated father, and he has settled me for life upon his estate."

"Do you not reside in the keeper's lodge beyond the eastern extremity of the park?"

"I do, Sir Henry."

"Then you are my father's favourite keeper, Paul, whom I well remember in my boyish days?"

"The same, your honour; but I unfortunately offended my good master once, and—"

"Old man," said the Baronet, interrupting him, "I have always understood that you were an especial favourite of your late master; and a strong proof that I am rightly informed, is the fact that my father, by his will, has left you for life the cottage in which you now reside, and which was formerly your lodge when in the exercise of your employment as his game-keeper. Now, this scarcely corresponds with your assertion that you offended your late master?"

"At the time of the disturbances in this county," replied Thorton, "my late master took a very active part in suppressing them, and bringing the misguided peasants to a sense of their crime."

"Stay, old man," interrupted the Baronet, with passionate vehemence; "I have some indistinct recollection that a body of these misguided people was led on by one of your name—perhaps by yourself. Nay, you *must* be the man. Say, am I not right?"

"No, Sir Henry; not as regards myself."

"Base liar!" said the impetuous Baronet.

The old man's face became deadly pale, his eyes flashed fire, and his whole frame quivered with emotion. For an instant he was overcome by his indignation; but quickly recovering, and drawing himself up to his full height, he said, in a firm though calm voice,

"Sir Henry Wilmot, you have wronged me; and more than that, you have gratuitously insulted a man whose power to repel aggression or resent outrage from such a quarter is destroyed by his obligations to your father, whose confidence he enjoyed during a period of more than thirty years. I am not a base liar, Sir, neither have I ever been an instigator of rebellion. Had you allowed me, at first, to conclude my statement, I should have informed you that I offended your father, Sir Thomas Wilmot, by sheltering for a time one of the leaders of the rioters, whose companions had, by a base deception, induced him to join them. This individual, Sir Henry, was my own son, once a youth of high promise, but who, alas! has since been perverted by a late residence of four months in the county gaol, on suspicion of poaching, of which he was not guilty. My honoured master, before his death, forgave me for throwing the mantle of indulgence over the follies of my child, when I had a full conviction that he was more to be pitied than blamed. Having given you this explanation, I must beg to withdraw from your presence. God save you, Sir, and render you less prone to pass hasty judgments."

"Forgive me, honest friend," said the Baronet, with warmth, seizing the old man's hand; "I was wrong, and sincerely beg your pardon. If I am sometimes led into error by the bursts of an over-impetuous temper, I am always ready to acknowledge it, and do the best I can to repair my folly. Pray forgive me, and come to me at the hall to-morrow, when the son will show that he knows how to appreciate the faithful services rendered to the father. Say, Thorton, that you forgive me."

"Sir Henry," replied the old man, a tear rolling in his eye, "you have nobly repaired

an injury, which is remembered no longer. I will do your bidding, Sir, and wait upon you at the hall to-morrow."

The old man again touched his hat to his landlord, and proceeded towards his home.

Paul Thorton was born on the Wilmot estate. He was the son of the house steward, and had received an education superior to that generally bestowed upon persons of his class. In early life he took a farm, the previous occupant of which had an only daughter, whom Thorton married. The first fruit of this union was James, the son already mentioned; and after a lapse of several years, a daughter was born, to whom the name of Alice was given.

Thorton's wife was improvident. Anxious to vie with the more affluent families in the neighbourhood, she lavished her husband's hard-earned profits on dress and entertainments. The consequences of this in a few years made Thorton a bankrupt, and he considered himself fortunate in obtaining the appointment of gamekeeper to Sir Thomas Wilmot, who became strongly attached to him.

His wife, meanwhile, writhing under disappointment, degenerated into a scold, and Thorton's domestic happiness was at an end. She was a woman of strong energies, though deficient in judgment; and in her disposition the evil had obtained mastery over the good, which latter was at last driven completely out of the field. James Thorton grew up a young man of considerable promise, though over indulged by his mother, who, finding in his disposition many points in unison with her own, took good care that these points should receive full development, in defiance of the sage counsels of Paul Thorton, whose remonstrances were jeered at by his wife as the crotchets of a driveller. On reaching his twentieth year, James unfortunately took to the sports of the field, and from this moment may be dated a course of crime, the result of which will soon appear. Unable, in his shooting excursions, to associate with any but persons beneath him, and his pride being hurt at appearing before the neighbouring gentry as a mere gamekeeper's helper, James Thorton by degrees formed intimacies with some of the most desperate characters in the neighbourhood, who were well known and even self-avowed poachers.

I am unable to reason upon the *political morality*, if I may so express myself, of the game laws; but of their *political expediency* I will say, that it seems very injudicious to punish, as severely as if it were a flagrant delinquency against the rights of property, the destruction of a few birds, which, if the country were less populous, would be considered the property of any individual who would take the trouble to shoot them. Poaching, I admit, ought to be punished with sufficient severity to deter men from pursuing it; but if the penalty inflicted be equal, or nearly so, to that awarded for a more heinous crime, it becomes quite indifferent to the poacher whether he remain a poacher, or become much worse; and therefore he progresses from poacher to smuggler, from smuggler to highwayman, and from the latter to the gallows,—thus verifying the epigraph at the head of this narrative, and which is taken from an Italian proverb, "Chi mal commincia, peggio finisce." Such was the case with James Thorton.

The outbreak of the peasants to which allusion has already been made, might be traced to the same causes that usually render the uninformed multitude a blind and dangerous instrument in the hands of a few who misuse it: namely, the improvement of art and the consequent progress of civilisation. On the present occasion, it was the introduction of the threshing machine. The unruly spirits with whom James Thorton was associated took advantage of the discontent among the poor labourers to excite them to rise and commit hostilities against the farmers and country gentlemen. James being a man of action as well as of speech, they were anxious to avail themselves of his energies; but as he had some awkward scruples to overcome, they were obliged to have recourse to a deception. James Thorton had severely, though deservedly, chastised the under-keeper on a neighbouring estate, by whom he had been wantonly insulted. On the following day, a note was brought to him from Spence Hill, one of his most intimate companions, and a notorious ruffian, stating that the man who had been beaten the day before had died of the injuries he had received, and that a warrant had been issued to apprehend James on a charge of wilful murder. The writer advised his friend to seek shelter in one of their well-known haunts, which he indicated, as there only

he could be secure from the officers of justice, and those who had been suborned to swear away his life. James Thorton gave credence to the tale, and in a few days was at the head of a strong body of the mob. The disturbances having been put down by the active interference of Sir Thomas Wilmot and the other county magistrates, some of the ringleaders were taken, brought to trial, and convicted. Great exertions were made to capture James Thorton, whose father, convinced that his son had been misled, concealed him until all traces of evidence against him had disappeared; James then surrendered himself at the neighbouring assizes, was tried, and acquitted.

About two years prior to the period at which my narrative opens, James Thorton, who for some time past had been getting into disrepute, as a man of irregular and dissipated habits, was one evening returning home, when he met three of his companions who had just been making a successful foray in the game preserves of a gentleman most particularly obnoxious to the whole poaching fraternity, from his exertions to bring poachers to justice. They had already disposed of their game when James met them; but he had no sooner entered into conversation with them, than the whole party were surrounded by a numerous body of gamekeepers and constables, handcuffed, and marched off before a neighbouring justice of the peace, who committed them to the county gaol. They were tried at the ensuing assizes, and all four acquitted for want of evidence.

During this certainly unjust incarceration, which lasted four months, James Thorton completed his apprenticeship to crime. Of a bold and reckless disposition, his forced contact with criminals of the most desperate kind, soon led him to form schemes which he but too soon realised. The injustice of his committal, and the vexations he endured in prison, wrought fearfully upon his naturally violent temper; and when he obtained his release, he had become as complete a ruffian as the most determined candidate for the gallows. Having been punished, he said, for poaching, of which he was not guilty, they should have something to punish him for when they caught him again. In a short time, no preserves were secure from his depredations, no force of game-keepers could succeed in capturing him, and every snare laid to entrap him was constantly foiled. In due course he turned his abilities to defrauding the revenue, and as his reckless and always successful bravery gained him many adherents, he soon organised a band of smugglers who became the terror of the neighbourhood. A great many robberies having been committed in different parts of the country, it was suspected that James Thorton and his associates, not content with cheating the king of his dues, were not over-scrupulous in appropriating to themselves all that, when they were the strongest and able to escape detection, they could take from others.

James's mother became the confidant and, indeed, the abettor of his misdeeds, though this was carefully concealed from Paul Thorton, who was the last to hear the strange rumours concerning his son, which freely circulated through the neighbourhood. His home had long been uncomfortable to him: he found no sympathy in his wife; his son was completely estranged from him; and but for his daughter Alice, a pretty, blue-eyed, gentle girl, as pure and guileless as her brother was criminal, he would have found nothing but disgust under that roof where he had a right to look for comfort and affection.

Alice Thorton, who had grown up as a spotless lily amid rank and poisonous weeds, had for a short time past been betrothed to Walter Farrier, a pale-faced young man of superior condition in life to that of the Thortons. He had been struck with the gentle virtues of Thorton's daughter; and was anxious to transplant the lily into a more congenial soil. The education of Alice, which had been carefully attended to by her father, was such as fully to qualify her for the rank to which Farrier was about to raise her: namely, that of wife to the village attorney. Both James Thorton and his mother, though they had offered no decided opposition to the match, nevertheless hated the young lawyer, perhaps from that instinctive dread which the desperate violator of the law always feels of every individual connected with a court of justice.

Such was the state of the Thornton family at the time this narrative commences. On the morning of the day on which I have introduced the elder Thorton to the reader, the old man had been told of various recent misdeeds imputed to his son. A collision bebetween the revenue officers and a party of

smugglers, known to be of James's band, had taken place a few days previously. The officers had been worsted, and one of them so dangerously wounded that his life was despaired of. A robbery had been committed on the following day, and property taken from a nobleman and his lady to a considerable amount. It was said that James Thorton and two of his companions (one of whom was recognised to be Spence Hill) were the perpetrators of the crime. The old man was thunderstruck on receiving this intelligence; but still hoping that his son might be free from guilt, or at all events not so heavily laden as public report made him appear to be, he hastened to those haunts which James was often wont to frequent when his poaching propensities came upon him; but, as the reader has already seen, James not making his appearance, Paul Thorton and his dog Rover wended their way towards the lodge or cottage which Sir Thomas Wilmot had left to his faithful servant.

As Thorton drew near his home, his attention was arrested by sounds of noisy mirth and revelry that seemed to proceed from the kitchen of his humble dwelling. On approaching still nearer, he was struck almost dumb with surprise at the scene which met his view through the open window. Upon the dresser, which, to do her justice, his wife kept very clean, were six open cases of jewellery, consisting of necklaces, ear-rings, and bracelets,—three bundles of ladies' wearing apparel roughly tied together, and two handsome dressing-cases. On the floor lay several cags, which appeared to contain either wine or spirits. Upon the old deal table, in the middle of the room, were spread abundance of provisions, consisting principally of game and venison, set off with pewter flagons of wine and Hollands. At the head of the table sat the mistress of the house, now a tall, bony, withered crone, with grizzled locks, strongly marked features, and dark eyes, the naturally malignant flashes of which appeared considerably heightened by a commencement of intoxication. On either side of her was a man in a smock frock: the one on her right hand was Spence Hill; he on the left was an equally truculent-looking person. Several other guests seemed expected, as covers were laid for them; but those present conceived no ceremony necessary, and were already far advanced in their meal when Paul Thorton reached the cottage. Against the settle, near the fireplace, stood Alice Thorton and Walter Farrier, with horror and disgust expressed on their countenances.

After contemplating this strange scene during a few seconds, Thorton entered the cottage. The two men, ruffians as they were, rose with signs of respect, and for a moment were silent; but Thorton's wife, whom the wine she had swallowed seemed to render infuriate, cried out in a loud, shrill, querulous voice—

"Sit still, my good fellows, 'tis only the old man, who is in his dotage. Notice him not, as you value the approbation of my son, who is your captain."

"Peace, woman!" said Thorton. "How happens it," he continued, turning to the two men, "that you have dared to pollute my cottage with your ill-gotten spoil? Begone, take it away with you, and thank Providence that I do not deliver you over to the hands of justice."

"Then you would hang your own son, old chap," replied Spence Hill. "No, no! there's no fear of that. Therefore, let us be good friends, Master Thorton, and no mistake."

"Good God! "exclaimed the distressed father, "that boy will bring ruin and disgrace upon us all."

"Say not so, my dear Sir," said Walter Farrier, who, with Alice, had approached the old man on his entrance, each taking one of his hands: "say not so. Keep him from such companions as these, and all will yet be right. Pray, send away these two men."

"I command you to leave my cottage," said Thorton to the men, "and take with you what you have brought hither."

"That can't be, master," replied Spence Hill's companion; "we must wait for the captain and t'others afore we can do that. Therefore, we'll make bold to leave the things here."

So saying, each filled the other's glass with a surly sort of civility, and, having drunk to Thorton's health, they quitted the cottage.

No sooner, however, had they disappeared, than a loud shrill whistle pealed through the welkin, and an instant after James Thorton and five of his gang rushed into the cottage.

"Where are the two men I left here?" James asked, in the tone of one accustomed to command.

"I sent them away," his father replied.

"And how dared you do so?" returned James.

"Because I advised it," said Walter Farrier. "I urged your father to dismiss the drunken churls who disgraced his dwelling."

"'Tis you who are a churl, and, what is more, a poltroon," said the fiery smuggler in a fury. "Think you to come hither, and work your will against me? If so, you will find yourself greatly mistaken."

"For shame, James!" cried the old man; "are you not satisfied with bringing disgrace upon your family, but you must now quarrel with him who is soon to be your brother?"

"What is to be, does not always follow," James replied, with bitter irony. "But why am I losing time here, when the sharks have tracked me, like a fox, to my kennel? They lost scent of me only a short time since, and I had hard work to set them at fault on my way hither."

He had scarcely spoken, before Spence Hill entered the room in great alarm.

"Make haste," said he, "and get rid of the things, or we are lost: the officers are upon us."

"Are they in strong force—and how far are they off?" asked James, in a calm and determined tone.

"They are about a dozen, and are not fifty yards from the house," Spence replied.

"Then we have nothing to fear. We shall not have time to conceal the goods; but we will beat off the officers, and before they have time to return in greater force, the goods will be out of sight."

As James had said, so it happened. The officers, unacquainted with the locality and embarrassed by the darkness, were easily put to the rout by the determined ruffians who opposed them. The moment the danger was over, the jewels, dressing-cases, and wearing apparel, were put into packing-cases covered with oil-skin, and, with the cags on the floor, were sunk in a pond at the back of the premises.

The smugglers now finding all secure, entered the cottage, closed the doors, and, having taken refreshment from the table, lay down on the floor to sleep. Paul Thorton withdrew to his room, whither he had previously conveyed his almost stupified wife! Alice retired to rest; and Walter Farrier declared his resolution to keep watch.

A little before day-break, Walter awoke James Thorton, and informed him that he feared the house was invested by soldiers. This proved correct, a body of military having cautiously surrounded it during the night. James forthwith held counsel with his followers, who unanimously agreed that they would defend themselves to the last extremity; because, if they were taken, they should have to balance accounts with justice not only for the two defeats of the officers, but also for the late robbery. The only difficulty was how to dispose of James's father, who it was feared would open the door to the soldiers.

The old man was still asleep. After a short consultation, three of the smugglers entered his chamber, and, before he was well awake, he found himself tied with cords to the bed upon which he had thrown himself in his clothes, a circumstance that afforded the ruffians considerable facility in binding his limbs, which were unincumbered with the bed-clothes. His wife was snoring in a chair; but being roused by the men, she rushed to the kitchen.

Meantime James, and the remainder of his followers, had fortified the cottage as well as they were able, barricading the doors and windows, and cutting loop-holes through the shutters for the discharge of their fire-arms.

The scene in the cottage was now one of intense interest. In the kitchen or principal room on the ground-floor, appeared the athletic form of James Thorton, his marked but handsome features, which at other times bore the traces of strong and overpowering passions, as calm as if his mind were totally free from excitement, giving his orders in a steady but mild tone of voice that betrayed not the least emotion. On his right hand, and following him wherever he went, stood his mother, her tall figure drawn up so as not to lose an inch of its height, her grey hairs streaming over her shoulders, her cap thrown aside, her features convulsed with terror, yet fury flashing from her eyes. Every now and then, she would utter, with a maniacal howl, the most fearful imprecations, in spite of her son's continual exclamations of—

"Silence, mother! Peace, I say. Be quiet, or I shall be forced to lock you into your room."

Near the fire-place, stood Walter Farrier, whom James Thorton had suffered to remain free, on his pledging his word that he would take no share in the coming fray,

nor attempt to leave the cottage. Walter was endeavouring to console Alice, who was weeping bitterly.

I must now describe the external localities of this little fortress. On each side of the cottage and beginning at about two-thirds of its width, branched off a paling, which ran, on one side to the hedge of the kitchen-garden, on the other to that of a small paddock, bordered by a copse. There was no opening at the back of the cottage, and the inclosure behind it, containing the pond in which the stolen and smuggled goods were sunk, formed what Paul Thorton termed his farm-yard. On each side of the house was a window on the ground floor, and one in the upper story; in front there were one in a line with the door, and two above stairs.

The force that had invested the cottage during the night, had been guided by one of James's accomplices. This man having been affronted by his captain, had resolved to betray him, and had already been admitted king's evidence against his former associates. By his advice, five of the fifteen soldiers composing the force had made a circuit in order to enter the farm-yard, and seize whatever might be sunk in the pond, which had frequently served as a place of concealment. The other ten men, under the command of a lieutenant, were drawn up in front of the house, at a distance of forty yards from it. Two magistrates, one of whom was Sir Henry Wilmot, had the direction of this little military detachment.

James Thorton, in making his arrangements for vigorous resistance, had not overlooked the circumstance of the enemy's force being divided by the paling that formed the back inclosure, and which the side-windows commanded. He therefore stationed a man at each of these windows up stairs, with three loaded muskets, in order to prevent a junction of the five men in the back-yard with those in front. As the cottage could not be attacked at the back on account of there being no opening, James knew that the main body of the assailants would make no attempt to enter the inclosure.

An almost breathless silence of some minutes in the cottage, was interrupted by a loud knocking at the door.

"Open the door, in the King's name," said a rough voice.

"Retire," cried James Thornton, "or I will fire at you."

The man who had knocked withdrew, and presently the cadence of a measured tread was heard, and the detachment of soldiers stood within ten yards of the cottage.

"Open the door, in the King's name," said one of the magistrates.

"Hear me," cried James Thornton: "I am resolved to die rather than yield. I will never be captured whilst I can move a limb. Give me a safe conduct for my companions and myself, and we will leave the country. On no other terms will I admit you."

"Such terms cannot be listened to!" exclaimed Sir Henry Wilmot, "Soldiers, break open the door."

The men advanced but the well-directed fire of the smugglers drove them back after wounding three of them. Four successive attempts were made upon the door, with no better success, and the assailants, reduced to half their number, were about to retire.

Meanwhile, as James Thorton had anticipated, the five men in the back-yard attempted to join the main body, but the fire of the two smugglers stationed at the windows, frustrated every such attempt. Two of their number were already *hors de combat*, and the three remaining dared not approach the paling.

At this juncture a strong reinforcement of soldiers and constables approached the cottage. A fresh attack was made, and one of the soldiers succeeded in fixing a petard to the lower window in front of the house. The engine exploded, and shattered the window-shutter into splinters. A breach being thus made, the assailants rushed on to the attack. The smugglers received them with equal resolution, and the soldiers were again repulsed. James Thorton, without losing for an instant his extraordinary calmness, dealt his blows and fired his shot with unerring precision. Close behind him was to be seen a figure that bore the semblance of an incarnate fiend: this was his mother, her hair streaming to the wind, her face blackened with gunpowder, armed with a gun, taking an active share in the battle.

Sir Henry Wilmot, fearful that the troops would be ultimately beaten off, now advanced close to the window, and cheered the men on. It was the effect of a sudden impulse.

"Keep off, Sir Henry," cried James, "or by the God that made me, I'll shoot you."

"Forbear, rash boy!" said a voice behind James, and Paul Thorton, whom Alice had just released from his bonds, rushed forward to seize his son's arm.

At that moment one of the soldiers fired, and his ball passed through the heart of the honest old man, who fell dead over the window-sill upon the grass. James appeared for a moment paralysed at this unlooked for catastrophe, then bringing his musket to his shoulder, took a deliberate aim at the Baronet. The ball sped unerring on its mission—Sir Henry fell dead. The soldiers now made a most determined rush—the door of the cottage was burst open by their united efforts—the assailants entered—and the combatants fought hand to hand with the most desperate fury. The smugglers, at length, being all severely wounded, were overpowered and secured.

During the melée, Walter and Alice had retired to an inner room, where they were found and handcuffed, and, together with James Thorton, his mother, and the seven smugglers, lodged in the county gaol, to stand their trial for murder and robbery.

Little more remains to be told. The whole party were arraigned at the bar of public justice. James Thorton, his mother, and the survivors of his band, four of whom had died of their wounds, were convicted, and the tragedy closed with their execution. Walter and his Alice were acquitted. Eighteen months after, they were united, and sailed for America, where they have become wealthy and respected; and are endeavouring to bring up their numerous family in a salutary dread of those stormy passions which led to the catastrophe above related. Since the battle with the smugglers, the cottage has remained tenantless, and is now without a roof.

THE THREE BENEVENTI.

A TALE FROM THE JOURNALS OF A MUSICIAN.

PART II.

The time allowed for Sibilla's absence passed quickly—she returned; and the evening for her first appearance in public was fixed. I am sure that I suffered as much as, if not more, than she did, in anticipating the terrors of the ordeal through which she was to pass. The Marchese Castagna having spread the fame of her attractions and accomplishments far and wide, a crowd of *cognoscenti* assembled to feast their eyes and ears upon the proud singer, the tale of whose beauty and genius had been so widely spread abroad. On that occasion, Girolamo was honoured with a seat in the Marchese Castagna's box, and upon me devolved the task of escorting Sibilla to the theatre. When I handed her into her carriage, in place of the tremor and agitation I so naturally expected to witness, I found her calm, silent, and collected. The same master-feeling which had supported her before, now bore her up bravely. When we stopped at the stage-entrance, I could still perceive no sign of emotion, save that perchance her lips were a little more compressed than was usual. She passed hastily through the crowd of privileged loungers who had assembled to greet her arrival, and remained in her dressing-room until summoned thence by the prompter. Had I not watched close by the door, I could hardly have believed that the magnificent queen-like woman, who issued forth with the royal robe, the jewelled coronet, and the stately step of Medea, was the same silent and reserved girl whom I had brought thither. I had little time, however, to make observations, for she swept past me hastily, and in the next instant I heard the deafening and instantaneous plaudits of an immense audience, delighted by the grace and dignity of her entrance. These subsided, then again were repeated with more enthusiastic vehemence than at first, then once more died—and there was a dead silence, broken only by the wailing notes of the orchestra, preluding to the recitative which opened her part. My anxiety became so intense, that I could not bear to remain within hearing of the sound of Sibilla's voice; its first tone drove me from my station behind the scenes to a remote corner, where I sat for what seemed to me an age, ere the buzz of

many who like myself were waiting there, proclaimed that the act was over, and the siren who had charmed all ears and touched all hearts by the superiority of her singing and acting was returning. On her way she was beset with compliments, praises which seemed to find words too weak for their expression, and congratulations on her brilliant success. For a time the spirit of rivalry was startled and fled, subdued in her fellow-actors and actresses, by the matchless might of her talents; and they crowded round her, each anxious to pay the earliest tribute to such rare merit.

I found it impossible to approach her, and stood aloof, curious to see what the effect of all this would be. She seemed hardly to hear or heed these fervent outpourings of enthusiasm; and though she acknowledged them with the courteous phrase which custom requires, her heart was not touched, nor her vanity flattered by them. Disengaging herself as quickly from the throng as she could, she retired to her own dressing-room. It seemed as though the motive which had urged her to display her powers, had in itself an intrinsic stimulus and recompense, for I never knew her, then or thenceforth, testify much emotion or pleasure at the applause heaped upon her wherever she went. As an actress she was full of life and passion—she was the Medea, the Semiramide personified. Her personifications of proud love, or wrath, or jealousy, were fearful to look upon; nor was her acting alone thus wonderful, for her singing aided and increased its effects. I may be forgiven, if I say, that there was none, and if I believe that there can never appear another, at all comparable to her, when she was in one of her inspired moods.

I need hardly observe that her success was triumphant; that her name was renowned throughout Italy; that she was by day besieged by suitors and supplications, by night followed by hosts of serenaders, or by a populace easily stirred and fond of melody, who would come beneath her window with their "Vivas" and offerings, and by no means be contented unless she appeared to acknowledge their applause and homage. But she held on her course unmoved—no admiration could cheat her, no bribes beguile her from that line of conduct which she had laid down for herself. She refused admittance to all but those whom the business of her profession compelled her to see, and grew year by year more cold and unmoved, until her impenetrable apathy became a proverb. One trait, however, I must tell you. When poor old Pietro died, ere his cottage, our former home, passed into the possession of another, she paid it a visit, and brought with her, on her return, the branch of a rose-tree which she planted in our garden. From that time, to tend and to rear it seemed an important occupation to her—its flowers were her favourite ornament, aye, oftener worn and better loved than the diamond tiaras or strings of pearl with which princes and patrons rewarded her talents. Those who saw her haughty mien, and knew how little in general she heeded trifles and trifling things, could hardly comprehend why she should take such delight in a few paltry roses, and accounted it as a caprice. I did not join with them in their opinion, for it was a branch from Gianetto's gift.

And now, with this old affection yet clinging round her heart, as this simple and otherwise motiveless act would seem to testify, a grievous trial was in store for her. My brother Girolamo, who had become the court painter, had succeeded in amassing such a sum as enabled him, with my sister's assistance, to re-purchase no inconsiderable part of our family estates, and ere long he began to look round for some fair lady with whom to share his newly acquired possessions. Lorenza Castagna, the daughter of his old friend and patron the Marchese, was the object of his choice. She was a pretty and thoughtless girl; her childish gaiety made her, in my brother's sight, as some toy dear and cherished. I am sure that he loved her intensely; and never dreaming of a rejection, rejoiced at the idea of an alliance with her as a further step towards the eminence whither he was bound. He reckoned rashly—Lorenza referred him coquettishly to her father—and the Marchese listened with a cold and haughty sneer to the pleadings of my brother, who, for once, cared not to humble himself to obtain the object of his pursuit.

When the lover had exhausted all his oratory, "Benevento," said the Marchese, "let us understand each other. I have befriended the poor painter, but I cannot think of him as a son-in-law, without feeling the very imagination a disgrace to myself and my daughter. But let that pass. Now you have looked up to the Marchese as a friend and benefactor, how would you consider him were he to wish to present

himself before you as your brother? You look strangely on me; your modesty is abashed, your gratitude overwhelmed; but such was my purpose. Aye, I was willing to condescend to rescue your sister from what is at best a dubious profession, to place her among the nobility of the land; and when I wrote to her—but you shall see for yourself what her answer was—a goodly pattern whereby I shall shape mine."

Petrified with amazement, Girolamo listened to the Marchese, who, with an air of the utmost coolness, unlocked a cabinet and placed before him his own letter returned. The seal had been broken, the contents perused, and a decisive and scornful rejection pencilled on the envelope.

"Look you, Sir," continued the Marchese, when my brother had glanced over the epistle and its rejoinder, "I said that I would shape my answer by this, but I will condescend yet more—I will give you one chance of obtaining the object of your wishes. What if we lay aside our mutual prejudices, and work together? What, if I say that I am willing to give you my daughter, my treasure, my Lorenza, if you will win your stern sister to relent, and be *willing* to become the wife of the richest nobleman in Naples? I love her so well, in spite of all her contempt, in spite of all her obduracy, that I will deign to do this; but until you have made some way for me, you shall see Lorenza no more; and if you be unsuccessful, fire and water shall unite sooner, than the painter, late a beggar, lead my daughter to the altar."

You can guess the conflicting feelings with which my brother listened to the Marchese's monstrous proposal. After muttering a few inarticulate words, he took his leave and came home, in a state of mind only to be compared to the rage of the elements, when the storm is highest. He never, for an instant, could admit the idea of giving up his views with respect to Lorenza, and the anger which he had restrained with much difficulty during his interview with her father, burst forth with tenfold vehemence on his return. He sought my sister, and overwhelmed her with the most violent and sarcastic invective; he threatened her with his severest wrath should she persist in her inflexibility. Anon, he changed his tone, as though some softer feeling stole for a moment across the discord and darkness of his spirit. He besought her with the most energetic entreaty, and endeavoured with every variety of sophistry to persuade her that this would be a great and glorious advancement; and when this was all unavailable, he became again furious—he called her a child, feeble and fanciful, who could in reality have no care for what she had so often professed to be her master-motive, the restoration of the faded glories of their race.

At this accusation, couched in the most bitter language which reproach ever pointed, my sister's high spirit was roused. She interrupted him abruptly.

"Be silent," she said, unable any longer to command her indignation, "be silent, for very shame, Girolamo! I can bear much—I have borne much—but this I cannot, I will not bear! I have already sacrificed at the altar of ambition, what—but it is too late to speak of that now—I have tied myself to a profession which has exposed me to solicitations which I abhor, to flattery which I despise. My own feelings have been sealed, my own fancies crushed, my own hopes blighted—I have lived a life of toil and privation, I have renouncedthe pleasures and privileges of youth, and how can you, how dare you, thus reproach one who has deserved so far otherwise,—one who is a woman, and your sister?"

As she spoke, for the first time of many years, a shower of real tears burst forth, and she wept as for some sorrow of childhood. It was well that I entered just then to break off so agitating an interview. My sister retired abruptly, and Girolamo left the house. He was absent for many days.

It was long ere Sibilla was able to collect herself. The passion of natural feeling, so long and so sternly restrained, could not at length burst its barriers, without a fearful revulsion. She remained altogether in her own apartment for many days. A new opera was in rehearsal, but she would not go to the theatre, and, sending for her part, studied it at home. At length her wonted self-composure seemed to return. On the evening of the first representation of the new piece, I escorted her to the theatre, as was my custom, and noticed with an emotion which I dared not to express, that her hair was adorned with a wreath of roses from Gianetto's tree. The music of the first act was of a pastoral character—Sibilla performed the heroine's part with a simplicity and tenderness that compelled the ap-

plause of those who had only seen her personify more passionate characters. How she could have felt, however, can only be known by Him who knows all hearts, when in the concluding scene she was to be serenaded, and a minstrel appearing beneath her balcony, sang the very air and words I mentioned a while ago. Fortunately, the business of the stage allowed her to retire immediately, and when I gave her my hand to lead her to her dressing-room, it trembled violently. I was on the point of speaking to her, but just then we passed close to where the Marchese Castagna stood. His presence operated like a charm. She recovered in an instant her self-command, and making some indifferent remark, hastened onward.

"She re-appeared again in the second act, more beautiful, it seemed to me, and more instinct with feeling than ever. I can call up her face, her smile, her form, as she sang a simple romance to that guitar which hangs by her picture. The applause and the cry for its repetition were unanimous, and she prepared to answer the call; when the plaudits dropped at once into silence, and a shivering murmur ran through the audience, succeeded by a breathless pause, as if each individual in that vast assembly were listening for the repetition of some sound; like a whirlwind awaking out of silence, there arose a cry of terror. "Fire! Fire!" ran from lip to lip. It was no false alarm—in the dead hush of that momentary interval, the hissing of flames and the crackling of scorched wood had been distinctly heard. In an instant I rushed upon the stage, to seek my sister. How this awful accident had happened, could not be guessed; the flames seemed to break out in every part of the building at once, and the terror-stricken audience, unable to escape in the opposite direction, clambered over the orchestra, and were crushing forward upon the stage with furious haste—so that some minutes of desperate struggling elapsed ere I was at Sibilla's side.

"Good heavens! the remembrance of that hour will remain with me until my dying day! The audience part of the house was all in flames, and on the other side to which they were rapidly communicating, there was but one moderately narrow outlet to the street. Towards this, the affrighted concourse of people struggled—the performers in their fantastic habiliments, the nobles of the land, and the meanest of the populace, confounded in a dense agitated mass, each pressing forward with a selfish eagerness that stayed not for respect to weakness or infirmity. Safety was for the strong only; and this very precipitation brought an increase of peril—it was in vain to reason—in vain to attempt to obtain a hearing. You might as well have prayed to the greedy element, which was ere long on every side of us, to suspend its fury. Many were borne to the ground, and those behind pressed over them, trampling upon them, regardless of their prayers for mercy. The flames spread fierce and fast, with a roaring sound as of an immense furnace; and the fall each instant of heavy beams, bearing with them a mass of burning matter, gave a new stimulus to the exertions of the affrighted multitude.

"Amid this horrible scene, Sibilla and I stood a little apart. To attempt to force a passage through the crowd was hopeless. She behaved most nobly; and at last, when the flames spread so near us that their heat began to be intolerable, she said suddenly—

"'I think I remember a window through which we can escape: follow me, Battista.'

"It was from one of the dressing-rooms whence a descent into the street might be practicable, that she purposed to try our fortune. We forced our way through fire and curling smoke, hearing footsteps before us, which made it clear that others had passed. We reached the room, and already through the vapour which filled it, I saw the window opened, and the retreating forms of more than one fugitive—when a sound as of thunder broke over our heads. The floor rocked—gave way—and the remains of the blazing roof crushed us down, deep, deep, among ruins—making every effort at escape, or cry for help, hopeless. Sibilla was separated from me. As I fell I thought I heard a low groan. Holy Mother! I believe it was her last.

* * * *

"Would you hear more? It was long ere I returned to consciousness, if the sensations of one half dead deserved the name, and many weary weeks ere I became sensible of what had really happened. I know that Girolamo came in and out and looked upon me as I lay, and that when my reason returned, my first question was for Sibilla. Some one, I know not who, told me that she was dead and buried. I closed my eyes, and prayed that they might open no more; and for many days the only idea

which my weakened mind seemed capable of entertaining, was "Sibilla is dead!" The words were ever before my eyes, traced on the darkness in characters of fire. It is not at such a time of half reason that the bereaved can feel or mourn his loss fully, and it was only by degrees that the truth, fragment by fragment, rose upon my mind. It seems that some intrepid one had dug us out of the ruins. My sister was dead,—some heavy weight having fallen upon her, which destroyed life and the likeness of life at once. It must have abridged her sufferings, however. Let me go on with my tale.

"When my convalescence admitted of such an indulgence, Girolamo came and spent many hours of each day at my bed-side. He had returned home from a wild ramble to a house of consternation and mourning. He found Sibilla a disfigured corpse, and myself more dead than alive. We spoke much of the lost one—he told me with the bitterest self-accusation the dialogue which had passed between him and the Marchese, and the subsequent events. I durst not return my confidence—I durst not acquaint him with my own suspicions regarding Gianetto, for his stormy nature was subdued by remorseful sorrow, and I felt that it would be useless as well as ungenerous to add to the weight of self-reproach he was then bearing. He consecrated part of every day to the task of sculpturing an image for Sibilla's monument, and in the designing of it he expended all the resources of his art. Vain!—as though the senseless marble could make atonement for the injury and care he had brought upon its hapless semblance while on earth! He spoke furiously of the Marchese Castagna, and told me, that on the day after he returned home, he had received a most haughty and laconic billet, saying, that of course now all intercourse between them must end; at the same time he made no secret that he still retained his purpose unchanged with respect to Lorenza, and he spoke mysteriously of plans to be adopted to gain her.

"Ere long, to my indescribable uneasiness, I perceived that superstition and mysticism were gaining ground over his character, which never recovered the shock of my sister's sudden death. He began to neglect his art. Even the employment of working at Sibilla's tomb lost its charm, and he loved to be closeted for hours with a Greek, who had gained great influence over him, and who was said, by those who had no interest in concealing it, to be a sorcerer. Heaven defend us from all evil doers! When I questioned him on the subject of these mysterious interviews, he would shake his head, and refuse to answer; and I saw with concern that his health was decaying, his cheek growing pale, and the fire and energy of his soul expending itself vainly on occult studies and fruitless speculations.

"Things were in this state, when one day to my great surprise, Girolamo told me that he had again sought an interview with the Marchese, who had repulsed his impassioned pleadings with the uttermost acrimony and insolence. Words, and blows, and vows of vengeance had passed between them. I heard this with much fear; and when Girolamo ordered his letiga in the evening, to go abroad, I followed it unperceived, thinking it possible that I might be the means of preventing some evil. I traced his course at some distance, till we arrived at a mean quarter of the city, inhabited only by Jews and unbelievers. I saw the letiga stop before a ruinous-looking dwelling, which my brother entered, closely muffled in a dark mantle. In some uncertainty what to do, I paused long before the door. There was no sign of life in the dismal old house: at length finding the door of an adjoining court-yard open, I ventured in, drawing my sword as I entered. It was a deserted area of some extent, surrounded by dilapidated buildings. I am to this day sure, that, on my entrance, I saw the Marchese Castagna cross at the further end of the yard and disappear. I followed hastily and noiselessly, but could make no discovery, though my search was patient and undisturbed by sight or sound of life. Twilight fell, but Girolamo came not. At length, I grew impatient at his long stay, and knocked long and loudly at the door. It opened—he came out—and then it was closed with some vehemence.

"'Lend me your arm, Battista,' said my brother, 'for I am very weary.'

"I gave him the support he required, and ventured to ask him what had detained him so long.

"'Ask me no questions now,' was his answer: 'to-morrow, you shall have full satisfaction. In the meantime, let us make haste home.'

"We walked on in silence. At every step we took, he leaned more and more upon me.

"'Are you ill, brother?' I asked.

"'Let me reach home,' he gasped.

"We were now in sight of our house. He spoke not a word more, and I supported him in my arms, supposing him to be faint. It was the faintness of death which was heavy on his eye-lids—a slight spasm, a long breath, and he lay dead on my breast.

"I was sure that there had been some foul play: so I left the dead in our mournful habitation, and, going to the Chief of Police, told him my story and suspicions. But my tale was disregarded. The Marchese was high in rank, and none cared to stir in a matter which might criminate him. In spite of all my vehement efforts, a languid and late search of the ruined house was all that I could obtain; and, as might be expected, there was no one found: the ministers of evil had departed. The Greek was no more seen in Italy; and the Marchese soon after removed into France with all his family; so that my own conjectures are all the aid I have to unravel the mazes of this dark mystery. I fully believe that the Marchese, enraged by the encounter of the morning, had bribed the charlatan to administer to my brother some of those subtle poisons by which life is destroyed, without external or internal sign of violence. Those of his nation have been always too well versed in such deadly secrets, and our most learned doctors hold, that some have had the power of compounding perfumes so deleterious, as by the mere strength of their odour to stupify and destroy life. Be that as it may, I have told you all I know, for there was no trace of poison discerned by the experienced and upright surgeon who examined his remains after death.

"A few words will suffice to tell how I gave the wealth and lands amassed by the deceased to this convent, into which, on Girolamo's death, I entered as my home. The family estates had mostly been re-purchased, so that it is to the influence of wealth and possessions, that my present rank is for the most part owing. I was not, however, always so void of ambition as I am now; for on my first entrance into monastic life, I strove in its interests to forget the past, and for a time succeeded. It will serve my turn no longer. Age has taken much of its zest away; and I love more, every year, to think of my brother and sister as we were in the happy days of our childhood, ere its feverish and restless dreams had been awakened in any of us. My own dear art, which I have never ceased to cultivate (and in which, had I pursued it in the world, I might possibly have risen to eminence,) has been a source of pure delight to me. I have spent the leisure hours of many toilsome years in building yonder organ; and when I die, I shall be buried by Sibilla, beneath its shadow. I am not fanciful, or I should think I might be able to hear its loved tones even in my grave: but, at all events, please the Lord, the work of my hands will remain when they are dust; and, perchance, to those who are curious enough to inquire the maker's name, be some slight memorial of the last of the Beneventi!"

"MY FIRST SERVICE."

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD CAMPAIGNER.

MANY varied years have passed over my head, now grown grey in the service of my country, and many events which marked their flight are fixed in my memory. I have seen life in most of its phases, with the buoyancy of youthful hope, and the wearied spirit of declining energies. Blood has flowed around me in the battle, and death has been long my companion; yet, though more years than man's life has ever numbered should wave their dull wings over me, I never can forget the deep and awful feelings of the hour which first introduced me to the glorious but dreadful business of my profession.

At an early age, before I was turned of seventeen, I was taken from a military school to join the honourable profession in which my father had ended his existence. I was very young to be entrusted with the serious charge of leading men; but my person, firmly set and healthy, had outgrown my years, and an air of premature intelligence, acquired doubtless by an early departure from home and from long residence

among strangers, had added to my appearance the maturity of a year or two more. At this period—I shall not mark it more distinctly :—what old man likes to tell the secret which failing strength and blanching hairs disclose too truly?—at this period, the energies of England were straining hard to maintain an unequal contest. The ingratitude of some—to preserve whom her blood and treasure had been expended—and the pusillanimity of others not less strongly bound to her alliance, had left England single-handed to maintain a contest with the most powerful in Europe. Her subsidies *induced* some to defend their own territories from the invader, and her best and bravest men even prepared to fence round with their bodies every spot of earth, however insignificant, which owned her friendship and claimed her protection. The self-devotion was noble, but great and alarming was the waste of her energies.

The exasperation of an obstinate and protracted contest had introduced into the mode of warfare many things which generous opposition would have avoided, and, among others, the enemy's riflemen and sharp-shooters were directed to be ever vigilant to remove the leading spirits which so nobly directed the efforts of the soldiers. This command was to the letter attended to; and as the murderous precision of their skill was perhaps never exceeded, great havoc was made among the officers of the British army. The place of honour had eminently become the post of danger. The consequences of this began soon to be felt in a dearth of officers. Those to whom years had brought conduct and knowledge were either hacked and cut up with wounds, or laid at rest in their graves; and the youth of Britain were obliged to be drawn away, to supply by zeal and spirit their want of experience. These were the circumstances which caused me, scarcely at the age of seventeen, to receive an ensign's commission in his Majesty's —— Regiment of Foot, then serving in the Low Countries, with orders to join the army immediately.

Circumstances, it is said, tend much to form the characters of men; and surely the exigencies of the time often give a tone to their understandings. That nation can scarcely (with ordinary chances) be worsted in a struggle in which every intelligent being of its community feels an absorbing interest; and perhaps to that intense and unanimous feeling which then occupied the British people, it is chiefly owing that British honour came forth from the unequal contest with a still brighter halo. Every man was conscious of the enormous drain on the nation's resources which circumstances demanded, and every man felt the necessity of having his own in readiness to supply the deficiency; at least so it was with me, and those who like me were summoned prematurely to discharge the business of men. We had expected the call; reflection had made us grave and serious; and, everything considered, we were in fact much less incompetent to sustain the weight of important duties than may be imagined, and that we certainly should have been under circumstances of greater national security.

I pass over my voyage, and the hopes, fears, and anxieties with which it was attended. I reached the position of the main body of the army, and was ordered to join my company, quartered at a small and detached village near the outposts.

Arrived there, in due time I presented myself to my captain, whose kind manners and appearance at once commanded my respect and affection. Somewhat advanced in years, he received me with fatherly attention; and I soon felt the value of kindness from one by whom I was to be initiated into the details of my hazardous and responsible profession. I believe he commiserated my youth, and the necessity which called me thus early to endure the toils and privations of a camp, and endeavoured as much as possible to provide for the little wants of which (though by no means too tenderly nurtured) I was not yet sufficiently philosophical or sufficiently indifferent to be entirely regardless. Many circumstances tended to render our situation particularly uncomfortable. The main army itself was by no means abundantly provided with necessaries, and in our detached and exposed position we were condemned to suffer still greater privations. Captain M—— fixed me in the house which he himself occupied; the best in the village, yet comfortless quarters enough. The furniture was principally of his own contrivance, and the roof and walls were considerably dilapidated.

When I arrived, Captain M—— was the only commissioned officer of the detachment remaining. The rest had been picked off by the enemy, or lay wounded; and

this circumstance, together with the relative positions in which we stood of pupil and instructor, tended to promote a perfect confidence between us. I had arrived early in the day, and received from Captain M—— so much valuable advice and instruction, that I was pretty well made up in the nature of my duty, and the mode of life which was likely to be mine in the discharge of it, when towards dinner time (then to us a phrase most equivocal), a second subaltern arrived at our position. He was a young man a little older than myself, but obviously had by no means been brought up under the same tuition. He was the son of a London banker, had come direct from England, and was of agreeable manners and appearance; but reared in the midst of luxury, and passing rapidly through the army, he was not at all prepared for the real state of things, with which, however, he soon became familiar enough.

After the forms of introduction had been gone through, some general conversation ensued, and Mr. S——, my brother sub, begged to retire for a few moments to prepare for dinner. I noticed a peculiar smile on the captain's countenance as S—— retired to make his arrangements. In a short time he returned, with, I thought, a look of some disappointment. He had a handsome morocco case in his hand.

"I am afraid, Mr. S——," said the captain, "you have found your lodgings rather uncomfortable; but you are not to expect here all the elegances of your luxurious metropolis."

"Oh, Captain M——," he answered, with great good humour, "I did not expect an increase of comforts when I chose our profession. I shall soon learn, I am sure, to do without all unnecessary refinements."

"I rejoice, Sir," said the captain, "that you have joined us with such good dispositions. I fear they will be often tested. We are not, to be sure, as elegantly lodged here as we should be in an hotel in Bond-street; but when you have seen as much service as I have, you shall not need to be told that nevertheless our quarters are, under the circumstances, very desirable. We are badly off for provisions, but I think I can promise you as good a dinner to-day as is to be had in this out of the way position. I observed my servant Brien, a while ago, looking very knowing and important. He is the very best forager in the army. No eatable can be safe from him anywhere within five miles of our position. And whenever anything good can at all be come at, I am sure to have it. But we shall soon know what success he has had to-day."

The apartment which had been devoted to culinary operations was immediately behind that in which we sat, with the door opening into a long passage; and from this region, from time to time, I heard a voice singing with a beautiful rich brogue, snatches of Irish songs, mixed with directions to some one assisting.

"A saylure (sailor) coorted a farmer's daughter,
That lived convaynient to the Isle o' Man.

"Jacky, my beautiful little trout, you'll be mishin your cake dough jest now, if you be lettin' the bread be burnin'."

And he again took up his vocal strain:—

"Jiggin' away I'll go-o-o-o, kissin' and boosing to and fro-o-o-o,
Then away to the road with me she'll go-o,
Bekase I'm a ro-o-o-vin' thooler.

"Then, bad luck to your ugly little skinful o' bones, there's all the drippin' goin' ashtray from you. Put the cakes under it; sure isn't it all the same as buther."

But my attention was drawn away from this amusing medley by S——'s proceedings. He had opened the morocco case which I had before noticed, and from it he drew a silver fork, and spoon, and knife, and a small plate also of silver. These he laid upon a log of timber, which being set on end, with a few boards nailed horizontally across the top, served very well for a table. From a secret recess of the case he drew a smaller case, containing the usual condiments of the table, and laid it beside the plate.

I observed a very comical expression on Captain M——'s countenance, as he eyed these preparations; but he made no remark, as Brien's voice was now heard in the passage.

"Maybe you'd rowl yourself out o' my way, *Sur*, till I wouldn't be spillin' the tay things," he said to some one outside, and immediately appeared at the door. S—— sat behind the door, and did not at once observe him, and Captain M—— said, "Why, Brien, you're in luck to-day."

"Faith, then, 'tis I that was in luck, your honour, sure enough. Divil a better bit of dinner you had this month than you'll have to-day."

He had now got to the centre of the apartment, and I have often wished for the painter's skill to describe the scene it presented, for no language can properly do it justice. In the centre of the room stood Brien, with both his hands held up and extended, supporting on each, nicely poised on the tops of his fingers and his thumb, a round cake, about six inches in diameter, of very dark flour, surmounted by a square piece of very fat pork, of about a half pound weight, and browned on the top like bacon, the rich fat from which was dripping over the cakes and flowing down his wrists. He had just observed S——, and stood staring at him, and I soon discovered, that not being before aware of the addition to our mess, he was considerably perplexed at this new demand on his hospitality. S—— gazed at him in evident amazement, and at his primitive and classical * mode of dishing our entertainment; and Captain M—— looked from one to the other alternately, and then to the splendid dinner-service on the table, and burst into uncontrollable laughter, in which I joined him most heartily.

S—— soon recovered from his astonishment, and casting a glance at his intricate dinner apparatus, joined us in our merriment. Though quite unacquainted with the routine of the line of life he had adopted, he was a man of sense, and immediately perceiving how matters stood, he restored the articles to their places, and I never saw the morocco case after. I cannot refrain from adding, that from that day forth there was not, in the army, a better officer than S——.

But with the garrulity of age, I have dwelt upon those circumstances of my early years, which memory, the old man's almost sole gratification, recalls with satisfaction, whilst the startling incident which it was my original purpose to describe still remains to be related.

For the next few days I was suffered to look round our position, with scarcely any active employment, as Captain M—— thought it advisable that I should as much as possible make myself acquainted with the immediate localities, particularly as our very restless enemies were for the present, comparatively speaking, quiet. I have called them restless, and well they deserved the title. In fact, the term explains almost their whole system of warfare. Harassing incessantly by groundless alarms, keeping us in a perpetual ferment by petty annoyances, or, as it was termed among the Irish regiments (and ours was one) "kicking up rows" eternally, comprised most of their plans of aggression; and I must confess the system was well planned and most effectual. Did our wearied soldiers sit down to refresh themselves with food, which indeed was often sufficiently scanty, they were immediately summoned to the ranks again by some sudden alarm. Did they lie down to sleep at night, their rest was soon broken by the sound of bugles arousing them to repel some threatened assault, which was in reality never intended. By these proceedings, though the spirit of our men was unimpaired, their vigour was much exhausted; whilst the enemy, the cause of our distress, suffered comparatively nothing. A few men were sufficient to cause an alarm, but all our force was obliged to be turned out to meet it. However, as I have observed, during the first few days after my arrival, this system of annoyance had been somewhat discontinued; but now symptoms appeared of the enemy's determination to recommence their amusements with still greater pertinacity.

On the fifth morning, I was standing on a rising-ground within the village, considering the rather amusing plan of operations going on outside. Behind every bush and hillock which afforded any shelter, were placed parties of two or more, and sometimes individuals, of the enemy's skirmishers, who kept up an incessant fire on our stragglers. From time to time, as particular spots became especially troublesome, small parties were sent from our position to clear them. This there was no difficulty in performing, for our light-armed and active tormentors retired immediately without show of opposition; our men, fearful of being led too far from their lines in pursuit, and within sweep of the enemy's light cavalry, always ready for such occasions, were obliged to return immediately, which they had no sooner effected, than the pestilent marksmen deliberately re-occupied their former positions, and commenced *de novo* their annoyance. This provoking impertinence we had no adequate means of repressing, as we were unprovided with the light troops necessary for such an employment.

* —— et adorea lilia per herbam
Subjiciunt epulis.
ÆNEID, lib. 7.

I had been regarding these proceedings for some time attentively, when Captain M—— addressed me.

"Peyton," said he, "you are now a seasoned soldier. 'Tis time that you should begin to smell powder."

I expressed my acquiescence, for I was really anxious to have the first plunge over. He continued:

"We are cursedly annoyed by these plaguy sharp-shooters, and the worst of it is, that we can't punish them satisfactorily for their insolence. We do, to be sure, sometimes light on them and give them a fearful clawing, but to very little purpose, for in half an hour after, they are just as tormenting as ever. I wish we could have a good brush with the enemy; we should be sure to gain much more, and lose less, than we do in this petty warfare. But we have no time to talk now. You are to go out immediately with a detachment. Are you ready to go?"

"Quite ready," I answered, "I only wait my orders."

"Oh! it's the usual business: to dislodge some riflemen from a position which they have taken up, and from which they gall us considerably. But come along now; Sergeant Rorke will tell you all about it as you go. You see the men are drawn out, and ready. And let me recommend to you to give ear to what Rorke advises, as you yourself are so inexperienced; for he is as brave as any of his countrymen, and much more steady than most. He will put you in the right track, you may be certain. So, good bye, my lad; place yourself at the head of the men, and success attend you."

My warm-hearted commander shook me by the hand, and I set out on "my first service."

While we were passing through our position, I looked round to examine my companions. There were eight men under my command, besides Rorke the sergeant, and him I honoured by a particular examination. He was a tall, burly-looking Irishman, I should think over six feet in height and stoutly made in proportion, with a sufficiently good-looking countenance, on which was obvious to the most casual inspection an expression of the coolest and most fixed determination. I entered into conversation with him, and learned that somewhat to the right of our position were the ruins of a small mill, which had been dismantled and deserted. Into this two or three riflemen had thrown themselves, and were labouring most sedulously to make this neighbourhood disagreeable to that side of our position. From this, he did not calculate on any difficulty in dislodging them, if we could once get near enough to treat them to the bayonet; but as the enemy were protected by the walls, and could take their aim deliberately, it was necessary to use the utmost caution, so as to guard against loss in the advance. To this end, keeping under cover as long as possible, we issued out on the plain at the point next to the ruins, Rorke contriving to have two of the men always prepared, with their muskets at the present, to fire the moment the enemy appeared at an opening. The aim of the riflemen was so disconcerted, that, with only a few scratches, we reached a small rising ground, behind which we were somewhat protected. From this spot it was necessary to advance nearly the length of a musket-shot, over an open space, in the face of a protected enemy, whose fire could not be returned effectively, whilst they shot at us with the greatest deliberation:—and this, let me observe, when there was not the excitement of music and of numbers to sustain them, was no bad trial of men's courage and determination.

By Rorke's advice, two men were placed behind the rising ground, with directions to keep up an incessant fire on the ruins, and with the rest, bending a little to the right, so as to avoid our own men's fire, we dashed on at a good pace to the encounter. As we approached the mill, we discovered the importance of advancing with so much deliberation; for the enemy had dammed up the mill-stream, which, overflowing its banks, converted all the ground between us and the mill into a morass, through which we floundered with considerable difficulty, and where we should assuredly have been picked off successively by the riflemen, if their attention had not been distracted by the incessant fire which our reserve kept rattling about their ears. However, with only two of the men wounded, and not seriously, we reached the bank of the mill stream, which here extended between us and the ruins. The passage of this had been provided for, and a couple of the men laid boards across, which had been brought for the purpose. All through the matter I had been urged on by some instinctive power, which, wound up as it were like a watch spring, pushed me forward almost

without sense or volition; and when the temporary bridge was completed, mechanically I set my foot upon it to lead the way across, when Rorke, seizing me by the arm, drew me back, and said in a whisper:

" Stop, Sir, we cannot hazard officers unnecessarily; let some of the men advance. I know what the enemy are at: they'll reserve their fire till we are on the planks, and then they expect to escape in the confusion."

I acquiesced passively; and Rorke, turning to the leading file, said, " Advance, Jackson, and lead the way across."

The man so addressed hesitated, faltered, and did not obey. The mode of our advance had been particularly discouraging, and doubtless Rorke's manner in arresting my passage, had confirmed the men's irresolution.

" Advance, Jackson, I order you," said the sergeant.

The man showed no signs of obedience; his limbs seemed paralysed with terror; when Rorke, bending his halbert, in a determined voice, said,

" Jackson, you know the consequence of disobedience *now*. Advance, I order you again, and do your duty."

I noticed one or two of the men look over their shoulders; Rorke saw it too, and Jackson had absolutely made a slight retrograde motion, when the sergeant, drawing back his arm, plunged the whole of the halbert's blade in his side, and lifting him up with it, flung him across to the other side of the stream.

A thrill of horror passed through me, but fortunately, perhaps, I was not allowed to indulge it; for the sergeant turning immediately, in a voice, which startled me as well as the man, exclaimed to the next—

"Now, Smith, advance you, to your duty."

The man, frightened more by the dreadful example which had just been made before him, than by the fire of the enemy, flung himself on the planks with a sort of blind and hopeless devotion: we all followed in a body. Immediately, as Rorke had predicted, the enemy's fire swept the passage, and Smith, shot through the heart, bounded high in the air, and, falling back on his companions, tumbled over into the water.

This sudden check threw the men into some confusion, from which they were instantly recovered by the voice of Rorke, shouting—" Over, over, and on them before they can load again."

On this occasion he was obeyed promptly, and, rushing across, we entered the ruined walls together, and found them deserted. After the enemy had given their last fatal fire, they had abandoned the post, and getting among some hedge-rows of what had been a garden, escaped beyond the reach of pursuit. The men were immediately set to work, according to orders, to level the small portion of the walls which still remained standing. This was soon effected; for a couple of iron crows had been brought for the purpose, and at the completion of it, Rorke came up and ad dressed me—

" I know, Mr. Peyton, you were shocked at what you saw me do just now, but you'll find it was my duty; and I must do the same again, if necessary; but at all events, it is your duty now, Sir, to put me under arrest, and to report what I have done immediately on your return."

I had been perfectly passive all through, for the novelty of my situation, and the appalling circumstances which attended it, had left me no power of judgment and reflection. So without waiting for any orders from me, the sergeant surrendered his halbert to one of the men, and marched back with us on our return as a prisoner.

When we returned to our position, sick at heart, and with my senses in a strange whirl and commotion, I reported the matter to my commander. Rorke was sent back a prisoner to the army, where I understood that a formal court-martial was assembled to try him. But it was one of those cases which cannot be openly either blamed or commended: it was therefore hushed up, and as little as possible said about it.

Since then, I have seen much service, and have learned to look with somewhat less horror and aversion at the act, than I confess I then did; for I am well aware of the fatal effects of allowing a panic to spread among the soldiery. Courage and cowardice are both contagious; and men who could perform their duty well in great emergencies, would often turn tail, and run away from a trifling danger, for no other reason perhaps than because some one had been suffered to set them the example. Nevertheless I frequently cannot avoid regretting, that so fearful an instance of an arrested panic had occurred on the occasion of " my first service."

THE NATIVE ARMY OF INDIA.

BY A. JAMES, LATE MAJOR OF THE 67TH.

At a time when the high importance and value of our Asiatic possessions are so well understood and so justly appreciated, it is no wonder, connected as England and India now stand, that the history, manners, customs, religion, and habits of the inhabitants should become objects of great interest to a British public. On that history it is not my design in this paper to expatiate. But as in Parliament, and out of it, much has been said of late on the subject of the native army of India—a momentous subject, considering that by means of that army, to the astonishment of Europe, the sceptre of Britain stands triumphantly established over a dense population of one hundred millions of human beings, differing from us in religion, in manners, and in all the elements of social life. The reader may be gratified to become a spectator, whilst we bring before him, in review order,

> ———— this banner'd host,
> Under spread ensigns marching, well armed,
> With horse and foot, all rank'd in close array.

It will at once be admitted by all who have served in that country, that the army of India, in everything that gives value to military character, is particularly efficient and respectable. About four-fifths of the Company's troops are Hindoos, the rest Mussulmans. Generally the Sepahis of Bengal are men of high caste. They are physically powerful, straight, tall, and well set-up; obedient, abstemious, and will endure great privations and fatigue. About 1804—5, when Lord Lake had to struggle against many and serious difficulties, and when, owing to the pressure on the treasury, the native troops were unavoidably kept twelve or thirteen months in arrear, not a murmur transpired, not a complaint was heard. Sepahis value themselves on their loyalty, their integrity, and are by no means insensible to a proper sense of honour. Their courage is unquestioned, and where their officers lead they will most gallantly follow. Naturally they are cool and collected, grave, sedate, not easily excited, nor soon depressed. To their employers they are devotedly attached, and, so long as they are liberally paid, their religion respected, and their castes not wantonly interfered with, there is no question but they will prove true to their colours, and ever be ready to shed their blood in defence of the British government. As to their honesty, it is proverbial. A Naick, with half-a-dozen Sepahis, will escort lacs of treasure through the country, nor have they ever been known to betray their trust.

When the efficiency, power, and numerical strength of the native army, averaging, in times of war, more than one hundred thousand men of all arms, are considered, the wisdom of encouraging that spirit of loyalty on which they pride themselves, and for which they have been long and eminently distinguished, will be sufficiently obvious. On that loyalty and attachment must eventually depend the stability of our power and the duration of our dominion in Asia. Our power in India is based mainly on opinion, and the known fidelity of the native corps; it is therefore our interest and policy to take care that no real cause of complaint be on any account given to that brave army. Not that a mere reduction, warranted by circumstances, would at any time be construed into a just cause of discontent,—for the Sepahis are aware that reductions, as well as augmentations, are unavoidably dependent on the pacific or hostile attitude of surrounding states.

Of the Company it has been remarked, that there are not more generous masters in the world. But the local governments have not always emulated the munificence of their employers. Nor has that generosity been confined to the active-duty soldier: their invalid establishments for worn-out, wounded, and disabled soldiers, are admirable, and must ever be esteemed as standing monuments of their superior policy and enlightened munificence.

Under such circumstances, it is no wonder that the native troops should be so sincerely

devoted to the "Great Company Behaudhur." An attachment thus rationally grounded on long usage, habits of service, gratitude, and a thousand fond reminiscences and associations, and even on the recollection of the battles they have fought, seems to bid defiance to all common causes of dissolution. Nor will the Sepahi ever abandon his colours, or forsake his officer, so long as the Company's conduct towards him is based on justice and becoming liberality.

And though many well-disposed persons, not very conversant with the localities, the prejudices, and peculiar position of the native, may be extremely zealous for the conversion of our eastern population, a population amounting to nearly one-seventh of the whole human race—zealous to break down their altars, and purge the land from the murky gloom of Hindooism, and all the dismal horrors of superstition and idolatry; yet this zeal, laudable as it may seem, must be rigidly kept under the curb of human prudence. Nothing should induce the Government to interfere with the religion of Asia—that is a chord, the striking of which might be fatal to our power. Nor should any undue anxiety after ill-judged retrenchment, or grinding economy, be ever permitted to mulct the Sepahi of his accustomed allowances. As things are, he is satisfied—his pay is ample—his means are equal to his wants, for his wants are few. Subject him to retrenchments, and you abridge his comforts, and he will become sour and dissatisfied. And, indeed, with a revenue of £18,000,000, it would be singular if the military establishment could not be liberally supported.

As to British officers in India, they are the soul of the army. The Sepahis love their officers, and are faithfully attached to them—to them they look up immediately under all their difficulties or grievances, and consider them the link which unites them to the British government. And yet British officers in India, under the rank of field officers, are actually the worst paid men in the Company's service: they are subject to so many unavoidable expenses, that the moment they are ordered from the Presidencies, as formerly, they should invariably be put on full batta. Deprived of this allowance, no subaltern can keep his ground, without getting in debt; his life is one of unceasing privation; and even the captain is considerably worse off than at home. The Company's military officer cannot be too favourably considered; without him the native army could not exist. Then he is a banished man: for twenty years (from his youth up to the close of middle life) he quits his country and his friends—all the ties that bind him to his home—and in the course of his service, if he survive the time prescribed, how comes he back to the land of his birth?—a mere invalid, emaciated, broken down, an Asiatic in habit, a stranger to those he left behind, unknowing and unknown, shivering at every breeze, completely out of his element—a walking skeleton!

In such an army, and so constituted, no wonder the Company have felt themselves authorised to abrogate corporal infliction: not that the necessity of summary punishment is superseded, as many erroneously imagine, because promotion has been thrown open to the Sepahi. In regard to promotion, there has been no change whatever introduced—it is now precisely what it was forty years ago, and what it has ever been. The Company's regiments are officered, strictly and accurately speaking, exclusively by Europeans. Colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, ensigns, all are Europeans—to none of these grades is the native eligible. According to the custom of the country, they have naicks, havildhars, jemutdhars, and jubadhars—and beyond the rank of jubadhar no Sepahi can ever rise. There his promotion stops. The nature of that rank will be sufficiently understood, when it is stated that the youngest ensign in the corps commands all these grades. But the Company can dispense with corporal infliction, because their army is peculiarly constructed. Between the eleven and twelve years that I served in the East, I never saw a Sepahi intoxicated. The Hindoo soldiers, especially in Bengal, are generally men of high caste; they deem it an honour and a privilege to be enrolled in the Company's regiments—their pay is nearly double that allowed to their troops by native princes—and after certain periods of service and good conduct, they are invalided on half-pay and a jagheer. To a Sepahi, therefore, under the above circumstances, nothing can be esteemed a greater misfortune than to be discharged for misconduct, for then all his hopes and prospects are ruined. The only irregularity

to which Sepahis are particularly prone, is marauding on the line of march—they spare neither friend nor foe—nor can they comprehend how the practice can be accounted improper, much less criminal—*c'est la coutume du pays*—in other respects, they are orderly, obedient, and well-behaved.

The dress of the native army is extremely becoming—in the cold season red jackets with pointed caps, without crowns, worn smartly on the top of the head; in summer, they are dressed in white, with a sort of cumberbund or trowsers of white calico, reaching half-way down the thigh, the rest of the thigh and leg naked, with the pointed heavy shoe of the country. Their arms are precisely like ours. They are well disciplined, steady under arms, fire admirably, and, under their officers, they will boldly come to the charge.

THE ROSE.

BY THE REV. HOBART CAUNTER, B. D.

I.

How beautiful the Rose, as it unfolds its vernal dyes,
And breathes a holy fragrance round, like incense from the skies;
Casts to the breeze the sparkling dews that glitter on its stem,
And wreathes around its blushing brows a crystal diadem.

II.

But while the bee with honey'd lip salutes the vernal flower
That's daily brightened by the sun, and cherished by the shower,
The blast of desolation comes and sweeps it to the dust,
When all its beauties perish, as all mortal beauties must.

III.

Behold that gentle maiden, in the fair, fresh morn of youth,
Upon her cheek the holy glow of innocence and truth;
The sudden shock of sorrow strikes—the blush no longer glows,
But verifies the fate of her fragile type, the Rose.

IV.

Destruction comes alike to all, the meanest and the best,
'Tis oft the harbinger of woe as suffering is of rest:
Here beauty is the sure but smiling herald of decay,
As oftentimes the darkest night succeeds the brightest day.

THE COURT.

COMPARATIVE quietude has succeeded the bustle occasioned by the numerous fêtes of the season. Their Majesties have passed the month chiefly at Windsor Castle. We are happy to state that the King is perfectly recovered from the slight indisposition which, for a few days, confined his Majesty to his apartments.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Mrs. Armytage, or Female Domination. By the authoress of "Mothers and Daughters." 3 vols. Colburn.

THIS is as good a novel of the kind as ever was written. The name of Mrs. Charles Gore stands deservedly high, and the present work is quite worthy of it. The fair author handles the sharp blade of satire with great skill; but her satire is more feminine, less wounding, and much more amiable than that displayed in the Diary of a Désennuyée. Mrs. Gore's brilliant and lively style is most admirably adapted to the scenes she describes, though we confess we should like to see her powers of mind directed to a subject more new and original than the sayings and doings of the class whence the characters in her novel are taken—a class whose vices have formed a sort of stock-in-trade for novel-writers during the last quarter of a century. Those who have a taste for such novels, will find much to interest and entertain them in Mrs. Gore's book: a well-conceived and well wrought-out story, characters extremely well drawn, much acuteness of observation, and considerable knowledge of society.

Diary of a Désennuyée. 2 vols. Colburn.

IF the most poignant satire, and the smartest possible manner of clothing it, could effect a moral reform in a certain class of society, where all is heartless and artificial, assuredly the work before us is calculated to do so. But the subject has already been worn threadbare without producing any good; the parties satirised being the first to derive amusement from it, provided the attack is not absolutely personal. That, in the volumes before us, there are portraits from real life, and things which occurred, we have no doubt; and we can readily peer under each principal mask as it appears, and detect the features beneath. This, however, goes beyond satire, and becomes scandal; but it is the more likely to please all, except those who have been forced to sit for their portraits. The "Diary of a Désennuyée" will therefore be read, and will turn out a profitable speculation to the publisher.

As an intellectual production, it is one of very high merit. The fair author, with great powers of mind and acuteness of observation, has applied the keenness of her wit to show up the vices of modern civilisation in Europe, placing in the foreground of her picture some leading characters not to be mistaken, and a little behind them a great many minor personages, less generally known, but sufficiently so to come within the scan of a very numerous class of readers.

Jerningham, or the Inconsistent Man. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE author of this book has talent to effect much more than he has here done. He has imagination, reading, and power; all he wants is skill. His work smells strongly of the lamp. It shows the labour it has cost; and it is the immense trouble he has taken with it, that

renders it often heavy, tedious, and pedantic. Still many parts are very happily hit off; the tale is one of stirring interest, and certain characters are wrought out with considerable skill. Jerningham contains at least a third more of matter in each volume than most other novels, and this might with advantage be expunged. But, we repeat, the work is one of considerable merit. If it be a first production, it holds out good promise; and as the writer acquires experience, he will also acquire taste.

Historical Recollections of Hyde Park, compiled and arranged from numerous authentic works, public records, private documents, &c. By Thomas Smith, Author of "A Topographical and Historical Account of the Parish of St. Mary-le-bone," &c. Hogg.

THIS little volume, put forth in a very cheap and unpretending form, contains a great deal of interesting information, interspersed with amusing anecdotes. It is well worthy of the attention of those fair ladies who grace the Ring in Hyde Park on Sundays, displaying once a week their fair forms to the gazing multitude.

The Romance of Nature, or Flower-Seasons illustrated. By Louisa Anne Twamley. Tilt.

WE have already had occasion to speak of Miss Twamley with high praise, as possessing genius of a very high order, and a most lovely mind. Again she appears before us in an elegant volume, written and even embellished by herself, for the plates are all engraved after her own drawings. This young lady's poetry is full of pathos and deep thought. A strain of sweet melancholy runs through it which gains our regard as well as sympathy; and even when she is the least original, she presents every idea clad in a form so sweet, so flowing, so noble, and yet so soft and gentle, that she compels us to receive it as her own. The great charm of Miss Twamley's poetry is, that we cannot help associating it with the person of the writer, with whom as we read on we appear to hold actual converse. This is an identity—either real or fancied—between the writings and the writer, which never struck us on any other occasion. Such was the effect of her first volume upon us—such is the effect of the present.

The embellishments of this volume are exquisite, and the whole has been got up in very superior style.

We consider ourselves bound to give a specimen from the "Romance of Nature," of the manner in which Miss Twamley has treated the different subjects that come within her plan; but as we are unwilling to mutilate any one of the different pieces of poetry, and the prose articles are too long, we are obliged to select the only piece which is sufficiently short to enable us to give it entire.

"LOVERS AND LILIES.

"COME, lady mine, into the woods, for there
The sweet May lilies their young beauty show,
Bending their slender stems, whose pearly bells,
Like cups o'erfilled with perfume, shed it forth
Lading the fragant air.

"Come love mine.
And I will show thee how the lilies fair
Are guardian'd by their tall and shelt'ring leaves,
Who brave themselves the rude and boisterous wind,
To shield from every harm the fair things wrapped
Safe by their careful love.

"I'll tell thee, then,
That thou, e'en like the lily-bell, shouldst be
Guarded by fond and all-enduring love;
That thou, far fairer than a flower, should'st hide
From too familiar sight thy beauty's wealth,
And give it unto one whose long-tried heart
May claim a prize so rich.

"Smile, lady mine,
And though thou art so passing fair, yet deign
To imitate the lily-bells—and I
Will shelter ye from every unkind breath,
And fold thee close in true and faithful love,
E'en as those leaves the flowers."

First Steps to Latin Writing, intended as a Practical Illustration of the Latin Accidence. To which are added, Examples on the principal Rules in Syntax, adapted to the Latin Eton Grammar. By G. F. Graham. Baily and Co.

THOUGH we do not consider the Eton the best of Latin grammars, still it is the one most used, therefore Mr. Graham has done wisely in adapting his little work to it. The plan of these exercises is extremely good, and they are calculated to save the student a great deal of time in learning to write Latin. We hope soon to see this little book adopted in all schools.

St. Petersburgh, Constantinople, and Napoli di Romania, in 1833 and 1834; a Characteristic Picture, drawn during a residence there. By M. Von Tietz, Prussian Counsellor of Legation. 2 vols. Richter and Co.

THIS, like most modern works of travels, contains a very superficial view of things, but it also contains a good deal of entertaining gossip, which, as matters go, form a very credit-

able book for a Prussian Councillor of Legation, whom we may naturally expect to find embued with opinions of a certain tendency. M. Von Tietz is, however, an entertaining companion, and we readily make allowances for some little exaggerations appertaining to the school whence he comes. As these are not very glaring, the reader may step over them as he would stones on his path, and pick his way through a very pleasant excursion.

It is singular how few translators will take the trouble to free their English from the idiom which they are transforming into their own language. Such a translation as the present ought to appear as free in style and as truly English as an original composition. This is, however, far from being the case.

Tracts relating to Caspar Hauser. By Earl Stanhope. Translated from the original German. Hodgson.

THE story of Caspar Hauser is one of the most extraordinary known in the civilised world. The public here are well acquainted with the facts as given in the work published by M. Von Feuerbach, and the English translation of which has already run through three editions. The object of Earl Stanhope, in writing in German the tracts which compose the present volume, was to show his reasons for first giving credence to Hauser's statement, and afterwards believing that it was untrue. His lordship took Caspar under his protection, and provided for him; and it appears that until after the young man had fallen a victim to the knife of the assassin, not the slightest doubt was entertained of the entire truth of his statements. Until his death, Caspar Hauser was supposed to be the rightful heir of a sovereign prince in Germany; but it now appears that he was a journeyman tailor or glover, inhabiting one of the small hamlets on the Austrian side of the river Salzach, which forms the north-east frontier of Bavaria. Who the assassin was, or why the young man's life should have been so rancorously sought after, must now remain a secret, unless the murderer himself, or some one connected with him, should be induced to come forward and clear up the mystery.

Essays towards the History of Painting. By Mrs. Calcott.

WE have read these essays with considerable pleasure. They show superior talent and much research, and they are, moreover, put forth in a very unpretending form. Mrs. Calcott here conveys information useful to the artist, as well as to him who reads as he runs without any other inducement than that of acquiring general knowledge. We feel much disposed, had we space, to give one or two very interesting extracts; but as our reviews have run longer than usual this month, we must content ourselves with referring our readers to the volume itself, which will amply repay them for the perusal.

A History of British Quadrupeds. By Thomas Bell, F.R.S., F.L.S., Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy at Guy's Hospital. Part I. Van Voorst.

THIS is the beginning of a new series of natural history in a cheap form. The present number contains forty-eight closely-printed octavo pages for half-a-crown. From this first specimen, we have formed a very favourable opinion of the manner in which Mr. Bell will execute the task he has undertaken. This first part is devoted to bats, as we presume several succeeding numbers will be. We shall give a further account of the work as the future numbers appear.

Chess made Easy; being a new Introduction to the Rudiments of that Scientific and Popular Game. By George Walker, Teacher of Chess. Sherwood.

To lovers of chess this little work will prove very useful, for it is a clear and simple exposition of the game.

Female Improvement. By Mrs. John Sandford, author of "Woman in her Social and Domestic Character." 2 vols. Longman.

THIS well-written and modest work is from the pen of a clergyman's wife, a lady who devotes the leisure left by her duties to her family to the improvement of young people of her own sex. There is much of sound and excellent advice in her two little volumes before us, and we most earnestly recommend them to mothers of families.

Tales of a Rambler. Illustrated by H. C. Selous. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A VERY pretty volume of short, well-written tales, of all kinds, and likely to suit the various tastes of readers of light literature. The illustrations are spirited sketches, one or two of which are of a superior description.

FINE ARTS.

The Destroying Angel. By John Martin. Dedicated to Dr. Croly. Ackermann and Co. Hodgson and Graves. Moon.

The Death of the First-born. By John Martin. Dedicated to Louis Philippe, King of the French. Ackermann and Co. Hodgson and Graves. Moon.

Here are two more productions of John Martin's stupendous genius. The extraordinary powers of imagination of this artist, the immensity which his mind embraces, and the original poetry which he imparts to all that is yielded by his pencil or his graver, are now beginning to be fully understood by his countrymen, whose enthusiasm for any new creation of art is slow to be kindled, but when once lighted up, glows with a fervour not easily damped. In France and Germany, the engravings of the Belshazzar's Feast, the Deluge, the Fall of Nineveh, and those more recent—the Fall of Babylon, and the Crucifixion—were received as marvels of art the moment they appeared, whilst Martin's picture of the Fall of Nineveh, and that of the Deluge, gained the gold medal, the former at Brussels, the latter at Paris. The French and Germans, perhaps, have greater quickness in detecting genius than we have, but it is doubtful whether, when once discovered, they pay it more assiduous devotion.

The first of the engravings now before us, is equal to anything John Martin has ever done. It appears that having, last year, designed the subject for his son, he was so pleased with it, that he resolved to engrave it himself on a large scale,—and this is the result. The Destroying Angel, hovering over the city of the Pharaohs, darting from his hands the lightning of divine vengeance, grand and terrible in appearance as such a minister of Almighty wrath must necessarily be, is a conception worthy of Martin's genius. The gorgeous palaces proudly raising their crested heads, seem but as the huts of pigmies compared with the form and power of the heavenly messenger, before whom both man and beast fall dead, whilst the voice of woe, and lamentation, and despair resounds through the city. There is a mystic light stealing over the picture, and distinctly revealing every object.

The second engraving is equally beautiful. Here we have those stupendous specimens of architecture which this artist alone can conceive, and the first of which we saw, many years ago, when the picture of Belshazzar's Feast was exhibited at the British Institution in Pall-Mall. Again, we catch through the openings of the building glimpses of those beautiful landscapes also peculiar to the artist's genius.

Both these noble works of art were inspired by the two following verses from the twelfth chapter of Exodus :—

"And it came to pass that at midnight the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on the throne unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon; and all the first-born of cattle.

"And Pharaoh rose up in the night, he and all his servants and all the Egyptians; and there was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not one dead."

In the first engraving the exterior of the city is represented, and the lamentation of the humbler classes; in the last, you are shown the interior of Pharaoh's palace.

Spanish Monks preaching at Seville. Painted by J. F. Lewis; Engraved by J. C. Bromley. Hodgson and Graves.

There is much merit, and there are some defects in this engraving. The composition, though effective to a certain extent, is unequal, the groups on the right-hand side of the picture having by no means the same merit as those on the left; some of the latter are beautiful, and some of the heads, especially that of the tallest female figure, exquisite. We could have wished that the plate had been generally more carefully finished, as it would have heightened the effect. This style of engraving requires correct finishing. Upon the whole, however, the work does Mr. Bromley credit, and deserves success.

May-day in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Painted by C. R. Leslie, and Engraved by J. H. Watt. Hodgson and Graves.

We have some misgivings as to the fact of the engraver having fully understood Leslie's picture. The group on the right-hand side, and indeed all the principal figures in the foreground, are beautiful, and form almost as fine a specimen of line engraving as our modern school can produce. But the figures behind are very defective, and they seem dancing in a glare of cross-lights without shadows, which probably throws them too forward, and makes them consequently out of proportion. The perspective is bad throughout the picture, but the tree on the right hand is beautifully engraved. To our taste, there is a want of harmony in this engraving, which mars the general effect, though bit by bit it is full of merit.

Finden's Ports and Harbours of Great Britain. Part I. Tilt.

Mr. Tilt seems to have spared no expense to render this work worthy of public patronage. Mr. Finden's engravings are very beautiful, and four, exclusive of that on the title-page, are to be obtained for half-a-crown.

Stanfield's Coast Scenery. Parts IX. and X. Smith, Elder, and Co.

This work proceeds with great spirit, and the engravers do ample justice to Mr. Stanfield's beautiful drawings.

CONCERTS OF THE MONTH.

The season for concerts, which have been more numerous this year in London than they ever were known to be before, was nearly closed when our last number went to press. The heat of the weather, which, at the end of June and beginning of July, was most formidable, did not however deter our music-loving ladies (?) from listening to music by steam, raised by neither coal nor coke. For our own parts, we confess that we dreaded the heat, and therefore abstained from risking our persons in an atmosphere the temperature of which must have averaged 110 deg. We have therefore but few concerts to give an account of; nevertheless, if we had not missed any, and here noticed the whole, we should do nothing but repeat the same names, and even the same pieces. Madame Malibran de Beriot, and Madame Guelietta Grisi, and Madlle. Assandri, and Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, *père et fils*, and so forth, figured in every prospectus, and appeared as the stock in trade of every speculator on their talents; and a safe speculation it always turned out, for the concert-rooms were crowded to suffocation, not with gratis tickets, but with a paying audience.

Would we could say as much of a musical exhibition of a most interesting nature, which took place at the London tavern: we mean Mr. Sudre's lecture on musical language, accompanied with a very pleasing concert, as a recreation from the attention demanded by the lecturer. Our notice of this lecture must here take precedence of anything else.

M. Sudre, a French gentleman of considerable genius, has invented a facile means of communication, by means of sound, or of signs or touching, representing sound. The seven notes, do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, he has made to give every possible combination of language, whether that language be understood or not by the party interpreting the sound. Thus, though M. Sudre's pupil could speak neither German nor Polish, he was able to articulate, in those languages, intelligible sounds, of which he did not understand the meaning, but which M. Sudre had communicated to him by means of his violin. In the languages which he understood, the communication was still more easy, and sentences given by the audience and conveyed by the tones of the violin, were repeated by him with the utmost readiness. A similar experiment, being the transmission of distinct military orders by means of the harmonic notes of the trumpet, was equally successful and equally surprising. At some future period we purpose entering much more at length into the merits of this discovery, and to inquire how far it might be applied successfully to a universal language, by which intercourse between nations might be facilitated, and the operations of commerce much benefited.

One thing disappointed us at this lecture. Instead of hearing, as we had expected, the beautiful and energetic language of M. Sudre in his native idiom, we were condemned to listen to the bad English of a Mr. Marcel, a teacher of languages, who in an unreasonably long and wearisome address, did not once speak to the question, but spent the time in talking of himself and his opinions—as if any one cared what Mr. Marcel's opinion was—and in telling trivial stories. Mr. Marcel certainly spoiled the lecture, and to his aid on this occasion may reasonably be attributed the fact that M. Sudre was not done justice to. Some very agreeable music followed the lecture, and among the pieces preferred, we may mention a guitar solo by our young favourite Guilio Regondi, lately returned to town with increased powers; a brilliant duet for piano forte and violin, by Miss Mayer and Mr. Remi; a trio for piano forte (four hands) and flute, by Miss Mayer, Miss Stewart, and Mr. Sedlatzec, and a brilliant fantasia on the violin by Mr. Remi. The singing was but indifferent. Two ladies sang, whom we understand to be pupils of a Mr. Skeppings; but they did not sing well, neither did their master shine in accompanying them.

We trust that M. Sudre will give a course of lectures at this end of the town, and that we shall have the workings of his own powerful mind conveyed in his own language, instead of the feeble gossiping of Mr. Marcel.

CONCERT OF MADLLE. PARIGIANI AND SIG. MARRAS, CONCERT ROOM, KING'S THEATRE.

Thursday, June 30.

THE great defect of this concert was, that it was too long considering the season of the year. We had to listen to twenty-eight long pieces, about a third of which were very good, and would alone have made an excellent concert, whilst the audience were tired before the first part was over, and the rest was flat and unprofitable. What a mistake this is! The directors of the Philharmonic are the most skilful at fixing the limits of a concert: they always take care that the audience shall go away rather before their hunger is appeased than after they are satiated.

The fantasia on the clarionet by Sig. Liverani was beautifully played. This gentleman we heard for the first time; he has certainly great execution, and gives all the beauty of Italian song; but we miss the tone and sweetness of Willman. Mr. Mori's violin solo was also well performed. Madlle. Parigiani and Sig. Tamburini did justice to "Bell' imago," from the "Semiramide," and Sig. Marras sang very sweetly the Barcarola, composed by himself to the pretty poetry of Count Pepoli, "Voli, voli la Barchetta." Madame Caradori's cavatina was a *leetle* out of tune, probably because the lady has sung too much during the season; that of Madame Coleoni was *not* a little out of tune (query, from the same cause?). Madlle. Parigiani's cavatina, "Elena, o tu ch'io chiamo," from the "Donna del Lago," went well, though it was not her best effort. The "Nuovo canto Veneziano," composed by Sig. Marras for Rubini, was given in Rubini's usual style, but the piece is not very effective. Ivanoff sang his barcarola from "Marino Faliero," as he always sings it, very sweetly. Mr. Benedict's fantasia on the piano forte was admirable, as was Sig. Puzzi's horn solo. There were several other pieces deserving of praise, but we have not space to enumerate them.

SIGNOR GIULIO PICCINNI'S CONCERT, WILLIS'S ROOMS.

Monday, July 18*th.*

THIS concert consisted of only eleven pieces, but they were all good; and the audience went away without a single yawn. The beneficiary sang very beautifully, though without any extraordinary command of power, Bellini's cavatina, "Nel furor delle tempeste," and Madlle. Assandri gave great effect to a new aria by Alari, the words by Count Pepoli, entitled "Il salice piangente," an air of effect and feeling, which displayed to great advantage the talents of this gifted young lady. We must likewise notice very favourably the cavatina by Madame Degli Antonj, M. Herz's variations on the piano forte, M. Ivanoff's barcarola, "Ah! se tu fosse meco," Sig. Piccinni's L'orgia by Rossini, and the closing Romance Française, also sung by Sig. Piccinni.

CHORAL HARMONIC SOCIETY CONCERT.

Tuesday, June 28*th.*

THE June concert of this rising and certainly very meritorious amateur society was much better than usual, and, if we except the choruses, we may affirm that every thing went off most brilliantly. Haydn's symphony, No. 7, was very respectably performed. Miss Flower and her sister gave great satisfaction in the duet "Ti veggo," by Winter: Mr. Handel Gear sang with considerable applause the scena by Weber, "Through the Forests;" this was followed by "Ombra adorata," from "Romeo e Giuelietta," very effectually given by Madame Sala. Miss Mayer then performed a concerto on the piano forte. This young lady unites to the most brilliant execution, a power of finger such as few *men* possess, and is therefore able to give an effect to her passages seldom produced by one of her sex. Moore's pretty ballad, "The young Indian maid," was then very sweetly sung by Miss Agnes Taylor, one of whose literary productions graces the pages of our present number. Mr. Shrivall gave with great taste Bishop's song, "Be mine dear maid;" and the first part concluded with Winter's chorus, "The rosy dawn," which could scarcely have gone worse.

In the second part, the overture to Oberon was given so well that it would not have disgraced a professional orchestra. This second part was principally made up of choruses, which did no credit to the society. Miss Flower's "Vedrai carino," was taken a little too slow. Mr. Remi played his violin concerto, in a broad, beautiful, and masterly style. This young professor has every thing to lead him to the very top of his art, an eminence which we have no doubt he will attain. We must not pass over without due praise, Rodwell's "Here's a health to thee, Mary," sung by Mr. Shrivall. *Tuesday, July* 26.

WE are just able, as we are going to press, to say a word about the July concert of this society, which took place last Tuesday. Mozart's symphony in C went creditably. The duet "Ah! maiden Fair," (Paesiello,) was well sung by Madame Sala and Mr. Shrivall; so was Miss Bruce's cavatina, "Stanca di più," (Marliani). The harp fantasia, by Miss M. Essex, was much applauded, and deservedly so. Madame Sala gave great pleasure in the aria "O dolce guidami," by Donizetti. The duet "Amor possente nomi," by Rossini, was extremely well sung by Miss Agnes Taylor and Signor Brizzi; but we much regretted to perceive that the latter was extremely unwell. and better fitted for his bed than a concert room. Miss Flower gave great effect to Lover's ballad—"The angel's whisper." The choruses, as usual, were a disgrace to the society.

THE COURT MAGAZINE,
AND
La Belle Assemblée.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF LADY VIVIAN.

LETITIA, Lady VIVIAN, is the third daughter of the Rev. James Agnew Webster, and wife of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Richard Hussey Vivian, Bart., of Truro, in the county of Cornwall.

The family of which Sir Richard Hussey Vivian is the distinguished representative, claims descent from Thomas, one of the ten sons of John Vivian, Esq., of Trewan, and his lady, Maria Cavell. From this numerous progeny of Sir John Vivian, it is conjectured, have sprung several other branches of the Vivians that have flourished in different parts of Cornwall. Thomas Vivian, who is considered to have been the grandson of the above-mentioned Thomas, was great grandfather of

The Rev. THOMAS VIVIAN. This gentleman was born in 1720, and, after obtaining holy orders, was presented to the living of Cornwood, in Devon, where he resided a number of years, and, after fulfilling his duties in a most exemplary manner, died at his vicarage, 17th March, 1793. The following lines are a just and elegant tribute to his memory:

Stranger, whose footsteps thus unhallowed tread,
Among the rude memorials of the dead,
Where many a rustic bard, in couplets brief,
Marks the pure feelings of unletter'd grief;
If formed thy bosom goodness to revere,
Shed o'er this sacred earth a sorrowing tear.
The pious teacher of yon hamlet round,
Rests from a spotless life beneath this mound;
To his enlightened intellect was given
To point the path which he pursued to Heaven.
Beyond the village train his wisdom shone,
Nor to the world of science sank unknown.
Here many a mind instructed by his care
Breathes for a pastor's bliss a fervent prayer,
Nor breathes in vain—the God he liv'd to love
Rewards his virtuous Minister above.

The Rev. Mr. Vivian married Mary, daughter of John Hussey, Esq. of Truro, and sister of Richard Hussey, Esq., Solicitor to the Queen. By her, who died in 1807, he left four sons, viz.

Thomas, who died young.
John.
Richard, in holy orders, Rector of Bushey, Herts, who married Miss

Emmet, and died in 1825, leaving issue :

William Henry, in holy orders, Rector of Charles, North Devon, who wedded Miss Wingrove, but had no issue.

The second son,

JOHN VIVIAN, Esq., of Truro, was Vice-Warden of the Stannaries of Cornwall. He married Betsey, daughter of the Rev. Richard Crunch, vicar of St. Clements, New Truro, and heiress of John Crunch, Esq., of Plympton, in Devonshire, and dying in 1826, left two sons,

RICHARD HUSSEY.

John Henry, a Major in the Royal Stannary Artillery, M.P. for Swansea, who espoused, 30th Oct. 1816, Sarah, eldest daughter of Arthur Jones, Esq., of the Priory, Reigate, Surrey, and has issue.

The eldest son,

RICHARD HUSSEY VIVIAN, entered into the military profession at an early age, in 1793, and served in the Netherlands and Holland during the campaigns of 1794 and 1795, and again in Holland under the command of the Duke of York in 1799. He afterwards commanded the 7th Hussars, in Spain, under Sir John Moore, and proved a skilful and experienced officer. The 7th Hussars were for nine years under his command, and, as a token of their esteem and regard, the officers of that regiment presented him with a piece of plate, value two hundred guineas. The name of Vivian stands also high on the list of British heroes who fought and conquered in the peninsula. Sir Richard Hussey gallantly led a brigade of cavalry during the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, and was particularly noticed by the Duke of Wellington for his conduct prior to the memorable battle of Toulouse, when, by defeating a numerous body of hostile cavalry, he obtained possession of a bridge, which opened a way for attacking the enemy's line. In this sharp but successful encounter, he was severely wounded, and obliged to retire for a time from active service. Yet immediately on the return of Napoleon to France, he offered himself, though scarcely recovered from his hurts, and commanded at Waterloo a brigade of cavalry, consisting of the 10th and 18th Hussars, and 1st German Hussars. On the 19th January 1828, Sir Richard Hussey Vivian was created a Baronet. He is also Commander of the Forces in Ireland, Groom of the Bedchamber to his Majesty, a Privy Councillor in Ireland, &c. &c. He married, first, the 14th Sept. 1804, Eliza, daughter of Philip Champion De Crespigny, Esq., and by her, who died 15th June 1831, he has issue,

Charles Crespigny, a Major in the army, and M.P. for Bodmin, who has wedded Arabella, daughter of John M. Scott, Esq., of Ballygannon.

John Crunch Walker.

Charlotte Eliza, married to Lieut.-Col. Arbuthnot.

Jane Frances Anne.

Georgina Agnes Augusta.

Sir Richard espoused, secondly, 10th Oct. 1833, LETITIA, the third daughter of the Rev. James Agnew Webster, the Lady whose portrait forms this month's illustration, and by her has a daughter.

THE PARIAH.

I HAD a very comfortable bungalow at Suroor, an agreeable military station about twenty-five coss or fifty miles beyond Poonah, in the Deccan. My time was chiefly spent in solitary dissatisfaction at being so far from the land of my birth and of my affections, and at the distant prospect of my return. I sought few companions, and encouraged a morbid love of solitude, only because I was unhappy. I could admire the country to which my destiny had probably consigned me for the remainder of my life, but could not enjoy it. Its natural features were of the most magnificent order —its monuments of art would not disgrace the ancient Greek or Roman—its people were grave, but intelligent—its women beautiful, and gentle as their native doves —its rivers among the largest, and its mountains positively the highest, in the world: still, with all these "appliances and means" of enjoyment, I was a dull and thankless man. My mind shrank within the shell of morbid sadness, and I could feel love for neither mute nor animated nature, and scarcely any sympathy with my fellow-beings. There was one, however, for whom I entertained feelings of no ordinary attachment. He had been kind to me in a land, where, to my moody apprehensions, all was desolation; for I had no spirit to enjoy its blessings, though, as I have been told, they are many; and I esteemed him forasmuch as he could sympathise with an almost broken heart.

I had been forced from my home to exile and to misery; nothing could restore to my blighted bosom that peace which had been banished by the stern violence offered to my feelings in the choice of a future condition in life. I would have won my way quietly and earnestly to competence in my native land, by the severe but willing exertion of a tolerably capable understanding, and an application favourably organised by a natural bias to study; whereas my tendencies were warped by the compulsion of those who thought my brighter interests lay over the far sea, in a country where despotism and tyranny have not even yet been able to efface the sublime impressions of an omnipotent hand, and the less glorious but still proud achievements of human labour, directed by the noblest elements of human genius. I had lost all love for the sublime either of nature or of art; it had been smothered under the accumulated disappointments beneath which my loaded bosom incessantly heaved.

While reclining upon my couch, reflecting upon my solitary and unrelieved condition, I was summoned to the bungalow of my friend, under circumstances in the highest degree distressing. I instantly obeyed the summons. Upon entering his chamber, I found him stretched upon a mattress on the floor, in a state which at once banished every ray of hope from my almost void and aching heart. His body and limbs were cramped in such a frightful degree, that he shrieked under the severity of his agonies. His feet were so intensely cold, that bottles of boiling water applied to the soles communicated no warmth to the hard and rugose surface. He was under the influence of the worst type of cholera, and had evidently but a short time to live. His prostration was extreme, and his groans during the access of spasmodic contraction dreadful to hear. When these subsided, thirty drops of ammonia were administered in half a wine-glass of water. He swallowed the fiery medicament without a single movement of feature, but almost instantly ejected it. During the intervals of the spasms, he lay in a state of comparative repose, except when the vomitings came on, which left him in complete helplessness. Nothing had remained more than two minutes on his stomach for the first six hours, and then the intervals became prolonged only because his strength to expel it was less. Not a single remedy that was administered appeared to have the slightest effect in arresting the progress of this mortal malady. I seated myself upon the mattress beside him, and endeavoured, by the tenderest consolations suggested by the impulses of earnest friendship, to mitigate the dreadful torments by which he was occasionally overcome. He seemed to appreciate my motives, feebly grasped my hand, and shook his head, without uttering a word; as if

to signify that all human endeavourwas unavailing to resist the great conqueror within whose deadly grasp he was at that moment struggling. His breath came quick in short convulsive gasps; it passed over my hand with a dry unnatural chill which suspended for a moment the regular flow of my own blood, and seemed to curdle it to the very fountain of life. A tear gathered full and scalding in my eye, and dropped upon the cold motionless hand which was still in mine. The dying man appeared unconscious of the sympathy, that with agonising intensity swelled every chord of my heart almost to bursting.

I thought of the affections that would be blighted by the sad issue of the struggles which I was doomed to witness. I looked with a throbbing pulse and burning brow upon the perishing object before me—perishing in the prime of a vigorous and virtuous youth, far from his home and kindred, without a relative near to receive his last sighs, and hear the parting expiration of his soul, as it joined the glorious company in a better world. Painful as it was to witness his sufferings, I determined not to quit the couch of my expiring friend until the final struggle should cease, which every moment manifestly hastened.

At times, though the surface of his body was like marble, the internal heat became so excessive, that he threw off the clothes in a paroxysm of almost frantic desperation, and in a hoarse husky whisper said, breathlessly, "Air—air—this heat maddens me." The reaction instantly ensued, and he sank exhausted upon the couch, his body covered with clammy perspiration, so cold that it seemed as if the natural secretions of his body had been frozen. The skin of his hands had lost its flexibility, being quite rigid, and as rough as shagreen. The limbs were shrunken, and the nails had turned from their natural healthy hue to a dull soapy white. The countenance had changed fearfully, every feature appearing withered, conveying a fixed, stony expression, though the nose and mouth were distorted. The eyes were sunk deeply beneath the brows from which they glared with a lustreless gleam, as if the departing life were withdrawing its last feeble radiance from those dull lenses that no longer retained power to reflect the images with which the mind was feebly imbued even at this sad moment of physical prostration. I had been with my friend about seven hours, when his pains ceased, the cramps no longer contracted his reduced and enfeebled frame, and he was utterly released from suffering of any kind. It was, however, evident that the last death-gasp was at hand.

A beautiful woman, in the fresh morning of her womanhood, hung over his couch in tears, which trickled bright and fast down her lovely cheeks and rolled over her half-covered bosom. She felt deeply but mutely the loss she was about to suffer. My poor friend had frequently grasped her hand, and, with intense earnestness during the pauses of his agonies, besought my protection for the mother of two beautiful children, about to lose a fond and anxious father. I shall have much to say of that interesting girl: she was a pariah, one of a tribe who in the country of their birth live in a state of the lowest social degradation. My dying friend frequently fixed his glazed and rayless eyes upon her with an expression of indescribable tenderness, even when the faculty of speech was paralysed by the awful malady of which he was about to become the victim. He passed at length to the world of spirits without a perceptible struggle. His eye became fixed with a rigid and stony stare upon the tender creature beside him, who gazed upon him in speechless sorrow far more expressive of the heart-rendings which follow the loss of those we love, than the loudest exacerbations of grief. Not a pulse stirred. The body was cold as a lump of polar rock, as rigid too, and far more unsightly. The skin shortly became of a hideous murky purple, and the countenance assumed an aspect of frightful deformity.

I followed the remains of my only friend upon this side the great ocean which separated me from my home and kindred, and saw him decently buried in a secluded but unconsecrated spot, over which a low monument was raised, rather to protect his body from the ravages of the jackals than to point out the place of his sepulture. I was now more than ever a solitary man. All my friend's papers were submitted to my trust. I became the guardian of his children, and the protector of their mother. It was a painful duty, nevertheless I resolved to perform it in a manner to satisfy my own conscience and my christian obligations. I found that he had left twenty thousand rupees, (about two thousand pounds sterling,) to the youthful mother of

his two fair infants, for, though she was a native, her offspring were fair as those of a northern beauty. The history of that mother is an interesting one, so much so that my departed friend had thought it deserving of a minute record, which I found among his papers after his death. It was as follows:

"In 18—, about two years after my arrival in India, I was stationed at an outpost on the coast of Malabar. I was then young, full of ardour and of health, secured by temperate habits, of a placable temper, and with a disposition easily disposed to content. There was not a single European within two hundred miles of the spot to which I had been sent with a detachment of thirty sepoys. The country abounded with game, and, being fond of sporting, I was daily in the jungles with my gun, which furnished my table with a plentiful supply of partridges, pea-fowl, snipes, hares, and water-fowl of every kind. One of the native officers under me, being a very intelligent Hindoo, I was at no loss for a conversible companion, when the weather was too hot, or my inclination too indolent, to induce me to take my usual prowl into the woods.

"One morning early I mounted my horse and rode alone into the jungle without my gun, with the intention of visiting a celebrated cavern about twelve miles from the outpost at which I was stationed. The spirit of adventure was on me; and I determined to proceed upon a ride of discovery unaccompanied,—a caprice for which I could scarcely account, except that it is never done, and it was therefore, I conclude, the love of singularity that prompted me to pursue my somewhat rash purpose.

"I entered a deep and apparently trackless forest, just as the sun had begun to shoot his glowing beams over the wide arid plain which skirted it to the extent of several miles, shaping my course by a small pocket compass. The cavern had been pointed out to me as situated at the southern extremity of the jungle, towards which I proceeded, directed by the little instrument which I held to be an infallible guide. I proceeded for six hours without meeting a human creature, and at length began to feel apprehensive that I might involve myself in the intricacies of the thicket, and run the risk of starving, or of furnishing an unwilling meal to some of the savage inhabitants of the woods which rather 'go about seeking whom they may devour,' than performing kind offices to the solitary traveller who may happen to be in search both of a shelter and a meal. I rode on, but no human being crossed my path. I plunged deeper and deeper into the depths of the jungle, until my ear caught the distant baying of dogs. My horse soon began to start, to depress his ears, quicken his pace, and appear very uneasy. The sounds approached nearer, and became more distinct; when it occurred to me, from the agitation of my steed, that we were pursued by a pack of jungle dogs. This was no agreeable reflection. I knew the character of those brutes from report, though I had never seen any. They are extremely fierce, strong, and swift of foot, pursue their prey with singular perseverance, tearing it to pieces and devouring it the moment they succeed in securing it. They are as voracious as the wolf, and far more formidable, on account of their claws being very sharp, in that respect resembling more the feline than the canine race, though there the resemblance ceases.

"The baying of these ferocious bloodhounds, for so they might be justly termed, grew louder and louder. I became exceedingly alarmed, because it was evident there was no chance of escape, should I be overtaken. My horse increased his speed, but this was greatly impeded by the mazes and inequalities of the forest, which, though broken into large vistas, and tolerably free from the general impediments of jungle land, was still not such as to favour the speed of my terrified Arab. He, however, broke over the ground with great swiftness, yet in vain, for it soon became manifest that the pursuers gained upon us. My steed bounded forward with renewed energy, but at length, tripping on the covered stump of a tree, he fell, and threw me with considerable violence over his head. Having fortunately fallen upon a tuft of high jungle grass, which broke my fall, I immediately rose uninjured; but the poor Arab had sustained such severe mischief as to be unable to rise.

"The dogs now came in sight in full cry. There were eight of them. I gave myself up for lost, as there appeared not the slightest probability of escape. I stripped from a tree near me a dried branch, gnarled at the end, and, placing my back against a cluster of aloes, awaited the

threatened attack. The eyes of the dogs glared with that voracious ferocity common to these hungry creatures, the lives of which are a continual alternation of gluttony and hunger. Their long bushy tails were just raised horizontally to a level with their backs, without a curve, and having no perceptible motion—expressing, as it seemed to me, the patient but fierce determination of these canine destroyers. The instant they fixed their eyes upon the prey, they ceased to sound their horrible knell of death, but approached with lolling tongues and foaming jaws without uttering a single sound, save the deep gaspings caused by their impatient thirst of blood. The horse snorted, and positively shrieked with terror as the ravenous creatures drew near. He struggled hard to rise, but was unable. In another moment the muzzles of the dogs were upon his haunches; six of them fastened on him, and in a few seconds their chaps were died with his blood. He was soon dispatched. Two of the pack soon quitted the dead Arab, and sprang towards me with impatient fury. I was prepared for their approach. Seeing my resolution, they both paused a moment, and howled horribly. I raised my heavy stick, and, striking the foremost with my whole strength on the back just over the loins, brought it to the ground. It uttered a quick, shrill shriek. I repeated the stroke with all my might, and completely disabled my ferocious enemy. The other dog, meanwhile, fastened upon my arm, which it lacerated dreadfully. Being young and powerful, I seized my assailant by the windpipe, and held it so firmly, that in less than a minute it lay strangled in my grasp.

"One of the pack which had assailed my steed, had been killed by a stroke of the animal's hoof upon the head: there now, consequently, remained only five. These were fearful odds, should they quit the horse and attack me, already suffering from extreme pain and loss of blood, for my arm had been frightfully torn both by the fangs and claws of my vanquished foe. Expecting that I should shortly be the object of assault, I thought the best plan would be to diminish my chance of destruction, if possible; I therefore approached the busy pack, still feeding voraciously upon the carcass of the Arab, and, raising the heavy branch with which I was armed, struck one of them upon the spine with such force as completely disabled it; but this offensive movement roused the rage of the other dogs, which instantly quitted their prey, and sprang upon me. At this critical moment a man rushed from a thicket, near which I was so unequally assailed, and was at my side just in time to preserve my life. His right hand was armed with an iron instrument, which covered it like a gauntlet, but over the fingers and thumb there curved five iron claws, at least three inches long, exceedingly sharp at the point, and having an edge inside the curve almost as keen as a razor. With this formidable weapon the man struck one of the dogs over the left eye, and drawing his armed hand across its face, blinded it in an instant. The wounded creature writhed in agony, but was unable to continue the attack. A second dog was speedily reduced to the same helpless condition.

By this time the two dogs which remained had thrown me down, and were attempting to seize my throat, which I defended with my hands, until a stroke from the iron claws relieved me from a third enemy. The only remaining dog now quitted me, and turned upon the stranger, whom it attacked with unabated ferocity, until its body being ripped up by the instrument of its armed foe, it relinquished the contest to die.

"I was dreadfully lacerated, and my deliverer was likewise much torn in the left thigh, which the last dog had seized upon quitting. My face and breast were frightfully mangled by the claws of my sanguinary assailants, so much so that I thought it impossible I could survive such numerous and extensive injuries. Mine was in truth a signal deliverance, and I felt some hope that the merciful Being who had permitted my rescue, would likewise save me from the fatal issue which I apprehended in consequence of the severity of my wounds. I could scarcely stand. The generous native who had delivered me from immediate destruction, raised me from the ground with respectful assiduity.

"'I am a pariah, Sahib,' said he 'but I know that the touch of the outcast is not supposed to pollute the body of a European. I, therefore, do not attempt to offer an excuse for raising you under circumstances to you pregnant with danger. You will be welcome to the dwelling of the pariah, where all the assistance which the abode of a degraded and needy man can supply will be rendered to the suffering stranger.'

"I thanked him earnestly, but was so exhausted from loss of blood, that I could scarcely speak. I took his arm. He tore his turban into strips, and bound up my wounded limbs, to prevent the hæmorrhage which had already been great. His own wounds he seemed to disregard, though they were by no means trifling. I crawled by the side of my deliverer, and, supported by him into the thicket whence he had issued, after a painful walk of about a quarter of a mile, we emerged upon a small glen. At the extremity stood the pariah's house. This consisted of a single apartment, in which the only furniture was two or three earthen jars, one of a large size to contain water, the others for cooking. In one corner was some dried grass and leaves, which served as the bed of this poor family, consisting of the pariah and his daughter, a beautiful girl of fourteen.

"As we entered, the maiden ran towards her parent, and when she saw the blood streaming down his lacerated limb, she darted off into the jungle. After the lapse of a few minutes, she returned with some herbs, which she bruised upon a stone with a rough wooden roller, and was about to apply them, when he bade her first bestow her care upon the stranger, who was much more seriously injured. She instantly transferred her attentions to me, applying to the lacerations on my breast and arm cataplasms of herbs, with a tenderness and dexterity which quite surprised me. I felt immediate relief from the application. The pain and violent throbbing subsided, and I soon fell into a sound sleep upon the grass and leaves in the corner of the hovel. My sleep, however, was disturbed by frightful dreams: I awoke feverish and unrefreshed. The wounds of my host had been dressed by his beautiful daughter with the same application as mine; but, from the low diet upon which he had been accustomed to live no fever supervened, and by the next day he suffered little or no inconvenience. It was far different with me; for several days my fever ran high, and during two nights I was in a state of delirium which alarmed my tender nurse, who attended me with the earnestness and solicitude of a sister. She daily dressed my wounds. It was perhaps fortunate that they had nothing but rice to give me, so that I was not likely to be fed with any provocative to inflammation. I was delighted—nay, I was deeply affected by the assiduous attention of this poor girl. She was one of a tribe in the lowest state of social degradation, and yet she displayed a sensibility and natural refinement which won my admiration. Her youth, her innocence, her loneliness, her destitution, her state of deplorable seclusion from that intercourse with her kind which enlarges our sympathies and elevates all the moral faculties of our being, produced a strong interest in my bosom, which I could not controul, and, indeed, which I felt no anxiety to repress. She often shrank timidly from me, as if conscious that the odium attached to the peculiar race of which she was a member, would impart a sort of pollution to one whom she looked upon to be far above herself in the dignities and privileges of a social being. Her beauty was of the rarest order. Her small delicate limbs were rounded to the very perfection of graceful symmetry; and her dark, radiant, languid eyes, were full of tenderness, in all its eloquent varieties of expression. Although but fourteen summers had cast their sunshine upon her cheek, she had the matured form of womanhood, enhanced by the light proportions of youth, which were set off by an elasticity of limb and airiness of motion peculiar to the oriental figure in its most favourable moods of beauty and of grace. In spite, however, of the lively lustre which the innocent feelings of her young and pure heart frequently imparted to her large black eyes, at times a sadness seemed to overshadow her deep brown features when she gazed upon her father, as he repaired to the jungle to pursue his occupation of charcoal-burner, which showed that her burthened spirit was not always in a state of even comparative repose. She, nevertheless, did not murmur. Her breast was the sealed repository of her own and her parent's woes. Her youth had been steeped in the turbid stream of adversity, which had already often swamped the sweetest impulses of her tender and unsophisticated nature.

"During the progress of my recovery, which was slow yet any thing but tedious, though I inhabited a pariah's dwelling, the humblest and most destitute of every domestic comfort conceivable, my bed a layer of long wiry grass mixed with a few crisp crackling leaves—still I felt not the moments linger. Hours seemed to dwindle into seconds as the gentle pariah sat beside me, telling me with a sad but submissive expression both of voice and feature, how

wretchedly her destiny had been cast in this world of vicissitude to the greatest, and of harrowing vexation to the meanest.

" ' But,' said I, ' why not tear yourselves from that odious bondage of degradation to which you are so unjustly doomed by the tyrannies of men, who only fetter you, to enlarge their own freedom? Why do you submit to such odious bondage?'

" ' How are we to seek release? We are a despised, degraded tribe—degraded by those in whom the power lies to inflict this unmerited penalty of our forlorn condition. You know that we are forbidden the common privileges of our kind; but, as outcasts, are compelled to toil for the behoof of those who despise us, and would strike any one of us dead who should dare to breathe in their sight the same atmosphere with themselves. With us ignominy and misery are hereditary. We are condemned to eat the offal which the higher castes loathe, and even with this life our miseries are not to cease, for in the next they will be continued to us through myriads of ages in a degree far surpassing human conception, and for a period baffling the calculations of mortal computation.'

" ' But, surely, the numerical strength alone of the pariahs might enable them to cast off the badge of their slavery and advance themselves to a state of social pre-eminence, that would bring the arrogant brahmin to the low level of humility in which his sensual soul was born to grovel.'

" ' Our number only aggravates our misery: the blight of infamy is upon us. Though numerically strong, we are physically weak; for the wretched poverty and destitution in which the lives of most of us are passed, wither the energies and paralyse every faculty with which nature has liberally endowed us in common with those who reduce us to this state of lamentable privation.'

" ' Then why not ally yourselves with the members of a purer and more benevolent creed, one of the sublimest precepts of which is charity and humanity to man.'

" Alas! need I tell you that among our haughty superiors, Christians are despised even more than pariahs. You are held by them to be an infamous people who eat the flesh of those animals which they worship, and indulge in forbidden drinks. You are looked upon with horror; whilst we are only despised—to us the least of two mighty evils.'

" I confess it surprised me to find such refinement of mind and manners in the beautiful Hindoo. Her father, though a degraded man and an outcast, had evidently reared her with unusual circumspection. It is, in truth, a very uncommon thing to find any thing like refinement among those unhappy beings, who are held in universal contempt by their own nation, and often brutalised to a degree horrible to contemplate. So debased are some among them, that they pass their whole lives in the lowest and most revolting sensuality, frequently gorging their depraved appetites with food at which a dog would sicken. They have even been known to skulk at night from the jungles near the banks of the Ganges, and feed upon the human carrion floating down that celebrated river. Attracted by the stench of putrid carcases, they hasten in crowds to dispute the infectious carrion with the dogs, ravens, vultures, and other beasts of prey. They share the mass of corruption, and return to their dens to devour it, without rice, seasoning, or any other accompaniment. Little do they care of what disease the animal may have died; for they make no scruple to poison secretly their neighbour's oxen and cows, to provide a savage repast for their ravenous appetites. All animals that die in any place, belong of right to the bailiff of the village, who disposes of the carcases at a low price to the pariahs of the neighbourhood. What they do not immediately consume they dry in the sun, to be laid up for a future occasion. In almost all their houses lumps of carrion strung together, are seen hanging on the walls. The infectious odour is not regarded by the inhabitants, but it is quickly perceived by a traveller passing through the village, who is at no loss to determine what caste he is among. To this horrible food may be attributed many of the contagious diseases which prevail constantly in their habitations, from which the other castes in the neighbourhood are wholly exempt*.'

" With reference to the diseases which this horrible mode of living superinduces to their other miseries, I need only mention elephantiasis which prevails among the pariahs to a dreadful extent, and is one of the direst scourges by which the human frame can be visited. Frequently the extremities become carious, and slough away by degrees, the miserable sufferer gradually

* Description of the character, manners, and customs of the people of India, by the Abbé Dubois.

expiring under excruciating torments an object of hideous deformity. Such are but a few of the frightful evils accruing from the unjustifiable state of seclusion to which this numerous tribe of natives is subjected by their haughty superiors. From daily conversation with my gentle nurse, and subsequent observation, I learned many things respecting this class of degraded Hindoos, which will remain an eternal stigma upon the social regulations of that community of which they are still members, however despised. It is well that such things should be known to those who enjoy the privileges of a society where such odious distinctions do not exist.

"In all parts of Hindostan the pariahs perform the most servile offices for the other castes, even the lowest, and are treated with the greatest rigour by every one. They are worse than slaves, because they are subject to the tyranny, not of one master, but of many. Any member of a higher caste may beat them with impunity, and a brahmin may put them to death when he pleases, without being responsible to any one, or subjected to the slightest legal penalty. The poor pariah sometimes suffers death from the hand of a brahmin for no other crime than that of having allowed his miserable shadow to project across the path of a member of that privileged order, who arrogate to themselves the exclusive right of enjoying eternal happiness in another world without being accountable for their crimes in this. If one of these oriental exclusives, by whom arrogance and insensibility to the common sympathies of humanity appear to be held as cardinal qualities in their list of moral accomplishments, were to touch a poor pariah, even with the end of a string that reached from Cape Comorin to the bay of Bengal, he would consider himself so polluted, that nothing short of a long course of daily ablution, and the tedious performance of certain mummeries more effectual than the purest water in completing the process of ceremonial purification, could free him from the taint of so defiling a contact.

"Any person of superior caste who should accidentally partake of food which had been dressed, or drink water that had been drawn from the well, river, or tank by a pariah, though unconscious of it at the moment, would be proscribed from his caste, into which he would not be received until he had performed several extremely painful, and sometimes very expensive ceremonies. The universal odium in which these unfortunate beings are held, is the cause of that extreme degeneracy of manners prevailing among them to a deplorable extent. Having no motive to prompt a love of virtue, they naturally resort to vicious modes of life as a relief from the dreadful rigour of their condition, and as best suited to their degraded state. They throw off all restraint, because restraints tend to no advantage in this world; and they are taught to believe that under any circumstances there can be no hope for them in the next, where the saddest doom is to await them through eternity. They are, therefore, commonly immoral to the last degree, debarring themselves from no indulgence, however repulsive to the general tastes of men, which their warped tendencies and vitiated tastes may crave. Feeling that they are despised by all respectable communities, they consider themselves the enemies of their species, with whom they entertain no common sympathy. Finding no encouragement to virtue, they are repelled from its fair pastures into the wilderness of vice, where the grossest physical enjoyments are found and indulged in to the grossest excess, only because none other are accessible to the miserable pariah. Death to them is no release from privation; and as their destinies are supposed to be immutably fixed in the everlasting future, where they are to undergo misery without end, whatever enjoyment they can obtain in this life, they seize with that avidity with which the hungry tiger buries its fangs in the throat of its defenceless victim. They are extremely addicted to drunkenness, an enjoyment purchased in India at very small cost, the beverage in which they indulge being toddy, the juice that exudes from the palm. This, after a short but rapid fermentation, causes speedy intoxication. When fermented, it has an insufferably nauseous smell and a disagreeable taste; nevertheless, to the depraved appetite of the pariah, it is an earthly nectar which he swallows with the eagerness of a Sybarite.

"The usual employment of the pariahs is to remove all the filth from the villages. In these, whatever is collected in the houses during the day is cast before the front door, and taken away by these scavengers by inheritance. They likewise keep the thoroughfares clean, prepare dead bodies

for the funeral pile or for the grave, remove carrion from the vicinity of towns or hamlets, draw water for irrigating the lands, transport luggage or merchandise from one place to another;—in short, whatever is servile and arduous falls upon them.

"From this wretched and depraved class, most Europeans in the east obtain their inferior servants. They perform every kind of menial office, among which cooking is the most dignified; and this is one reason why they are held in still greater contempt among the higher castes. They slaughter the very animals which those castes hold sacred, and are therefore looked upon by them with such abhorrence as no humility on the part of the wretched offender can abate or modify. Debased, however, as is this outcast community, I have frequently seen among their women some who have fully realised the picture of Southey's heroine in the Curse of Kehama, who was of a class of pariahs. With all their privations, their miseries, their vices, some rare exceptions of moral and physical beauty are occasionally to be found among them; and one of those exceptions was the tender girl who nursed me with an anxiety and earnestness which excited an interest in my bosom that will never be banished from it but with my life."

(*To be concluded in our next*).

"JE VEILLE SUR TOI, MA MERE!"

Je veille sur toi, ma mère!
I hear thy softest sigh of love;
I listen to thy lightest prayer,
And echo it above.

I see thee, when in lonely hour
My semblance wins thy ready tear;
Thou canst not hear my spirit step—
But, mother, I am near.

When glowing morn the mountain treads
With foot of fire and dewy eye,
And dazzled seraphs veil their heads
Before the light on High;

And when, beneath my home of joy,
The stars are smiling thro' the air,
Where angels roam in blest employ,
"Je veille sur toi, ma mère!"

If o'er thy wearied frame is shed
The welcome balm of soothing sleep,
Lightly o'er that beloved head
My vigils still I keep.

Dost thou not see, in visions fair,
A radiant being wander by,
And hear a soft voice murmuring there,
"My mother, it is I?"

And when above my early grave
Thy gentle spirit prays relief,
Feel'st thou no angel plumage wave
Above thee in thy grief?

Je veille sur toi, ma mère!
Oh! still thy lost but happy boy
Is near thee, with thee, every where,
In sorrow and in joy.

Forget not then, where'er thou art,
The promise—words that bless thy pray'r,
But wear them in thy "heart of heart,"
"Je veille sur toi, ma mère!"

A SPANISH STORY.

BY H. W. WOOLRYCH, ESQ.

During one of those evenings when brilliant skies and a gorgeous sunset illumined the spires of Madrid, an English colonel approached a convent of the Franciscans, and, after the usual signal of admission—"Que se pase adelante"—was graciously received by the Abbess. The coolness of the nun's parlour was in delightful contrast with the heat without; and the colonel, although still smarting under the recollection of some exactions practised upon him, was willing to be pleased with the cakes and ice which were served up, and with much benignity awaited the entrance of his daughter, who was a boarder there. The Abbess, a woman of reading and address, entertained her visiter with a sight of her books and curiosities.

"Yet," said she, "Caballero Inglez, we have not much to show. You, who have travelled, must have seen far greater things than these. The sacred Salt-pans?"

The colonel bowed.

"The holy crows?" continued the superior.

"Of Lisbon," said the officer, "which followed the body of Saint Vincent from the Cape, and tore out the eyes of his murderers."

"The very same!" exclaimed the Abbess, greatly relenting in her mind in favour of the heretic before her. "And the feather from the wing of the Archangel Gabriel?" she added, with a more solemn and inquiring look.

But the Englishman, who began to be impatient for the appearance of his daughter, had seen this wonder also; and he certainly would have been edified by the reverend mention of every relic in Christendom, had not his child, a girl of seventeen summers, rushed hastily to his embrace. Many and rapid were the inquiries which passed on both sides as to friends far away, and matters of common interest to both; but it did not fail to strike the officer that there was a gloom upon the countenance of his youthful darling which ill accorded with her tender years, and the lively expression and buoyant spirits habitual to her. He turned to the Abbess, but could discern no change in her steady unchanging brow, and it was not until the announcement of his return home had increased the paleness of his daughter's cheek, that he ventured to ask for an explanation.

"I think I can satisfy you," said the Abbess. "We cannot answer for events which are in the hand of Providence; but the idea of parting from her parent has no doubt affected the child for an instant. To say the truth," and here she spoke with a tone of determination, "your daughter is about to enter upon her year of probation: she has decided upon taking the veil."

"The veil!" exclaimed the colonel.

"She has chosen for the better;" observed the superior, regarding the mingled emotions of her visiter with dignified indifference; "and instead of being wedded to the world, has chosen Christ for her husband."

"Intolerable!" cried the Englishman, grasping the hand of his daughter, and rising to depart.

"Softly," returned the abbess, still unmoved; "you do not, perhaps, know the customs of our country. Although about to be a novice, she may be permitted to leave us a while in order to see the world."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the officer.

"A day will then be fixed for the ceremony; and if the vow be voluntary, the judges will pronounce it valid. You will, in that case, be unable to separate her from the love of Heaven, which is peculiarly shed over the votaries of St. Francis."

"Madam," replied the colonel, a little recovered from the varied feelings of sorrow, anger, and astonishment, which had overwhelmed him, "my daughter shall indeed see the world, and, which is more, her own country, where we disdain to decoy unthinking youth into toils which disguise a life of pain."

Thus saying, he withdrew from the haughty salutation of the abbess, and was soon once more among the busy haunts of men.

About a week after this, the father and daughter were present at an entertainment given by one of the grandees of Spain. The colonel had in the mean time been

endeavouring to divert the intended novice from her purpose, by displaying the world to her view in its most cheerful and most seductive aspect. No longer shrouded in the convent's gloom, she fluttered her fan and adjusted her mantilla with the fullest delight of novelty. Whilst her father enjoyed his puchero, she chose the fruits and sweetmeats of the dessert. She dressed, paid and received visits, laughed and talked like a senorita of the great city, sauntered on the Prado, and in due time appeared at the evening tertulia. The colonel was delighted, and hoped for complete success; the only disappointing circumstance being the tenacity with which his daughter clung to the morning mass. He consoled himself, however, with the stirring spectacle of a bull-fight, which took place about this time. On the evening already specified there was a concert and ball. The stiff style of the musicians displayed itself in mournful ditties, and the minuet, performed with slow stately solemnity, was the chef-d'œuvre of the dancer's skill. But there was neither bolero, nor merry fandango, nor stamping of the feet, nor snappings of the fingers, nor did the chorus send forth its cheering sounds to inspirit the dancers. There was enough, however, to raise new ideas in the mind of the English maiden. She had seen the world, the gay world, had smiled with the joyous and chatted with the merry. Nature, aroused within her, shrank from the approaching ceremony of the convent, the false wedding, the chaplet of dying flowers, and the cold, cold chill of solitude. The thrill of freedom bounded through her veins—she was not yet a novice—even the white veil had not yet encircled her brow—nor had the priest with his gilded robe pronounced upon her the sentence of approaching death. Her father beheld her altered bearing, and gazed with increasing pleasure on his wakening child. It was arranged that an evening saunter on the Prado should conclude the pleasures of the day. But just before the colonel and his daughter retired from the entertainment, the eye of the latter rested for an instant upon a cavalier in gay attire in the midst of the throng, whose earnest gaze had been successful, and whose apparent melancholy was in high contrast with the joy evinced by the remainder of the party. An unusual agitation immediately assailed the object of this eager gaze, and hasty flutterings of the fan betrayed her emotions. They were not the feelings of intimacy*, nor of encouragement, but there was a tremulous though rapid movement, which warranted the approach of the caballero. As he drew nearer the lady reddened, then grew pale, and urged her speedy departure to the Prado.

Her wish was complied with, and in a few minutes, the Paseo, with its rows of elm and chestnut, its fountains and images, became the scene of attraction. Here, congregated in one grand assembly, was the population of Madrid, rich and poor, horse and foot, gay and grave, lovers, and kings, and priests, and people. Did you see a hundred fans at the concert or the ball, here were a thousand, speaking their various languages, far and near, with marvellous precision. Were there hundreds of brilliant eyes at the theatre, the bull-feast, the balconied Alcala†, here were thousands fraught with the blandishments of a southern climate, and glancing wonders beneath the omnipotent fan. The Englishman's daughter, for a moment, was enraptured by this vision of enchantment. The gaudy throng thickened, the white mantillas multiplied, the cassocked priests grew more numerous, the graceful step of the Spanish woman became more animated, the Paseo was in full life, and, as the dusk lowered, many anxious couples might be seen imparting by word and gesture the fullest revelation of their mutual feelings.

But the scene of joy is not for ever. Amid the forest of heads, the maiden of the convent fancied that she saw that countenance from which she had so lately shrunk; and now that evening had thinned the multitude, she distinctly noticed the cavalier in no very distant group, and felt assured at the same moment that she could not by possibility escape him. Terror and surprise overcame her, and at this juncture she lost her father's arm. He had stepped aside to speak to an acquaintance, and was soon lost in the retiring crowd. Meanwhile the stranger advanced, and, by a motion which it was evident the lady dared not disobey, beckoned her forwards to the garden of the Retiro. Like a bird charmed by the envenomed snake, she slowly followed, and when they had reached the silent shades where an occasional saunterer alone disturbed their privacy, there stood before

* In Spain degrees of acquaintance are ascertained by the motions of the fan.

† A famous street in Madrid.

her a young man, with a swift sparkling eye, deeply embrowned with the olive of his country, and sombre as when he appeared amongst the dancers.

"Zelmira!" he exclaimed, assuming a mild tone, little accordant with the passion of his eye.

"That name—Zelmira!" ejaculated the trembling girl.

"Zelmira," said the stranger, with a somewhat sharper accent, "ill news travel quickly. You cannot be so lost."

He paused, and his voice seemed to falter.

"How, señor?" exclaimed the maiden.

"Your convent vows!" replied the cavalier.

"I have made no vows," was the answer.

"Nor pledge to *me*?" returned the other, with a piercing look.

The maid was silent.

"Are you not going home?" he continued, the tones of anger being now predominant.

"Have mercy on me, cavalier!" said the lady. "My father is at this instant seeking me. He will be distracted at my absence. Let me depart."

"Zelmira," said the stranger, "you shall go; but—you must promise me to keep your pledge. The veil, the veil, Zelmira."

"I will not take the veil, cavalier!' replied the Englishman's daughter, recovering her presence of mind. "I was a dupe."

"A dupe! and cavalier! These are cold words, compared with our usual converse," returned the Spaniard. "And you will not take the veil?" continued he, with a voice nearly stifled by passion.

"You are angry, Sir," said the maiden. "But am I not a free woman? Would you not have played the traitor with me? Your countenance at present, señor, is not exactly in keeping with the winning smiles you practise in my convent."

"Dios!" cried the caballero, plunging his hand into his bosom—"another word, and—but you will not go?" he added, softening once more the harshness of his speech.

"Señor," replied the girl, "I must follow my father and his fortunes."

"Then, I have a tale to tell, Zelmira," said the Spaniard, dropping his hands, and leaning his head towards his companion, "which will best suit your father's ear. You understand me."

The malignant expression which accompanied this remark was well understood by the lady. The blood rushed to her temples.

"And I have a tale, too, señor," she exclaimed, with a slow still voice, as if whispering into the ear of her confessor—"a tale for the Prior of St. Augustin: and I go to tell it."

"Ha! what—the Prior of St. Augustin?—I have it—" cried the stranger, in broken accents—"the truth flashes upon me—I am betrayed. Nay, do not go," he added, seizing his captive, and again thrusting his hand desperately into his breast. "Yet, let me understand, you would say I am not what I seem—whisper again—you hesitate, Zelmira. Then, I cannot spare you."

Here we must close the scene. Early on the next morning, there was a crowd in the garden of the Retiro. The body of a young woman was found in the private walk, where we left the caballero and the colonel's daughter. She had been apparently dead for some hours, but the stab of a poniard in her bosom was very evident. The alcalde was sent for, a tall, stiff-looking man, with a host of attendants, who made the most minute inquiries into the catastrophe, whilst their master put his finger into the wound of the deceased for greater satisfaction. Happy was it for the young woman that death had already pressed upon her, since she might have lain weltering in her blood till these awful ceremonies had been accomplished; and even then, as it is not common for Spaniards to touch an assassinated person, her sufferings might have been of still longer duration. She was at length recognised to be an Englishwoman, and the reader needs hardly be told that she was the unfortunate boarder at the convent of Saint Francis.

In Spain, as in other countries, wealth will do much. The colonel, after the first transports of his grief had subsided, was zealous in his exertions to discover the murderer. He might in ordinary cases have succeeded. He spared no expense to secure the slayer of his child. The criminal, on the contrary, if possessed of money, can go far towards defeating justice where his prosecutor is not rich. But upon this occasion, entire silence prevailed without a clue. The gay cavalier with the sombre countenance was not, of course, again seen in Madrid. Not a breath of suspicion waved against any one. A lusty gentleman, indeed, had been observred in the Retiro, rather late on the previous evening, but

who could dare raise the slightest whisper against the person of Royalty? After a certain interval, the afflicted father, having determined to return home, engaged a place in the diligence for Seville. A great dog, which guarded the interior of the vehicle having been unchained, the word "arre" was given, and the mules galloped forwards. There were numerous passengers: some young candidates for the priesthood, a Spanish colonel, a merchant from the south of Spain, and a priest who was understood to have obtained the situation of Prior at a monastery in Seville. The lifeless, arid plain which surrounds Madrid being passed, the party began to talk of the robbers who infest the roads towards the south. Whether rateros, or petty banditti, or salteadores, regular thieves, mounted or on foot, they were equally to be dreaded. In England, robbery is much discoursed of, but by comparison rarely happens, and seldom, if ever, on the road. In Spain, it is not unusual to speak feelingly of road plunderers, and travellers are not unfrequently visited with the reality of their rehearsals. So it turned out on the present occasion. Passing over a solitary waste, a loud cry of—"A tierra boca abajo, ladron*," saluted the ears of the party. This demand is seldom resisted. The mayoral, or conductor, submitted with a good grace, and four men armed with muskets and pistols began the work of rifling, with an ease which showed how well they were accustomed to such scenes. No one, however, was apprehensive that blood would be shed, till, at length, it came to the priest's turn to be robbed, and he of all others was the least likely to be ill-used. But the leader of the band, whether attracted by an apparent hesitation on the part of the prior, or fearing that his party had delayed too long, or from whatever cause, rode up to the monk. He had no sooner done so, than he found reason to examine his prisoner more closely. The prior shrank from the gaze, and trembled.

"Valga me dios," exclaimed the robber, making signs for his companions to come up. "Esto hombra hizo morir a mi padra†."

Unhappily for the accused, he was recognised by another of the gang, as having been rather more than commonly active in preventing mercy from being extended to the captain's father upon a trying emergency,—for thieves are sometimes pardoned under the gallows at the intercession of the clergy.

"Nœ ha muchos moment os por la vida *," said the leader, turning to his armed associates, and intimating at the same time to the victim the sentence of death which had been pronounced.

There was a short pause. Contrary to expectation, the priest repeated neither "Pater Noster" nor "Ave Maria", nor called upon a single saint to help him in his extremity. Fully sensible of the determined revenge which would in an instant consign him to certain death, he begged to speak to the English colonel.

"Señor," said he, "we have not met since I followed your daughter to the Prado."

The officer shuddered at the mention of his child. The robbers were amazed, and drew back a step.

"Nor have I seen your daughter, señor," continued the prior, "since I plunged my weapon into her bosom in the neighbouring garden. I loved her, but it was with a guilty flame. My name is ———." Here the speaker gave his assumed name to the colonel. "She had possession of my secret. As a monk, I gained private access to the convent; as a cavalier, I mixed with the world. I care but little for death;—and now," giving a signal to the leader of the band, "Gerolamo, I am ready."

The colonel, overpowered by the intelligence he had heard, and the hardihood of the assassin, turned his back. A discharge of musketry soon announced that so far as the prior's fate was concerned, the hour of mercy was past. The Spanish officer, who witnessed the execution, gazed for an instant upon the body, and then addressing the party who were assembled round:

"This," said he, "though a sudden deed, is more like justice than Spanish justice. This unhappy man, my friends, if convicted of the dreadful act he perpetrated would have escaped from the arm of the executioner. The King," he said these words in a lower tone, "dared not have put him to death. For my part," addressing the English colonel, "allow me to say, señor, while I respect your grief, that British laws and British justice are only wanting to make us yet a great nation."

* To the ground—mouth downwards—thief, or thieves—ladrones.

† This man has had my father put to death.

* He has not many minutes to live.

THE IRISH SCAMP.

Et delator es, et calumniator;
Et fraudator es, et negotiator;
Et fellator es, et lanista; miror
Quare non habeas, Vacerra, nummos.
Martial, Lib. ix. *Epig.* 67.

THERE is no word so often used in Ireland, and the signification of which is more generally understood, than that of "*scamp.*" Johnson does not sanction it, in his ponderous repertory of words, and old Bailey was ignorant of, or knowingly rejected it, as "un-English;" and yet "scamp" is a bold substantive—it stands forth to the world in all the rigidity, stiffness, and iron-coated impenetrability of impudence of a murderer's gibbet. Having little disposition, since the Lexicon Hederici has been a sealed book to me, to root out the derivation of a word, I shall not now stop to inquire whether the Anglo-Irish "scamp" owes its origin to the English "scamper," the Dutch "schampen," or the Italian "scampare." If I were inclined to give an opinion, I would say, that to none of these is it indebted for existence, even though it be the characteristic of a scamp, or schemer, "to run away" from any engagement he has made. The real scamp, it should be known, is as remarkable for his audacity in rascality, as his aptness for inventing an occasion for its exercise. There is nothing of the sneaking, snivelling pickpocket about the scamp; on the contrary, if our scamp—our "Irish scamp"—were by any chance to be discovered picking pockets, he would kick "the sufferer," if one of the *ignobile vulgus*, or shoot him through the head, if his accuser were entitled to "the privileges of a gentleman." Away, then, with your derivations—away with that poking, searching, mole-like, botanical pursuit, which is not content with the beauty of phrases, and the luxuriant efflorescence of words, unless it has torn them up, exposed their *radices*, and stupidly lectured upon the impropriety of setting them in the *beds* of language, where experience has proved them to be thriving and flourishing! Away with your English "scamper," your Dutch "schampen," and your Italian "scampare;"—such *foreign* refugees cannot boast to be progenitors of our "gay, bold-faced villain" scamp, that, like the shamrock, is in Ireland terrigenous, and certain of being found in equal abundance in the paddock of the middleman and the park of the landlord. I hate derivations, as much as I dislike such "*diversions*" as those "of Purley." I like to illustrate by example; and here, good reader, is my exemplication of what an Irish scamp can be.

William Felix Alexander Augustus O'Toole was, some years ago, the coroner of the county Kilmacow. He was, like many other Irish coroners, an attorney, and gave to the living the benefit of his knowledge of the law, whilst the friends of the dead had the satisfaction of knowing that one of them could not escape to his grave, from a hard drinking-match or a little bit of a row, without Mr. O'Toole verifying on oath that apoplectic drunkenness was "an *accidental* death," and losing one's brains in a fight "dying from a *natural* cause."

Of the attainments and qualifications of Mr. W. F. A. A. O'Toole, nothing was known till he appeared one day in the county town of Kilmacow, as a candidate for the situation of coroner, which became vacant by the gentleman who superintended "sudden deaths" for the people committing a *felo-de-se*, by throwing himself into a river. There were several opponents to meet our hero; but then they were plain, humble men, who "paid their debts when they were contracted," and never thought, like O'Toole, of driving up to the head inn in a coach and four, and having the horses' heads decorated with seven or eight yards of green riband. They never thought, like O'Toole, of making the election of a county coroner a matter of sectarian and political importance. Such an idea was reserved for the scamp, whose genius invented it. He was but an hour in town, when the corner of every street and lane in Kilmacow was decorated with large pla-

cards, each of them nearly the size of the main-sail of a man-of-war, and with letters as large as ever Warren or Mechi exhibited on a dead-wall. Upon these placards were emblazoned the then magic words, "CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION," and "O'TOOLE, CORONER *for the* COUNTY KILMACOW"—"NO PENAL LAWS; *vote for* CATHOLIC O'TOOLE" — "NO ORANGE CORONERS' JURIES, *and* SLAUGHTERED CATHOLICS"—"O'TOOLE, OLD IRELAND, *and the* DEAD PAPIST'S FRIEND." This was commencing political warfare on a new ground, and it accordingly excited a due sensation amongst the forty-shilling freeholders, who were the electors, and who, before this time, had never thought of the religion of the other candidates. With such appeals to their passions, "the forties" who were unpledged, felt themselves in honour bound to vote for Mr. O'Toole. The other candidates had, however, been so much earlier in the field that they had secured to themselves a majority of the electors. When O'Toole learned this, he *happened*, as he was walking through the main street of the town, to drop a large morocco-leather pocket-book. The *accident* occurred on a market-day, so that the pocket-book did not long escape the gaze of the mob. It was snatched up, opened, and found to be crammed with what was declared to be real hundred-pound notes, but which, if inspected by one of the knowing ones, would be at once recognised as *flash flimsies*. In the inside of this wonderfully rich book, was printed, in letters of gold, "Wm. Felix Alexr. Augus. O'Toole, Esq., Atty.," which at once pointed out the owner of this mine of wealth; and the discovery was immediately followed by an order to all the publicans in the town to "entertain, with as much porter and whiskey as they could drink, every friend to emancipation, who was ready to vote for Mr. O'Toole as a coroner." This *ruse* decided the election. Mr. O'Toole was unanimously chosen; and the day after his nomination he had presentments against the grand jury of the county for fifteen inquests on "the accidental deaths" of the most ardent and hard-drinking of his supporters.

The man who could obtain such a situation as that of coroner, in the manner in which O'Toole had climbed to its honours, was not an individual to permit passing unnoticed any chance of making the office profitable to himself. He was aware that Kilmacow was a narrow slip of a county, surrounded by five or six others; and whenever a fair occurred in an adjoining shire, O'Toole, who, like the vulture, "scented the fight from afar," was to be seen hovering in its neighbourhood. From the time that he became coroner, it was remarked, that no matter where a man was beaten, whether in the counties of Poolnamuck, Carnacew, Stramague, or Thierlavorlah, the individual was never known to die in any place but within the boundaries of Kilmacow. *There*, at least, the inquests were held on the bodies, so that Mr. O'Toole presided at five inquisitions, at least, for the one held even by the coroner of the fighting county of Tipperary! Such a circumstance excited some surprise among the poor and rich of Kilmacow. One said "the air of Kilmacow was bad for the fighters," another thought "that any one that lay down wounded on the green sod of Kilmacow would never rise alive from it," and the old people declared "that it was the fairies brought all the dead bodies amongst them, because one of their *forts* had been knocked down by the agent of an absentee landlord." No one could give a rational explanation of the mystery, until, upon a fine morning in the shooting season, two young sportsmen discovered the trail of a dead body, dragged by O'Toole and his clerk from the county of Stramague into that of Kilmacow! Mr. O'Toole averred this was a calumny upon "his honour;" but notwithstanding his asseverations, the story was believed to be a fact.

When not occupied in his profitable body-hunting, Mr. O'Toole was to be found practising at Quarter Sessions. A stranger visiting the town while the barrister was presiding, would suppose, that the balance of justice could not be regulated if O'Toole did not momentarily lend to it the ponderous weight of his eloquence. No man had less to do, and none made so much of the little that was confided to him. His loud voice was raised upon all occasions, and, whether it was for the plaintiff or against him, the voluble tongue of the attorney was incessantly wagging. All parties considered him a nuisance; but then he was "a professional gentleman," and no objection to his interference could be made, as he avowed himself an "*amicus curiæ*." On one occasion the attorneys were delighted, for the barrister had discovered Mr. O'Toole in some *faux pas*, and

directed that he should never again be allowed to practise in his court. The order was made on a Saturday evening. Poor O'Toole sneaked away chop-fallen and clientless. The respectable attorneys dined together, and spent a most delightful evening, congratulating themselves that they had for ever got rid of that most cruel pest, O'Toole. Their triumph was but short-lived, for on the next Monday morning O'Toole was seen entering the court-house in a new suit of black, a large bundle of papers under his arm, wearing, too, a white professional-looking cravat, that flowed over half of his velvet waistcoat, and was rolled up to meet his under lip. The attorneys looked on in astonishment; but what was their surprise, when the barrister who had taken his seat upon the bench, nodded most graciously to Mr. O'Toole, and asked him, "had he anything to move?" The circumstance was too extraordinary to pass without inquiry, and when made, O'Toole's characteristic mode of conciliating the barrister was discovered.

The assistant-barrister was a stranger in the county; but it was known of him that he was not only an Orangeman, but held a high office of honour, no less than that of "alderman," amongst the "'prentice boys of Derry." He was also so strict in religion as to be designated "a saint," and had in the church the saddest look and the largest prayer-book to be seen among the entire congregation. Upon the Sunday subsequent to his dismissal of Mr. O'Toole, the pious meditations of the assistant-barrister were disturbed by the fervent ejaculations, the deep sobs, and the exalted responses of the gentleman who sat in the same pew with him. The worthy barrister experienced almost a sanctified envy of the extraordinary devotion of his neighbour. Upon looking at the devotee, he was astonished to see that it was Attorney O'Toole; but his admiration of the convert was exalted into enthusiasm, when O'Toole placed a pound note upon the charity plate. So sublimated were the seraphic self-contemplations of the attorney, that he appeared not aware of the presence of the barrister, until the latter accosted him in the church-yard, and shaking him cordially by the hand, said, "You have edified me this day, Mr. O'Toole; I honour you, Sir. This, however, is not a place to discuss temporal matters; but I trust what passed between us, yesterday, will be forgotten. I shall be happy at all times to see you in my court."

O'Toole was too great a scamp to keep his trickery concealed, and, unfortunately for him, wrote a note, which ran thus:—

"*Sunday evening.*

"Dear Tom,—This day, for the first time these twenty years, I had a prayer-book in my hand. We have here, as a barrister, a most atrocious saint. He lectured me yesterday, and, as I could not afford to quarrel with him, I went through a gamut of sighs, groans, and tears, that melted his heart. So much for humbugging. Hurra! for the new convert—the *white-headed boy*, with the *'prentice boy!*

"Yours, most piously,

"O'Toole the Devout."

This letter was found by the attorneys, and by them duly presented to the deceived barrister, who was soon afforded by O'Toole a sufficient apology for again suspending him from all practice in his court.

The loss of his emoluments as an attorney added not a little to the embarrassments of Coroner O'Toole, and the procrastination in the payment of his election expenses made him appear to the struggling shop-keepers and dealers in Kilmacow as a most undesirable customer. His orders to those most necessary of traffickers, the butcher and baker, were unattended to, unless accompanied by cash; but then O'Toole possessed a vast fund in his own intellect, and he soon became notorious for obtaining a breakfast, dinner, and supper at the expense of the most wary. It would certainly be an injustice to the memory of this most accomplished scamp, if the following anecdote were not recorded of him.

Jemmy Molloy was a butcher in Kilmacow, and well known among his neighbours as one of the slyest lads that ever cheapened a beast at a fair. In his own opinion, and in that of most others, there was no deceiving Jem Molloy; and none laughed more heartily than he did at the tricks played by Mr. O'Toole upon his brother tradesmen. One sunshiny Saturday, Jem displayed in the front of his stall the carcase of a fine fat sheep. He was talking to a friend upon the exploits of the coroner, when a little ragged boy came to him to say, that Mr. O'Toole had company to dinner with him that day, and, as he liked the appearance of Jem's

mutton, desired him to send "a leg" in all haste.

"A what?" said Jem, astonished at the impudence of O'Toole, in thinking to deceive *him*.

"A leg of mutton," answered the boy; "he wants it *to-day*, and you can call *on Monday* for the money."

"Jem," observed the brother butcher, "you are *done*. O'Toole has set his eye on the leg of that fine sheep, and he will hold an inquest on it this very day."

"If he does, I'm a pinkeen," replied Jem. "I bet you a pound note, he can't deceive me."

"Done!" said his friend.

"Well, then, I'll give you every fair chance," continued Jem; "I'll bring the leg of mutton up to O'Toole, but mind, out of my hand it won't go, till I have the ready money for it."

"Go, Jem," observed his friend; "but mark my words, you'll never bring home the leg of mutton, nor the money either. If you do, I pay you a pound."

Jem became enraged at this doubt of his intellectual prowess, and he desired the boy to run on before him to Mr. O'Toole, to say that he would himself bring home the mutton, but must be paid for it on the spot.

Jem Molloy was soon seen rapping at Mr. O'Toole's hall-door. He was instantly admitted, and found himself, in a few seconds, in the presence of Mr. O'Toole, who was seated in his morning-gown, busily engaged with a large lot of papers, and having extended on a table before him a thick green purse, which seemed to be well filled with the current coin of the realm. Jem's eye was immediately fixed on the purse, but for all that he kept a tight hold of the leg of mutton.

"Here, Sir," said the boy, "is Molloy the butcher, and he has got the meat for your honour."

"Oh! aye, the butcher," said Mr. O'Toole, starting up, as if from a deep reverie. "Sit down, Molloy, sit down."

"No, thank your honour," answered Jem, "I'm in a hurry. I have brought you up this fine sixteen pound leg, and as I never give credit, I'll thank you for the price of it. Only five shillings."

"Five shillings! Oh, Jem, that is the *credit price*. Recollect I pay *ready money*. Four shillings and sixpence. That is all I'll give for it; so, if you don't agree to that, take back the mutton."

"Ah! then your honour's very hard on a poor man. I declare I could not give it less than the four and nine."

"No, no, Mr. Jem, remember it is ready money between us; four and six, or take it back."

"Why, then, 'faith, your honour, I wouldn't carry it back to the end of the town for a bare three pence; so, give me the money, and here is the mutton for you."

"Jem, I see you are a strict, honest man. I shall deal with you in future. Every other butcher in town charges me enormously because they give credit; but I prefer a tradesman of your short dealings and great integrity, so here is the money for you."

Mr. O'Toole laid hold of the purse, and in doing so let it fall back upon the table, so that the loud chinking of the hard coin might reach Jem's ears. He slipped down one of the rings, and was just placing his forefinger into the aperture of the purse, when he continued:—

"But, Jem, this is the first of our dealings together, and you must be warm from carrying the meat such a length of way; and, Jem, as you are such an extraordinarily honest man, you must have a pint of ale. I have just got a barrel of fine Castlebellingham ale. Did you ever drink Castlebellingham ale?"

"Never, your honour; but it's giving you too much trouble."

"Not the slightest trouble, Jem. I respect a hard, honest man like you. The Castlebellingham is the most delicious ale you ever tasted. You can have no idea of it. It is as strong as whiskey, and as sweet as sugar. I am obliged to keep it under lock and key, or my servants would rob me of it. I'll just run down, and get you a quart jug full of it."

Mr. O'Toole darted out of the parlour, and called lustily for his boy to bring him a large jug. Jem smacked his lips, and heard with delight the key turn in the cellar door. He stood, looking at the full purse on the table, and thinking how he should dispose of the pound bet he had won, when—a loud splash was heard below in the cellar, and in an instant afterwards O'Toole exclaimed, "Jem! Jem! the ale is running to waste. Hurry, hurry down to save it! Forty gallons of the finest and strongest ale in Ireland will be lost, if you don't."

Jem, in his fright at these dreadful words, let the leg of mutton fall from his hand, tumbled down the stairs, and rushed into the cellar, where he saw Mr. O'Toole endeavouring to stop with his thumb the barrel-hole, from which was seen squirting upon all sides rich streams of what appeared to Jem to be amber-coloured ale, but which in fact was stale beer, to which O'Toole had but some moments before added several gallons of spring water.

O'Toole looked like a despairing man.

"Oh! Jem," he cried, "save this precious, this delicious liquor, and I will give you three gallons of it. Just run your thumb into this hole, while I go and look for something to stop it."

Jem did as he was desired, and O'Toole ran from the cellar.

Jem waited patiently for one quarter of an hour, expecting to see Mr. O'Toole return; but there was no appearance of any one from above stairs. He called out loudly—there was no reply; and at length, suspecting that some trick had been played upon him, he dragged his hand away from the barrel, let the liquid spurt out, as if it were coming from a fountain, and cursing the Castlebellingham ale, and all those who thought of it, hurried up to the parlour, where he found Mr. O'Toole, in appearance as busily engaged with his papers as when unfortunate Jem first entered the house.

"Oh! Jem," said O'Toole, as if greatly surprised, "are you not gone home yet?"

"How could I go home, when you left me, half an hour ago, with my thumb in a bunghole?"

"Well, well, Jem, how stupid some people are! I desired my addle-headed boy to go down to you long since, to tell you to let the horrid trash in that barrel flow away. It was the wrong one I went to. But as you have been so much disappointed, call here on Monday morning early—mind, at an early hour, Jem—and I will pay you five shillings for your very fine leg of mutton."

"Oh! thank you, Sir; but I prefer four and sixpence to-day, to five shillings on Monday."

"That's right, Jem, and so should I. If I could get four for every five shillings due to me, I might be driving in my carriage now. But as to paying you to-day, Jem, that is impossible; for while you had your thumb most unnecessarily crammed into a barrel, I paid away all my ready money."

"Then if you don't give me my money," said Jem, angrily, "you must give me my leg of mutton."

"That, too, is equally impossible; for the instant you went down stairs, my stupid servant came in, and thinking (most naturally thinking) that you had been paid, he took the mutton to the cook, who cut one half of it into chops, and, as to the other half, it is half-boiled by this time. So, you see, Jem, it is impossible for you to get the leg of mutton, or the price of it, to-day; but call on me next Monday morning, and, upon my honour, I'll pay you (if I have the money) the price of that most delicious and excellent piece of meat. Good morning to you, Jem."

"Oh! good morning, and my curse on it, and that it may choke you!" said Jem, as he walked back to his stall to pay the lost bet to his friend, and to be laughed at by all his acquaintances.

Mr. O'Toole, like every other scamp in Ireland, was a professed duellist. He had a case of hair-trigger pistols, with which he was wont to shoot the ace of hearts, or snuff a candle, at twenty yards' distance. He was, too, a "point of honour" man, and had "the nicest sense of delicacy." He could make a most polite bow in the field, and shoot, at the next minute, his antagonist in any part of the person he chose to select. As "a friend," he was unrivalled in "making a quarrel," and "settling" it by putting two decent quiet people in bodily fear of each other. But then he had one fault, which is rather common with your distinguished duellists and well-known shots in Ireland. He was apt, if he were under a compliment to a gentleman, to return it by a challenge; and if money were lent to him, his general acknowledgment was a pistol-bullet. These were *slight foibles*, and should be expected from such a character; and yet they were exceeded in *scampery* by his trampling on all occasions upon the feelings of those whose disposition or whose conscience precluded them from betaking themselves, as a morning's amusement, to "twelve paces in a green field." The last act we shall have to recite of our hero was connected with this failing of his. He attempted, in a murder case tried by him as a coroner, to bully into a verdict of "natural death," one of the jurors sworn

before him. The juror was a quiet, and yet a very determined man, and he brought round his fellow-jurors to agree with him, as to the verdict that should be awarded against one of Mr. O'Toole's supporters. Mr. O'Toole signed the warrant for his friend's committal, and then kicked the obstinate juror. The juror sent him a challenge, and in an hour afterwards the parties met in the county of Poolnamuck.

Mr. O'Toole had changed his green fustian shooting jacket for his black duelling suit, and instead of his silver-rimmed spectacles, wore a pair of tortoise-shell diminishers. He jumped into the "field of fight," as spruce and jovial as if he were only going to take part in a hurling-match. The kicked juror, knowing what a desperate shot he had to encounter, appeared weak and spiritless. A pistol was placed in the trembling hand of the latter, while Mr. O'Toole, having turned up the cuffs of his coat, in order that he might go neatly to work, snatched his pistol from his second. Both parties were desired to watch the signal. Mr. O'Toole nodded to his friend, and said, aloud, "You may take your oath, my good friend, that I will as certainly shoot the man opposite in the *os frontis*, as that you are standing looking at me. An obstinate fellow, not to do what I bid him; but he'll never go alive out of that, for by—"

In twenty minutes afterwards, an inquest was held by the coroner of the county of Poolnamuck upon the body of his rival, the late William Felix Alexander Augustus O'Toole, Esq., attorney-at-law, and coroner for the county of Kilmacow, when the following satisfactory verdict was returned: —"We find that the deceased came by his death, by reason of his being placed opposite to a pistol, loaded with ball, *accidentally* discharged by a gentleman whom deceased was trying to shoot, and that said ball lodged in the forehead of the said deceased, thereby inflicting a wound, which so materially affected his health as to cause his immediate death."

About a week afterwards, the *Kilmacow Gazette*, a paper that depended upon Mr. O'Toole for its local information as to "deaths," announced his demise with a glowing eulogium, the following extract from which will be sufficient to show the value of posthumous fame:—

"Thus perished, in the very summer of his days, a gentleman no less distinguished for his qualifications as a solicitor, than his scrutinising acumen as a coroner. As a man of honour, his word was equal to another's asseveration—as a child of genius, his intellect soared amid the ethereal clouds of supernatural understanding. He rose, a star as bright and cheering as Aurora, and he sinks like Venus, in the gorgeous glories of that luminary of immortality which his patriotism, his kindness, his virtues, his integrity, his truth, and his unbending principles proved him to those on earth, even while here, a component part!"

THE FALLEN INTELLIGENCES.

AN EASTERN LEGEND, BY W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D.

NEAR the ruins of ancient Babylon, once the glorious queen of the east, yawn fearful caverns of unknown extent. Horror and gloom reign around them. The healthy light of day scarcely penetrates beyond their entrance; all within is involved in "a darkness that can be felt." No one of the wild tribes that are scattered over these once crowded plains will encamp near this awful spot. The merchant and the traveller shun the doomed vicinity; even the holy Fakir turns aside when accident brings him near, drops a bead, recites the first chapter of the Koran, and commends himself to the protection of Allah. The herdsman in his lonely watch has often heard fitful sounds of wailing borne from these caves by the breezes of night, as they moaned through the broken walls and shattered terraces of the ruined city. Shrieks of untold anguish have startled the silence of night, and mystic words of power, mingled with superhuman notes of pain, have burst from these rocks, arrested the stars in their courses, and made them grow pale either with terror or with sympathy.

Yet have there been men found with hardihood sufficient to explore these terrific recesses. Some have sought the dread volumes which the Afrites, Gins, and other demons buried beneath the throne of Solo-

mon, that posterity might be deluded into the belief of that pious prince having practised magical arts. These volumes, according to an authentic tradition, were brought to Babylon by the prophet Ezra, on whom be peace!—and flung, by divine direction, into the deepest of these gulfs. Others were anxious to find the books written by Zerdusht (Zoroaster) during his retirement of forty years, when he learned in solitude the spells that control the elementary spirits, and recorded the mighty secret to please Gushtàsp, the monarch of Persia, and the prophet's pupil. These books were borne into the vaults by command of the last Daramesh (Darius), when his kingdom was cloven down by Iskander (Alexander) on the fatal field of Arbela, that the victor might not possess charms of such potency.

Of those who ventured to explore these subterraneous dungeons, few ever returned to upper air, and of these few none could be persuaded to speak again to a mortal ear. Whether young or old, gay or serious, when they entered, they were grey-haired, withered, and decrepid when they came back; men

> Over whose brow not Time alone
> A blight had in its transit sent,
> But Care and haggard Fear had gone,
> And left their foot-prints as they went.

Ages rolled away, and no one came near this dreadful spot. At length, one morning in the commencement of spring, just when a brief and scanty verdure begins to mock surrounding desolation, the shepherd Lohorasp, while leading his flocks to the field, was accosted by a stranger, who asked to be directed to the caverns of Babylon.

"And who art thou," said Lohorasp, "who would dare to seek the haunts of the rebellious spirits that disobeyed the high behests of the Omnipotent? The snow of seventy winters is upon my head. During all these years I have never left these plains, yet this is the first time I knew of any one so mad as to explore these fearful caverns."

"I am Kishtasp," was the reply.

The shepherd made a low salaam at the mention of a name so renowned throughout Iràk and Iràn. Though his youth had scarcely yet ripened into manhood, the fame of the piety and the wisdom of Kishtasp transcended that of all the Móllahs of the east. He usually resided at Meshed the Holy, whither crowds assembled to profit by his sublime instructions. There were those who believed him an incarnation of the invisible Imàm, to whom Allah has entrusted the future conversion of the world; or at least the great Mahdi or director, who will come to guide the faithful before the great struggle between Issa (Jesus) and Shaïtan (Satan). It is not surprising that Kishtasp was puffed up with spiritual pride. He prescribed a code of morals too rigid to be observed by frail mortals, and he "dealt damnation round the land" on all who ventured to infringe the slightest of his enactments.

"Thou art my son in years, but my father in knowledge," continued Lohorasp, "and therefore I dare not ask Kishtasp why he seeks a place no less dangerous than wicked. Yet age hath taught lessons as fraught with wisdom as the books of the learned; and the volume of nature, long expanded before me, may have given instructions not to be found in the writings of sages."

"Listen," replied the youth, "and thou shalt hear why Kishtasp seeks the vaults where the rebellious spirits are bound in chains that will be rent only when time is at an end, and the divine decree dissolves the universe. My family, descended from Jemshid and Khosru, has for two thousand years been an object of jealousy to the countless dynasties that have occupied the throne of Persia. Ruin's wheel has rolled over them again and again, crushing, mangling, destroying, sparing but some small shoot to preserve the continuance of a line that is yet destined to inherit the earth. One of these recurring calamities fell upon our house while I was yet in the cradle. I was saved, I know not how. My earliest recollections are those of a hermitage in the mountains of Kurdistan, where I was brought up by a pious dervish. He taught me to suppress every passion, to renounce every pleasure, to devote every hour to study and contemplation. He never permitted me to relax my exertions. He told me that the body was a mere encumbrance to the spirit, and that it was therefore my duty to mortify the senses, in all seasons and in all places. Painful, very painful, was the lesson to learn; but I have learned it thoroughly. I can now curse and renounce my animal part."

"Forgive my interruption," said Lohorasp, "but I doubt the rectitude of such doctrines. God hath given us this body: it is his, as well as our spirit; to curse and

renounce it is to spurn at one of his bounties. He hath also accommodated this fair universe to delight our senses; and, therefore, when we enjoy the pleasures that nature suggest, we only make a grateful use of the bounties that Allah has bestowed."

"It is not so written on the table of destiny," said Kishtasp, dogmatically, and then continued. "When I had attained my seventeenth year, Azrael, the angel of death, stood by the bed of my guardian and instructor. He called me to his side, and directed me to go to Meshed, present myself at the college of the Móllahs, and solicit a licence to become a public instructor.

"'Spare no vice,' said he, 'son of my heart! Forgive no error, pardon no delinquency. I have educated thee to become the reformer of our faith, the restorer of the old rigid rule of Islàm.'

"He died soon after. I left the hermitage, and wandered for a time in the neighbouring villages, that I might gradually familiarise myself with human life. The vices that I saw disgusted me. I protested against them openly, loudly, vehemently. Crowds came to hear my discourses; my doctrines were heard with conviction; but though admired and applauded, they were soon forgotten. Kurdistan was not one whit the better for my teaching."

"I should be surprised if it had been," muttered Lohorasp.

"Wearied by useless labours, I proceeded to Meshed, whither my fame had gone before me. The most famous Móllahs confessed my superiority; Sheikh Ibrahim, their chief, invited me to his house. He had a daughter named Leila, beautiful as the houris that shall receive the faithful; and I, on whom the duty has devolved of perpetuating the sacred line of Jemshid, resolved to seek her in marriage."

"I wonder how his Saintship got on with love," thought Lohorasp.

"Ibrahim countenanced my proposal; but he was a fond, that is, a weak father, and he referred me to Leila herself, declaring that he would not constrain her affections; though I proved to him, from the writings of the wisest Seffies, that it is our duty to trample on the natural affections, which result entirely from the flesh."

"Sheikh Ibrahim has more sense than ever I gave a Móllah credit for," said Lohorasp, half aloud. Then observing that Kishtasp had paused, he asked, "And how was your holiness received by Leila?"

"From the very first she showed that her education had been depraved. When I wished to expound the Koran to her, she asked me to sing a song of Jami's; when I spoke of the mysteries of the faith, she turned the conversation on vain sports and amusements; nay, when I expounded the Leffanean doctrine of absorption, she turned away to talk about idle gewgaws with her maids."

"And did you really preach sermons, as a mode of declaring love to a young girl?" asked the astonished shepherd. "Our prophet, on whom be peace, followed a far different course when he won the young heart of Ayesha."

"What was lawful to Mohammed is not lawful to his followers. It is so written in the book," said Kishtasp. "I, whose earliest thoughts were severed from the profane frivolities of this world, could not bend to the fantasies of a spoiled child. Yet I knew she loved me. Once, while I was sick, I saw her form flitting round my chamber, her eyes fixed upon me with tender affection, and I felt her hand smooth my pillow. But how could she fail to love the representative of Jemshid, and the most learned Móllah of Mecca?" As he spoke, the young man drew himself up proudly, and looked round as if he expected the whole universe to join in admiration.

"I hope she jilted the puppy," thought Lohorasp; then aloud, he said, "And has her love abated?"

"You shall hear. When I recovered, she seemed still favourably disposed towards me; but finding that the severity of my demeanour was unabated, and that my conversation was still confined to theology, she began to avoid me. Her eyes glanced upon other forms; her words, as if in defiance, were those of one devoted to vanity; and her father encouraged her in this insolent impiety. I left the house, resolved to seek another more sensible of my merits, and also to fulfil my mission of reforming the world. Three years have passed away; I have met none so good as Leila, and the world, in spite of my exertions, is just as bad as ever it was. At length I prayed to our prophet, on whom be peace, that he would release me from the encumbrance of the body, or teach me how to make my exertions successful. He appeared to me in the silence of the night,

and said, ' Seek instruction in the caves of Babylon.' I have come hither for that purpose, and now, old man, speed me on my journey."

Lohorasp, though offended by the overweening conceit, could not avoid respecting the manifest sincerity and candour of the young man; but when he attempted to show him that the extreme rigidity of his doctrines defeated their own object, Kishtasp cut him short, by declaring that he would not listen to such impious heresies, repeating his demand to be directed on his way, that he might escape further contact with a hoary infidel.

"Pardon me," said Lohorasp; "I did not mean to offend. Fix your view on yonder rock; you will reach it before the sun reaches its highest altitude in heaven. Precisely at the hour of noon, its shadow falls on the entrance to the dreadful caverns. Fare thee well, most obstinate of saints. May Allah guide and protect thee."

Kishtasp pursued the track that had been pointed out, and reached the rock an hour before noon. He sat down beneath its shade, and refreshed himself with a handful of dates and a draught of water from a gourd that was slung over his shoulder. Then he lighted a lamp, grasped his staff, and, just as the sun touched its zenith, entered the cave.

Long and weary was the journey of Kishtasp through these fearful vaults. The feeble light of his lamp served only to make the darkness visible. His staff scarcely supported him as he stumbled over loose stones and projecting rocks. Ominous birds of night, bats, owls, and vampires, fluttered above his head; noisome reptiles were around and beneath his feet:

> Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
> Upon the slimy floor.

Yet Kishtasp's courage sank not. Firmly convinced that he bore a charmed life, confiding, too, in the prophet by whose command he had undertaken the enterprise, he pushed boldly forward. In such situations we rarely take note of time. He knew not what distance he had gone, or how long he had been travelling, when sounds of pain met his ear, and a huge vault, glaring with a lurid light, appeared at a distance. Breathing a prayer to Allah, the adventurous youth hurried onwards, and soon stood beneath a lofty dome, higher than any in the wondrous cave temples of Kurdistan. A pale blue light gleamed from the precious stones that illumined and adorned the walls, and enabled him to perceive the magical books of Solomon and Zerdusht ranged around, but on shelves that could be reached by giants only. In one corner glowed the dark ruddy light of a blacksmith's forge, revealing two awful forms, bound in fetters of glowing steel, that burned but consumed not the wretched captives. Kishtasp gazed on these gigantic beings with horror. He knew that he saw Harût and Marût, whose presumptuous sins had drawn upon them the merited wrath of Allah.

"Approach, son of Adam," said Harût, the elder of the angels, "approach, but speak not; the holy prophet hath obtained for us a respite from our fearful torments, while our story is related for thy instruction. Listen to our narrative: listen, and learn, if thou wouldst avoid our sad fate.

STORY OF HARUT AND MARUT.

"We were among the first of the watchers that surround the Eternal Throne, and who echo the luminous Word through the limitless realms of space. Through us the Divine Light was conveyed which spread a glory round the heads of successive generations of prophets. We saw inspired teachers come one after another upon earth, and effect a temporary change in the depraved practices of mortals; but soon after their death we beheld iniquity come upon the earth like a flood, and spread itself wide, until scarcely an islet of goodness was discoverable in the ocean of depravity. Some time after that, Mohammed, on whom be peace and benediction, had brought to earth from the seventh heaven that holy volume which guides men in the right way, we beheld the race of Adam renewing their former sins. They gambled, they drank, they gratified every vice, they yielded to every depraved passion, and their excesses led to violence, to battle, and to murder. As our glance traversed from Meshed to Mecca, it encountered none that could be called purely righteous.

"A discussion arose among the angels and faithful genii respecting this obstinacy in evil of the sons of Adam. We had seen God in his mercy send them Ibrahim (Abraham), Moussa (Moses), Issa (Jesus), and finally his elect prophet, the seal of all revelation, Mohammed, on whom be peace and benediction. These guides had left

them the Thorah (Pentateuch), the Zebur (Psalms), the Engil (Gospel), and, above all, the Holy Koran, which was brought down from the divine presence on 'the night of power.'

"Marût and I dared to throw blame on the divine clemency; we complained that the most rigid obedience was exacted from the superior intelligences; that men were the spoiled children of the Deity;—we even ventured to tax God with partiality and injustice, because his vengeance did not instantly overtake every seeming delinquency. Our repeated murmurs ascended to the throne of the Most Highest; the Divine Wisdom resolved to punish our indiscretion, I should rather say our criminal presumption, in daring to censure the ways of Providence. We were commanded to descend upon earth in a human form, to judge and punish the faults of men.

"The angels that preside over the bright Zaharah (the planet Venus), and the three brilliant stars of the Funeral Car (Charles's Wain), had defended the cause of humanity, and pleaded for allowance being made for weakness, imperfection, and ignorance. We had accused them of impiety, loaded them with reproaches, and demanded their expulsion from the heavenly choir as infidel Gins and Afrites. They obtained permission to become our tempters, and the instruments of exposing our inflexibility and presumption.

"Puffed up with spiritual pride and vain glorious confidence in the strength of our resolutions, we received the intelligence of our inquisitorial mission with undisguised pleasure. No sooner had the form of mortality clothed our frames than we descended to the earth with the rapidity of lightning; and, erecting our tribunal in the valley of Sham (Damascus), summoned before us all who were accused of debauchery with wine, games of chance, or sensual indulgence, together with those who had ever committed a homicide, whether by design or by chance, whether in the excitement of involuntary passion, or the result of deliberate malice. In our stern court, to be accused was to be convicted, to be convicted was to be punished. Our palace, which had been once the proud residence of the Syrian Khaliphs, was at once a goal and a shambles. The cries of the accused issued from its grated windows, the blood of the condemned streamed knee-deep through its courts. Earth would have been depopulated, had not a term been put to the dreadful inquisition.

"One fatal day, just as we took our seats on the tribunal, the folding doors were thrown open, and two women, richly dressed, but veiled from head to foot, entered, and approached the seat on which we inflexible judges were sitting.

"'My Lords,' said the taller, lifting her veil, and displaying a form of ravishing beauty, 'my name is Zaharah, and this is my sister Zahelyéh; we are come to lay our just complaints before your tribunal. I have the misfortune to be united to the most brutal and cruel of men. He indulges in the worst excesses of intoxication, and wine inflames his passions to fury. In his drunkenness he abstains not from brutal violence; he strikes not only me, but my poor innocent sister, because she will not yield to his unchaste desires. Our persons bear in every part the marks of his savage blows.'

"As she spoke, both ladies uncovered their bosoms, and showed the most beautiful busts, marked with traces of whips that, like a mole on a lovely cheek, rendered more conspicuous the lustre of the alabaster on which they were painted.

"We were motionless with surprise and pity; but soon a warmer and more dangerous emotion began to mingle with these sentiments, as we gazed upon loveliness surpassing any that ever entered into a poet's dreams. Passion was scarcely developed, when it acquired mastery, sweeping through our souls resistless as the red Simoom, and, like that fatal wind, blighting and blasting every healthy thought, every germ of pure life. Son of Jemshid, pause before thou speakest the word of condemnation, that trembles on thy lips. Once, like thee, I stood erect in spiritual pride, but I fell. I, whose intelligence transcended that of all the sons of Adam united—I, who have looked on the Ineffable Brightness, and heard the Luminous Word—I, to whom all the mysteries that engage the lives of doctors and sages are familiar as existence—I, even I, fell! Son of Jemshid, triumph not over me, but pray that thou mayest not be exposed to similar temptations.

"Consumed by an inextinguishable flame, we thought only of the means by which we might obtain possession of such exquisite charms: both of us earnestly besought Zahara and Zahelyèh to take the

repose and nourishment in the palace, of which they seemed to stand so much in need. The beautiful strangers accepted the invitation, and ordered their black slaves to bring into the palace the provisions they had prepared for their journey; but they refused to touch a morsel, until we came to share in the repast. Their request was too flattering not to be accepted; each of us took his seat by the side of the lady he preferred.

"The feast was merry, and the lively beauties did not severely repress the attentions that we hazarded. To drown the remembrance of their griefs and sufferings, they ordered their servants to bring in a flagon of wine which they had prepared as a remedy against the fatigues of the journey. Each crowned a cup, and presented it to her neighbour: we drank deep of the intoxicating fluid; liquid fire seemed to roll through our veins, our language became more warm, our caresses more tender, our supplications more urgent. The sportive damsels declared that they would stake their favours on the hazard of the dice;—blinded by passion, we embraced the offer with mad eagerness; and never yet did gamblers throw more intensely their whole soul into the game. We drank as we played, we played as we drank, wildly, fiercely, desperately. The game was on the point of being decided in our favour—we were already about seizing the fruits of anticipated victory—when a sudden noise and loud voice were heard at the door of the saloon.

"'Merciful Allah!' exclaimed Zaharah, in alarm, 'it is my husband! I am ruined! He will find me here, disordered in dress, with my hair loose, and my girdle unbound. How shall I escape his just vengeance? Beloved friends, abandon us not to his savage fury! Love for you has brought us into this peril, will you allow that love to prove our ruin? Will not your sabres deliver us from the pitiless tyrant whose vengeance pursues us even to your arms?'

"Drunk with wine and with love, fired by passion and a savage thirst of vengeance, we drew our flashing sabres—the fires of hell burned in our bosoms and beamed from our eyes—we rushed intent on murder, towards the door.

"At that instant, the thunder rolled, the red lightning shot its bolts, the earth reeled like a drunkard, the walls of the saloon were rent in sunder, and we beheld Monkir and Nekir, the commissioned angels of punishment, descending from the sky. Even in better days we could never, without a shudder, bear to look upon their awful forms, enveloped in gloomy mist; but, now when the unalterable fiat of offended Deity gave supernatural severity to their brows, when the whirlwind rush of their wings announced fearful doom, and the glare of their eyes predicted inconceivable torment, an icy chill fell upon us; the furnace that so lately glowed in our bosoms, was the mountain of snow accumulated on the peaks of Kâf during a thousand winters.

"'Weak slaves of dice and wine,' they exclaimed, 'debauched adulterers, wilful murderers! With blasphemous temerity you presumptuously dared to tax Omniscience with blindness, with folly, with unjust condescension. Expect not the mercy you have so wickedly condemned. You truly were vehement in your invectives against human impunity, but did ever the most depraved of men wallow in such a sink of iniquity, as that in which we find Celestial Intelligences, whose nature is more elevated, whose knowledge more perfect, whose light more clear than can even be conceived by the sons of Adam. Listen to your doom. In the caves beneath ancient Babylon shall ye remain bound in burning fetters; dragons with a hundred heads shall feed on your ever-growing entrails, gibbering spirits shall mock you by incessant representation of your crimes; countless voices shall ceaselessly shout your impious vaunts in your ears; and these plagues shall be yours until the final day, when the fabric of this world shall melt beneath the breath of the Destroying Angel, when the sun shall be hurled from his sphere, the moon blotted from the sky, and the stars stopped in their courses:

And Death and Night and Chaos mingle all.

Then, and then only, shall your punishments cease. Now, wretches, away to meet your doom.'

"They spoke, and we were here. Not as you see us: no mortal could look upon our sufferings and live. The time for their renewal fast approaches; I can say but a few words more. Son of Jemshid, beware of presumption, of harsh judgment, of severe censure. Be not hasty in condemning the errors of thy fellow-mortals; encourage their virtues, tolerate their follies, pity their crimes. Son of Jemshid, he who

begins with the eremite rigour of morality, will end most probably in the worst extreme of licentiousness and debauchery. Away, I have spoken the last words that shall ever sound in a mortal's ear. Away! an attendant spirit will bear thee to the mouth of the cave. Be warned. Farewell."

The sun was just declining below the horison; Lohorasp was driving back his flocks from pasture, when he beheld Kishtasp approaching him a second time, with a demeanour far more humble and modest than he had exhibited in the morning. He begged that the shepherd would give him a night's lodging in his cot.

"I am not worthy," said Lohorasp, "to receive so holy a personage under my roof. I could not discuss the divine doctrine of absorption."

"But perhaps you could aid me to absorb some exhilarating fluid."

"My children, instead of listening to sermons in the evening, are accustomed to a festive dance."

"I will join in the dance myself."

"My daughter sings the pathetic strains of Sadi."

"Can I not answer her with the merry notes of Jami?"

"This is indeed a change," exclaimed Lohorasp, "what will Leila say when she hears it."

"She will say that her future husband has become a reasonable being, ever since he learned the important lesson, that rigid precision is too frequently the guide to licentious pollution."

Here the manuscript from which we translate abruptly breaks off; but we learn from many travellers, that Kishtasp and Leila are still remembered in Meshed as models of domestic happiness; that he became the most tolerant as well as the wisest of Mollahs; and gave his last vote in the Divan against a Sabbath Protection Bill, introduced by a pestilent Sheikh of Kurdistan, named Andrû Agnû, who being deprived of all power of enjoyment himself, wised to make every body else share in his misery.

THE HAZARD TABLE.

Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ.

I WELL remember the night, when, at the request of his mother, I set out to look in one of the London gambling-houses for the dearest friend of my college-days. Henry Villiers, in mind as well as in person, was eminently calculated to conciliate the affections of all around him; and I thought that he must be changed indeed, if I could not win him back from the fatal pursuit to which he had addicted himself, to the bosom of a family by whom he was almost idolised. He had not been at home for some days, and his absence had created the most serious apprehensions. I had undertaken to remove them.

It was at the end of a remarkably severe December; for two days previous a snow-storm had raged with unwonted violence; the streets were every where covered to a depth of from three to four feet; and when a projecting corner or accidental winding had created a peculiar current of air, the drift had risen to a height even dangerous to the incautious walker. It had just commenced to thaw, and the cold was much more intense than it had been during the frost. With an involuntary shudder, I wrapped my cloak more closely round me, and with unsteady steps waded through the masses of melting snow, in which, at each moment, I sank above the ankle. I might perhaps have been inclined to turn, for the chill of the night seemed but to second the internal shuddering with which I committed myself to the dens of infamy and vice; but that image of the aged mother, as she wept in all the agony of hopeless solicitude over the blighted prospects of her son, rose freshly before me;—I heard the heart-thrilling tones with which she called on the absent Villiers—"My lost, my ruined child"—still rung in my ears; and I hurried on, with the determination that no effort of mine should be wanting to restore that child to her arms. If I needed any additional inducement, I had but to recal the silent anguish of Miss Villiers, and I felt armed for any conflict of mind or body to which I could possibly be exposed. I pursued my way, therefore, down R—— Street with renewed energy. The heavy damp on the lamps completely obscured

their brilliancy, and left scarcely light sufficient to show the pallid faces and shivering forms of the wretched victims of vice, whom the cravings of want had driven out even on such a night as this to earn a miserable subsistence. I shuddered at solicitations, in which the utmost efforts could not conceal the hollow tones of hunger and disease; and turning from the costly avenue of fashionable commerce, I passed into the first of a succession of alleys which were to lead me to the object of my search.

A series of involved turnings led me, after a walk of some five or ten minutes, to a retired court, which I had no difficulty in recognising as the place I was in quest of. I gazed anxiously around to discover the house to which I was directed, but the uniformity of all those near me presented almost insuperable difficulties. The lower part of each house in the court seemed, from the closed outside shutters, to partake of the nature of a shop, whilst the patched windows of the upper stories gave promise of a desolation, not very inviting to those whom the label of "Furnished or Unfurnished Apartments," might tempt to look towards them. From many of them issued half-suppressed shrieks or the clamour of drunkenness, where the deep tones of the hardened profligate mingled with the higher notes of his female associate in iniquity. I had just marked one of the windows, where the glare of the lamp showed "Billiards" written in large letters on the panes, when the sound of the patrol in an adjoining street, as he called "Past one o'clock," made me shrink into the shadow of the door nearest me with an involuntary feeling of guilt, as if I were about to commit some act of crime or villainy. Assured, however, after a moment, by the voice of any being connected with society, I pressed my hand on my bosom to ascertain that the pistols with which I had armed myself were still there, firmly grasped my stick, and crossed to examine more accurately the house opposite. There was no appearance of a door, yet I was convinced it was the place I sought; and I moved a few steps aside to search for an entrance, when a tall figure, wrapped, like myself, in a cloak, crossed the court, approached me closely, and a voice in rather gentlemanly tones, though marked by a slight Irish accent, said, "This is the house, I think, Sir."

The question tallied so completely with what was passing in my own mind, that I answered involuntarily, "I believe so."

My new acquaintance, however, seemed, notwithstanding his remark, to entertain no doubts on the subject; for, turning short into a very narrow passage, which the darkness had hitherto prevented me from observing, he approached a small door, or rather panel in the side wall, and knocked three times gently. I kept close by his side. We heard the grating of iron, as a chain was thrown inside across the entrance. The door was then opened so far as to admit a strong glare of light to fall upon us, and a face was protruded through the opening, which accurately reconnoitred the person of my companion, who stood foremost. The scrutiny seemed satisfactory, so far as he was concerned; but a short whisper ensued, in which the phrases, "new face," "fresh 'un," "won't peach, think ye?" were barely audible. The door was then opened to its full width, scarcely sufficient indeed to admit us singly, and I found that we were in a small hall, between the outside entrance and an inner door completely covered with cloth, and surmounted by a brilliant lamp. The attendant turned a spring key in the lock, and ushered us on a very steep and narrow staircase, which my companion and myself ascended with equal steps.

In a room on the first floor, I distinguished a strong light, and a number of eager voices. Thither, then, I was in the act of turning, when the voice of my new acquaintance interrupted me, as he said—

"That is the billiard-room; you go up stairs, don't you?"

"Why yes, I believe I shall," said I, endeavouring to assume an air of as much sang froid as possible, and believing that, up stairs, if there was the hazard table, Villiers was more likely to be found.

We proceeded accordingly to the second floor, and my conductor, for I had fallen in the rear, pushing opposite a door immediately opposite the staircase, motioned to me to enter a long and low room, crowded with figures, all of whom appeared deeply interested in their various occupations. I did not at first see Villiers. Close on my right lay the remnants of a supper, to which full justice appeared to have been done, for but a few fragments remained to satisfy the appetite of one or two, who, having been too late for its first glories, were now voraciously swallowing whatever remained that was eatable.

"They sup early, Sir. We are almost too late," said my companion; and throwing aside his cloak, he instantly attacked the

remaining viands, with a zeal to which Quentin Durward before Louis could afford no parallel.

"I thank you, I am not hungry," I replied, gazing at the same moment on the form and features of the speaker. Succeeding events imprinted his appearance on my memory with but too fearful distinctness. He was one of the most powerful-looking men I ever met. About six feet high, and made in proportion, his frame was remarkable rather for strength and weight than activity. The face, as his eyes were bent on the supper-table, had nothing in it peculiar, except that the projection of one or two front teeth broke the regularity of the features.

He looked upwards, however, as he addressed me a second time, with "You don't eat, Sir;" and I almost shrank from the expression of his eyes, as they met my view. Small, and deep set, of a light grey colour, but appearing at first view darker, from the overhanging and closely-knit brows which shaded them, they seemed to combine in them all of ferocity and cunning that imagination could picture. I moved hastily from beside him, and walked towards the further end of the room.

On one side was the fire-place, around which were grouped, busily engaged in conversation, half-a-dozen persons, whose shabby dress and air of poverty showed that they had nothing left to risk. Opposite was placed a large table, the most conspicuous portion of which was a circular revolving centre-piece. It was divided into small compartments coloured red and black, and the game seemed to be regulated by the colour into which might chance to fall a small ivory ball, which an attendant rolled round the edge of the circular part. Behind this person were pasted the regulations of the roulette-table; and I gazed for a minute or two at a game, of which I had often heard as the most ruinous among the varieties of play. Few, however, appeared on this evening to be its votaries; and I turned to a round table, occupying the whole end of the room, about which were thronged all who seemed really engaged in the occupation of the place.

My first glance fell upon Villiers. He was sitting directly opposite to me, leaning his face on his left hand, whilst with nervous anxiety he watched the person who was throwing the dice. A small pile of counters lay immediately before him, and His right hand rested carelessly on them; but his attention was completely riveted on the progress of the game.

"Cinque-ace:—caster loses," said the attendant, whom I heard termed "Groom-porter."

The muscles of Villiers' face worked for a moment with convulsive energy; but steadying himself, by an effort—apparent to me, at least—he pushed across the table about one half of the counters before him.

"You are fortunate to-night, Mr. Varney," said he.

I turned, and saw, receiving the counters, with an air of cool satisfaction, the man with whom I had entered. I barely noticed him, however, for my feelings were too much interested in watching the proceedings of Villiers to allow me to dwell upon any thing else.

Alas! how changed he was from the Villiers of my college days! He was pale, almost ghastly; but a hectic flush of unnatural red flitted occasionally across his cheek, and showed but more plainly the ravages of dissipation. His elegant form, always slight, and now greatly attenuated, seemed unfit to associate with the reckless looks and bloated countenances of those who surrounded him.

His dark hair, which I had so often admired, at present extremely long and disordered, was thrown back from his brow, as if its weight was too much for him to endure.

He was not now betting, but seemed to have reserved himself until it should come to his turn to take the dice-box.

I sighed involuntarily, and, I suppose, audibly, for Villiers glanced quickly round, and his eye met mine. For one moment a burning blush crimsoned his cheek, and a spasmodic affection seemed to flit across his brow. It was but for a moment. He looked, rather than nodded his recognition, and turned to watch the game.

"You don't play, Sir," said the voice of Varney, at my elbow. "Come, just by way of a flyer, to put you in humour, I'll bet you a sovereign he throws, this time, either a deuce or an ace."

"Very well," said I, mechanically, and not sorry to throw away a sovereign to avoid observation.

The throw was four and one, and I was in the act of handing over to Varney the amount which I presumed I had lost, when the voice of Villiers prevented me.

"You need not trouble yourself to pay that bet, Sir," said he, coolly.

"Who says so?" cried Varney, with a loudness which instantly commanded the attention of all present.

"I do," answered Villiers, quietly. "The odds were in your favour; you made only an even bet. By the rules of the table, it cannot stand. Groom-porter, does the gentleman lose his money?"

The man looked for an instant at Varney, and evidently hesitated; but the tone and manner of Villiers prevailed, backed, as it now was, by that of a number of young men round the table, and with manifest reluctance he decided that the bet was off.

Varney said nothing aloud, but my blood curdled, as I caught the scowl of demoniac malignity with which he glared across the table, and, as he ground his teeth, I could hear him muttering, "D—n him, I'll be revenged!"

It now came to the turn of Villiers to take the box. He pushed into the centre of the table all of his counters that remained, and, scarcely waiting until an equal number were risked against them, he threw the dice without naming any number.

"A main, Sir," said the Groom-porter.

"I had forgotten," said Villiers; "seven's the main."

The dice rolled out, and the next moment I heard the announcement, "Deuce-ace;—caster loses!"

"Nicked out, by Jove!" said one near me. "He's smashed now; he has lost a devilish deal to-night."

My ear caught the words, but my gaze was still upon Villiers, and I started at the wildness visible in his demeanour. His eye was expanded in a glassy stare, whilst his hand passed rapidly over his pockets, as if to see whether there yet remained in them anything to stake.

"Shall I pass the box, or will you take a back, Sir?" said the Groom-porter.

"Pass on. But no! no! Who will set this watch?" cried he, as he pushed forward a large gold repeater, which had been given to him by his mother, and which I knew he therefore highly valued.

The stake was unusual, and no one replied.

"It's worth forty pounds," said Villiers. "Who will risk twenty pounds against it?"—he paused.—"Or ten?" he added.

A note was thrust from behind me into the ring, while I was myself pushing forward ten sovereigns, in place of the watch, which I was determined to save.

Villiers raised his hand, as if to throw; and I feared I was too late, when suddenly pausing, he said, "Whose money is that, Groom-porter?"

"A gentleman's opposite," said the man, looking to Varney.

"I do not bet with that *person*," said Villiers, deliberately. "Will any one else set me?"

Every eye was turned on Varney, and his huge form appeared literally to dilate with rage, as he exclaimed, furiously, "Beggar! what mean you? Dare you to insinuate that I play unfairly?"

Villiers did not answer, but eyed him with cool contempt.

The question was again put, and in a still more ferocious tone.

Villiers looked full in his face, and, taking up his watch, said, slowly, "Do I *insinuate?* The matter is now beyond insinuation. It amounts to certainty."

There was one moment of silence. A rush succeeded, and my eye caught the form of Villiers, as it fell senseless on the floor, while the fierce eyes of his opponent gleamed brightly above him.

"Aye, give it him!" shouted several voices. "Teach these beggarly fops what it is to meet with a gentleman of science!"

I pushed hastily forwards, and, taking a pistol from my breast, cocked it, and exclaimed, "The first who touches him dies!"

Varney drew back in terror; I slowly raised my friend from the ground, and, with the assistance of one or two of the more gentlemanly-looking persons round me, endeavoured to recal animation.

His forehead had struck in his fall against one of the legs of the table, and the blood was flowing profusely from the wound. In a few moments he revived. His eye glared wildly round, when, suddenly springing from our grasp, and shouting, "Defend yourself, coward!"—he precipitated himself on the huge form of Varney, who stood gazing on the scene, in evident triumph.

The movement was so unexpected as to throw us into momentary confusion, and rapid blows were exchanged between the combatants before any one could interfere to separate them.

The conflict was, apparently, most unequal; for Varney was taller, and nearly double the weight of his opponent. But

excitement seemed to have lent to Villiers unnatural strength. Still, Varney watched him with a coolness which showed he knew such efforts could not last, when suddenly, in making an effort, which was evidently intended to end the contest, his foot slipped, and his own weight, joined to a blow from Villiers, prostrated him before us.

"Raise the ruffian," said Villiers. "Let him come on again."

The group round the fallen man hastened to obey the direction, surprised that he showed but little sign of animation, and utterly astonished at the casualty of the contest.

Chance, however, had accomplished more than any one believed. One or two deep groans issued from Varney as they raised him; a strong convulsion shook his body; and then, the sinking head and nerveless arms showed, but too plainly, that the spirit had passed into the presence of Him who created it.

The consternation occasioned by the discovery gave an interval for action. I seized Villiers by the arm, and, thrusting a pistol into his hand, whilst I held forth another myself, dragged him towards the door, and whispered, "Fly for your life! They will be upon you in a moment."

I spoke, however, to one who heard me not, but, mechanically obeying the impulse, he had descended about half way down the stairs, when a burst of execrations from the room above, followed by a rush towards the door, warned me that we had not a moment to lose.

I gave Villiers a violent push forward. The muffled door below gave way to an impetuosity that defied all barriers. The astonished watchman yielded to the summons of an armed and apparently desperate man. The outer door opened.

"Thank God!" I shouted, involuntarily (though along with us rushed into the air several of those who had been above), when a firm grasp was laid on my collar, and I found that we were in the hands of a strong police force, whom the noise above had summoned to the spot.

Some of them made their way up stairs, the others guarded their prisoners. The former soon returned, bringing with them the lifeless body of Varney, and several of the men I had seen in the hazard-room. The rest, in the confusion, had managed to escape. We were all marched to the station-house.

Since the discovery of Varney's death, Villiers had not spoken; but, as I got closer to him in the narrow entrance of the police-office, I could hear him muttering to himself, "Ruined! aye, ruined! And now a murderer! Oh! God, a murderer!"

The tone was so hollow that I could scarcely recognise it, but I had little time for thought. An examination into the circumstances was immediately proceeded with, which ended in my liberation, and in the detention of Villiers. A private room was allotted to him, and we entered together.

He threw himself on the guard-house bed, which occupied almost the whole of the apartment; pressed his hands convulsively on his forehead, and shrieked, in tones of bitter desolation, "My God!—my mother!—Ellen!"

I drew near to him, and placing my hand on his, said, "Villiers, dear Villiers, recal your senses—be yourself—and all will yet be well."

He started at my touch, sprang from the bed, and, with all the violence of a maniac, screamed, "Off, off, touch me not—it's a lie! I did not do it. Who says so?—No! no! no!"

The excitement had exhausted him, and again he sank back on the bed; but a minute had scarcely elapsed, when he leaped on the floor, and, while his whole frame shook with horror, and his eyes glared at the door, as if he saw there the spectre of the murdered man, shouted, "Look! look! there he is. See in flames, blue flames! He beckons—he seizes me! Oh, save—save—save me!"

* * * * *

But why should I recal the horrors of that long night? Fit after fit followed of frantic despair, succeeded by the weakness of exhaustion. At times, it was with difficulty that I, with the aid of my servant (whom I had sent for), could restrain him from some act of desperate violence; whilst, at other periods, he sank to a state of so great weakness, as to lie in utter insensibility in my arms.

During the few intervals of collectedness which he enjoyed, I gathered, that he had been introduced to the hazard-table, several months before, by a mutual college acquaintance of ours; that he had gradually grown more and more fascinated by the demon of gambling; and, finally, that, for the last five days, he had been continually

engaged at play, and had never rested during the whole of that time, having been wound up, by repeated losses, to such a height of desperation, as to be insensible to the progress of time.

Varney had been the principal winner, and Villiers had, more than once, reason to suspect him of unfair play. His attempt to swindle me had convinced him that those suspicions were well founded. I had witnessed the closing scene.

"I am now," said he, "utterly ruined; and," he slowly added, "a murderer!"

His mother and sister he dared not, could not meet. Indeed, it was evident to me that at present he was unable to do so; for the very idea was so distracting to him, that convulsion after convulsion succeeded, until, completely exhausted, he sank into a broken slumber, interrupted, every five or ten minutes, by all the agonies of remorse and despair, as the image of the deceased Varney seemed to flit before his view.

Fever and delirium succeeded. Mind and body gave way together, and, at the end of a week, I followed to the grave the remains of him for whom all who knew him had anticipated a long career of happiness and honour.

My friend, my friend, how bright was thy rising, how dark thy close!

P.

PLAIN SAILING ON SHORE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE INVISIBLE GENTLEMAN."

THEIR hands were clasped together, and her head rested upon his shoulder as she wept, or rather sobbed, for her's was not the quiet relief of tears.

"She loves me!" thought Captain Egmont, looking upward with feelings of intense joy and gratitude, as, with his left hand, he pressed her to his bosom.

"No, no, no, Charles!" she exclaimed, suddenly extricating herself from his embrace. "This must not be! What have you been saying? How have I conducted myself? Surely this has been a dream?"

"No, Clara," said her lover. "Dearest, best, and (let me not offend you by anything like flattery, which I know you hate, but I must add) loveliest of women, for such you are, and long have been, in my eyes, I have but expressed feelings which, for years, have been stifled within my own breast; but they have influenced my every action. Yes, Clara, in privations, disappointments, and danger, my support ever was the cheering hope of a reward which you, and but you, could bestow. Perhaps I may have been abrupt; but it is four years since we parted, and, finding you alone this morning, and more—more even than my dreams at sea have painted you."

"Speak not in that strain, Charles, I beseech you!" exclaimed Clara, summoning all her energies to preserve something like self-possession. "We have been friends from childhood—let us continue to be so! Why not? Now, don't look at me so, Charles, nor misunderstand me. What could be more natural than that I, your little playfellow in former days, should rejoice to see you home again, particularly after the last victory, when your name was mentioned—I mean among the wounded"

"Then you *are* glad to see me?" murmured the captain tremulously.

"Indeed, indeed, I am!" replied Clara; "but now don't despise me, Charles, because in the moment of surprise, I forgot that I was no longer a little girl. You have ever seemed to me as a brother. Be so still! Talk to me as if I were your sister. Ask me anything, everything, but—oh! why sever the tie between us by—by—speaking of what must not—cannot be?"

As though stricken through the heart, a deadly paleness suddenly overspread the countenance of the intrepid seaman, and something like reproach was visible in its expression; but the pause was brief, ere he roused himself to act, as he conceived, most magnanimously.

"Clara," said he, with the forced calmness of one determined to know the worst, and to endure to the uttermost, "we have indeed been friends. The time was, when we had no secrets. Let us have none now. What I have told you, cannot be recalled: it has been my secret, never before divulged to any; and now rests between ourselves. It would have been madness in me to have revealed it before; for even your friendship and our long intimacy, could not blind me

to the difference of our prospects in life. I could not hope that your father would listen to a poor lieutenant; but now, perhaps, this unlooked-for promotion has made me vain, yet, I confess I did hope that our relative stations in society were not so very widely apart; and, when you welcomed me home this morning so kindly, and, permit me to say, with such apparent delight, then Clara, when I gazed upon that lovely—no, no—let me not forget myself. Let me be again to you as a brother. Perish every thought, however dear, that would interfere with your happiness!—*that* is dearer to me than my heart's blood. So, Clara, be candid with me, even as when we were children. Tell me *all*. I *will* be resigned, if it is so. You have, since I left England—some one has won—how could I dream it would be otherwise—has your heart?"

As he gasped rather than spoke the last words, Clara instantly exclaimed—"No, no, no! Indeed, Charles, it is not so! No one ever could—but, spare me! spare me! I know not what I say!" and, placing her hands before her face, she cowered down upon a sofa, as though terrified at the words she had uttered.

For a while the gallant young seaman stood spell-bound; then, unconscious of his actions, strode hastily twice up and down the room; and then, bending on one knee, he leant over the trembling girl, and murmured—"Clara! beloved of my soul!—hide not your face from your brother, your more than brother!"

At this moment the sound of wheels approaching the house was heard, and Clara, starting up, exclaimed—"So late! It is my father and brother! I cannot meet them *thus*. Pray Charles, dear Charles, do not tell them of what has passed. For my sake—for your own sake—for the sake of *all*—do not! Promise—promise me you won't, and another time I will tell you all. Don't hesitate. Do promise, or I think my senses will forsake me."

"Then, I promise," said the agitated lover.

"Thank—thank you," murmured Clara, as she hurried out of the room.

This scene passed in the drawing-room of an elegant mansion belonging to Mr. Desborough, an old established merchant in the city of London. It stood near the centre of a small park, and within and without, all appertaining thereto, proclaimed the opulence of its possessor, and perhaps the whole bore too much the appearance of "display" to please persons of refined taste. But fastidious critics were not numerous among the visiters there; and if perchance any remarked the needless profusion of plate that decorated the table and side-board, and the gaudy liveries and number of the servants, they could not avoid acknowledging that the dinner and wines were in keeping therewith, and so they generally finished by observing that their host could "very well afford it."

In person, Mr. Desborough was tall and athletic, with "a stoop" in the shoulders, which might be from habit rather than age; for, although his hair was white as silver, he could scarcely have been sixty at the time of which we write. His dress was always black, and cut according to the fashion of some ten years previous; but in its glossy surface and all other respects, appearing as though perfectly new. A smile was habitually upon his countenance, but the general expression of his large and somewhat coarse features indicated, not incorrectly, that he was more disposed to command than to persuade.

Such was the person who, with his son William, a fine young man of five and twenty, entered the drawing-room where our newly promoted naval captain was striding to and fro with his mind in a state of especial excitement and disorder.

"Well, Charles, how are you?" said the old gentleman, holding out two fingers of his right hand; and, when they had been accepted as the pledge of welcome, he waited not for any reply, but walked onward and took his seat in his accustomed arm-chair.

The greeting of the two young men was more cordial, though each was struck by the peculiar manner of the other. The warm, friendly hand-grasp assured them it was not caused by coldness of heart, but it was very different from any of their former meetings, and they simultaneously looked each other in the face inquiringly. Thus there occurred an embarrassing silence of a few seconds, at the end of which William Desborough seemed suddenly to recollect himself, and changing his tone into one of high glee, exclaimed—

"What am I thinking of, not to congratulate you on your promotion? Believe me, I do so with all sincerity, and hope some day to see you an admiral."

"Eh! What's that?" cried the old

gentleman. "Promotion? What promotion?"

"Don't you recollect, father," replied William, "that Captain Travers told us, that as Charles was first lieutenant of his ship, he was entitled to—"

"Entitled!" repeated the old man, sneeringly. "Has he *got* it? That's all I want to know."

"I am happy to tell you, Sir," said Charles, "that the rank of Captain was assured to me at the Admiralty this morning; and, immediately I could leave, I came down here, thinking you would be pleased with the intelligence."

"Well, well, I *am* pleased," said the old man, gruffly, "but why couldn't you have come into the City and let us know, instead of posting ten miles down here? A post-chaise of course, eh?"

"A little extravagant, to be sure, Sir," replied Charles, forcing a smile; "but the fact is, I could not exactly say at which place you were, and I knew it was your habit to come home to dine."

"You've seen Clara, I suppose?" inquired Mr. Desborough: and whether there was any thing peculiar in his tone or look as he uttered the words, or that the mere mention of her name sufficed to cause the emotion, our seaman felt his countenance flushed and his lips quiver, as he answered in the affirmative.

The father looked at him for a moment in silence, and them carelessly observed—"She's grown a great bouncing girl since you left us—eh?"

Not being able to agree with this equivocal sort of compliment, and feeling too nervous to hazard any other, the Captain, as usual in such cases, did the very worst thing he could under existing circumstances, by saying that he was happy to see her looking so well. He then, with ill-affected nonchalance, walked to a window, and made some trivial remark concerning the "improvements" which had been made in the grounds during his absence.

"We have often wished for your advice," observed William Desborough, taking his arm as in the days of their boyhood. "Those were happy hours we passed in making what we called *our* improvements, and the anticipations we had of enjoying the result of our childish labours were not *all* vain!"

Here an involuntary sigh escaped him; but he instantly rallied, and, in a cheerful tone, continued—"Our favourite arbour at the end of the lime-tree walk still exists, though, if it could be removed elsewhere, you would scarcely know it. It is now a mass of roses and jasmine and I know not what, for, since I left Oxford, my father has insisted upon my daily attendance at the counting-house; but Clara prefers it to any of the summer-houses, and I call it *her* retreat. If I miss her on returning from town, I generally find her there: so, come, as my father has gone to his dressing room, let us walk round before dinner. Why do you look surprised? You know it is his usual way. He is never ceremonious when we are alone."

"No—I remember—" observed Charles Egmont. "Yes—I recollect."

"Upon my word, Charles," said his friend, laughing, "if it were not for the impropriety and risk of doubting the word of a naval officer, I should say, from your absent air, that you neither remember nor recollect. What are you dreaming of, my dear fellow?"

"Dreaming? Aye, it is even so—I *have* been dreaming!" replied Charles, with a forced, yet most languid smile. "But come, let us walk. The air may do us both good. I fear that I have hurried from one thing to another too rapidly lately, and"—

"Can you be suffering, Charles?" exclaimed his friend. "You spoke, in your letter, so slightingly of your wound, that really I did not think of inquiring."

"Oh no, it is not *that*," was the reply, accompanied by a fervent pressure of the hand. "Let us take one turn in the old pleasure-ground, though I know not why I should wish to revive the recollections of the past."

Forth went the two friends together, and slowly trod the pleasant walks along which they had run and gambolled in the days of their boyhood; and their demeanour was indicative of their inward feelings, for both were heavy at heart.

They entered the bower that had been their own handywork, and where the few straggling tendrils of climbing plants, which they had formerly trained, had now thickened and grown into a compact verdant canopy, impervious to the sun-beams. Roses clustering, adorned its sides, and rare and fragrant flowers stood around and at the entrance, yet the eyes of one of the friends rested only on one object, a small table that stood within.

"She has been drawing this morning," observed William Desborough. "But how very careless! I never knew her to do so before. The paper on the ground—her brushes all uncleansed—why, they must have been here for hours. They are hard and dry with the colours in them. And she is always so *very* particular."

While speaking thus, and more to the same effect, Clara's brother collected her drawing implements, and set about rectifying her apparent thoughtlessness. Meanwhile his companion had glided silently past, and taken from the table a painting on which it was now apparent she must have been occupied at the moment of his arrival. It represented a ship at sea, and was evidently meant for a man of war, though the rigging and other points evinced great ignorance of nautical arrangements. At another time he might have laughed heartily at this certainly not "ship-shape" delineation; but now, he who had so lately and so calmly and fearlessly stood or walked the quarter-deck, while the enemies' broadsides came crashing and thundering home—he, whose heart had glowed within him amid the fierce joy of the strife, and whose manly cry of "Come on!" had cheered the hearts and given double vigour to the sinewy arms and hard minds of the sturdy boarders—what did he now? For a few seconds he gazed upon the mimic ship; but he saw not its faults, for a mist came gathering before his eyes, and, sinking into the chair upon which she had so lately sat, he bent forward upon the table, and hid his face in his hands.

Thus some two or three minutes may have passed while William Desborough's back was toward his friend: for William loved his sister dearly, and remembered that their father had often brought tears into her eyes, by chiding her, before others, for more trifling causes than her present apparent carelessness.

"Sad work, Clara!" said he. "Your rose-wood box of water-colours left open. Suppose I had not come, and the rain had. And your portfolio and drawings—"

At the last word he turned toward the table, and seeing his friend's position, exclaimed, in alarm, "Charles! Charles! are you unwell? Speak, my dear fellow."

"Let me be for a moment," murmured the sailor, without changing his posture, "I'm only thinking."

"Well—if that's all," observed William Desborough, "I am sure I can have no objection: but it's an odd way," and forthwith he proceeded in his brotherly task, which being soon accomplished, he again took the liberty of rousing the thinker, by hinting that they had no more time than was necessary to prepare for dinner.

Now lovers, true, fervent, heart and soul devoted lovers, are apt to be visited, and sorely perplexed by and with extraordinary, whimsical, and often causeless fears; but very few abandon themselves systematically to despair, while they can discern any ground for hope. Hope is the sheet-anchor of the soul, swinging by which she (to speak nautically) "keeps her ground, and rides out many a rough gale" of adversity, trial, and sorrow. So our young captain resolved to "hang on" thereby, mayhap because, in his process of thinking, he had "taken soundings," and thought he "saw land." But at whatever conclusion he might have arrived, he spake not of his thoughts nor of Clara to her brother, who, nevertheless, was much struck with his friend's sudden alteration of tone and demeanour, which were now changed from pensive gravity to almost boyish hilarity.

"Your thinking seems to have done you good, Charles," said he, as they walked towards the house.

"Yes," was the reply; "I recalled past days, and their spirit came over me again. It's quite refreshing! How balmy and pure the air feels! What a couple of fools should we be to go on playing 'Il penseroso' at our age!'"

"Very true!" observed William Desborough; and, during their short walk, he resolved to appear cheerful, though his efforts to conceal that he was a prey to some secret grief would scarcely have escaped detection with any other than one whose whole soul was occupied with one engrossing object.

Every movement in Mr. Desborough's establishment was conducted with the regularity of clock-work; therefore, when it wanted only five minutes to six, and the young men had just entered the drawing-room, he rang the bell and inquired why his daughter had not come down. The servant withdrew, and four minutes elapsed, during which the old gentleman paced the room, in evident ill humour, muttering something about "punctuality," and never waiting for anybody, and then a female servant, whom Charles recognised as an old acquaintance, appeared at the door.

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Desborough, "what do *you* want?"

"Please, Sir," said the agitated Abigail, "Miss Clara is very poorly, and begs you'll excuse her coming down to dinner."

"Please!" cried Mr. Desborough, "no, it does *not* please me. What's the matter with her, I wonder? What whim is this, eh? Didn't you say that you had just seen her, Sir?" Here he turned sharply to the captain. "Eh! Didn't you say she was very well, eh?"

"Doubtless I was mistaken, Sir," Charles faultered. "It appeared to me that—"

"Yes, Sir," said the maid, adroitly interrupting him, "it came upon her very suddenly. A violent headach."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Desborough. "Get along with you! The clock has struck, and—"

"Dinner is on table, Sir," said a smart footman.

"That's right," said the merchant, and he immediately left the room, leaving the two young men to follow as they might.

"Sophy, how do you do?" said Charles. "I hope you've been well since I left. Go on, William, I won't be a minute; but I must ask Sophy how she is." And then, taking her hand, he stooped and whispered in her ear, "Your mistress is not *very* unwell, I hope?"

"No, no," replied Sophy; and then, looking round to see that they were alone, added, archly, "I guessed how it would be when you came back. Well, thank God! I see you safe. Do give me a kiss! There, God bless you! Now, don't stop, or master will be so angry," and, tearing herself away, she tripped off with unusual agility, for, sooth to say, Sophy was now a middle-aged maiden, and had been employed in "looking after" master Charles when he was a boy. She liked Master William very well, but Charles was, "par excellence," *her* boy, and so she said she was almost broken-hearted when he first went to sea. However, after a while, she rallied and comforted herself by prophesying great matters concerning him; and it came to pass that, when he really did distinguish himself, she took no small credit to herself for her discernment, as also for the manner in which she had "brought him up." "He was a terrible, daring boy," she would say, yet she could always manage him by kindness, when "other people, if they'd had him all to themselves, would have "broken his spirit, and then what would he have been good for?" And in this, perhaps, there was some truth; for, although Sophy may have over-rated her influence in forming the character of our hero, we must all allow that the dispositions of children (and consequently of the future man or woman) are often sadly warped or changed by being intrusted to the care and management of ill-tempered or ill-chosen servants.

Momentary, almost, as Charles's absence was, it seemed to have excited an additional degree of acerbity in the manners of Mr. Desborough, and it was not until the cloth was removed that he condescended to utter anything beyond a monosyllable. Then the effects of good cheer and a few glasses of wine became gradually apparent, though, ever and anon, a scowl and absent fit would come over him, indicating that all was not at ease within.

"Well, Charles," said he, starting from one of these lapses, with an air of gaiety, "you've had some hard knocks, eh? Stocks got up. Tallow got down, though. Wish I could have known. All the same to you, though, dare say, so long as you got promotion. Suppose you'll think of getting married now, eh? Well, look out for a girl that's got money, that's all. Full pay no great go, and when it comes to *half*-pay, with half-a-dozen or half-a-score children, that'll be a pretty business. And half-pay you must *all* of you go upon pretty soon, I can tell you *that*, for peace we *must* make on *any* terms. It is beyond the power of *any* nation to stand the exorbitant and profligate expenditure of the last few years, so, if we *are* to be ruined, it may as well be one way as another. They're sending more troops to Portugal now, too! Perfect madness! We're eaten up with soldiers and sailors. Well, well, I don't mean any reflection on you, Charles. You didn't like trade, and besides, you had not enough capital if you had liked it; and so, as you were obliged to do *something* for your living, and, as matters have turned out, perhaps you couldn't have done much better, eh?"

"I have never, for a moment, regretted the choice I made of a profession," replied the captain, stifling his indignant feelings as closely as possible.

"Well, well, that's all right," observed the old man. "Pull the bell, William, will you. I must have some Burgundy.

The weather's too hot for port. Do you sleep here to-night, Charles, or go back to town? The last stage goes at nine."

"Surely," exclaimed William Desborough, "after so long an absence, you won't think of leaving us."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed his father, testily. "He knows his own business best. Let him do as he pleases."

So ungracious an invitation, or rather permission, to pass one night under a roof which (being that of his guardian) he had always looked upon as his home, affected our hero excessively, and he was about to reply hastily, when the entrance of the butler fortunately gave him time for reflection.

"A bottle of *my* Burgundy," said Mr. Desborough, "in ice, *of course.*"

"I must digest this," thought Charles. "I'll sleep here to-night, and see her before I leave the house, for, odd as the old gentleman often is with others, he has never behaved so rudely to me before, and there *must* be a cause. Can he suspect what has happened? Perhaps so. I'll be on my guard, however."

Accordingly, when the butler had retreated, he told his host that, if it was perfectly convenient, he would accept his offer of a bed, as he wished, in the morning, to examine the contents of some trunks, which had not been opened during his absence.

"Humph!" grunted the merchant. "Packed up four years! What can they contain? All spoilt, dare say."

"I trust not," said Charles, "for, anticipating a long absence, I arranged them very carefully. They consist of books, and drawings, and letters, and more trifling things, which, however, are very valuable in my estimation."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Desborough, "I remember last time you were at home and obliged to remain at Deptford—ship repairing, or something of that sort. Didn't see you often here, I know. Went to a good many parties, though, at Woolwich and Blackheath, and all about there, t'other side of London. Old Captain what-dye-call'em told me that. Thought there was something very odd about you, remember. Can guess it all now. Fell in love, eh? Took lock of hair, posy, ring, and so on, to sea, and packed up all love-letters, eh? Think I recollect hearing of a Miss Smith, or Jones, or Williams, or Back, or Macsomebody; but I've something else to do than remember names. Hope she's got money, however, whoever she is, eh?"

Now, the fact was that the old gentleman had hit upon the precise time when our hero had really fallen in love with a Miss Somebody, of whom he had previously been accustomed to think, if not exactly as a Miss Nobody, yet simply as a dear, good-tempered, affectionate child, and a sort of younger sister. But the years of absence, during which his limbs and sinews had been gradually lengthening and expanding till they out-grew his midshipman's jacket and trousers, had effected a similar change, though not upon so large a scale, upon Clara Desborough. So it happened that, when at last they met, they looked at each other with very considerable surprise, yet, withal, bearing no grudge against old Time, who had wrought such manifest alterations. Old Desborough was not present at that moment, but he was perfectly correct in observing that, from thenceforth, "there was something very odd about" the young sailor.

The truth was that the poor fellow felt his own insignificance, and, after a hard struggle between certain old-fashioned notions of honour and innumerable blissful fantasies, hopes, and desires, he resolved (till after the next cruise) so to conduct himself that no one could possibly guess the real state of his feelings. Luckily, he thought, for the performance of this magnanimous resolution, his professional duties would compel him to be much at the dock-yard, and afford sufficient excuse for what might otherwise seem neglect of old friends, on whom, however, of course, he should make it a point of calling occasionally, that his conduct might not appear extraordinary. So he procured a horse, according to the invariable custom of sailors on shore, and whenever he possibly could find time, he mounted thereon, and, somehow, under his tuition, the said horse acquired a habit of always "making sail" in the same direction, and was never checked in his career till he reached the same door, where he instantly was relieved from his "freight," and was "towed away and safely moored" in the old merchant's stables, there to receive a degree of attention and an abundance of provender that, in the first instance, astonished him greatly.

What means the equestrian took to veil

from the eyes of others his motives for "steering" always to one point, or what reasons he gave to Clara for seldom calling unless when her father was in the city, are matters now of small import; but, from the observation which, as has been said, Sophy let fall at the parlour door, it appears that she had not left off "looking after him."

But we return to the gentlemen over their wine.

"Really, Sir," said Charles, in reply to Mr. Desborough's observations, "I know not to what lady you can allude. I certainly received many kind and polite attentions from several families in the neighbourhood you mention; but as for love-letters, no—and yet—yes."

Here he sighed, and the old man glanced upon him with an expression of chuckling triumph, which instantly disappeared, and was succeeded by one of a very different description as the young man proceeded.

"Yes, Sir, in one desk in my room—I mean in what used to be my room—there are some letters which were written by one who, I feel assured, did love me when I was a child. I took them with me when I first went to sea after her death, and many and many a time have I read—aye, and wept over them when far away. I see you are affected, Sir, and so am I. Pardon me for recalling so painful a subject, but my heart is warm toward her memory, and *now* I know what I owe to her. Mingled, as I have been, and she foresaw I should be, with the wild, the foolish, and the vicious, her advice and those letters were my safeguard; and often, when tempted to commit some folly, which must have lowered me in the opinion of my superiors, I have escaped, while irresolute, by asking myself, 'What would she say?'"

This tribute to the memory of his departed wife produced an evident effect upon Mr. Desborough, though he struggled hard to master and conceal emotions, to indulge which he would have deemed evincing weakness of mind.

"Humph!—yes!—ah!" he at length ejaculated. "She was a very worthy woman—very—no doubt, eh? Makes one dismal, though, to think about her. Talk of something else. Humph! wonder what that fellow can be about with the Burgundy. Ring the bell, William. Thank you. Terrible hot weather this! Ugh! Suppose you don't feel it, though, Charles, as you've been in the West Indies, eh?"

The rest of the conversation of that evening need not be related, as enough has been given to throw as much light as is at present necessary upon the character of the imperturbable, money-loving father with whom our hero had to deal.

When they separated for the night, Charles found himself once more in his own old room, surrounded by all familiar objects. It appeared as though nothing had been moved or changed since the hour of his departure, and some family portraits that hung ever smiling against the wall seemed to recognise and bid him welcome. But they were all unheeded, and, dressed as he was, he threw himself upon the bed, to endeavour to think, but his confused thoughts were soon interrupted by a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in!" he cried, loudly, as though on board his ship.

"Hush! hush!" whispered a female voice; "why, you will alarm all the house. It's only me, Sophy Meadows," and she glided into the room. "Why, Master Charles, you arn't going to sleep in your clothes?"

"How is she? tell me!" he exclaimed, starting up.

"Why—why, she's better," whispered Sophy. "But don't talk so loud, or I must go."

"Well, well, I won't," said Charles, in the same tone; "but I felt very uneasy about her."

"And so did I," replied Sophy, "and so I have for some time past, for she hasn't been as she used to be; and I've nobody to talk to now about her. Oh, that my poor dear mistress was alive again! I'm sure there's something strange going to happen, for master's crosser than ever, and Master William goes moping about the house like an old man, and never stops to talk kindly to me as he used, but just says, 'Good morning, Sophy,' and that's all. And poor dear Miss Clara, too! She hardly ever goes out to call upon anybody; though, to be sure, for the matter of that, we've plenty of company comes here, such as they are. There's generally large dinner-parties two or three times a-week; and then her father makes her take the head of the table, and then, when they've had wine enough, and most of 'em too much, him in particular, he makes her play and sing before the

gentlemen till she's ready to drop. And then all the long mornings she sits by herself, either in her own room or in her favourite arbour, where I found her when you came to-day; and I'm sure she'd been crying then, for she hadn't time to hide it, as I was in such a hurry to tell her the good news that I ran all the way, and so came upon her of a sudden. And when I told her you was come, I thought she would have dropped, she turned so pale, and then all the blood seemed to rush back to her face again, and she looked so handsome. But why do you shut your eyes? Are you asleep?"

"Oh, no," murmured Charles, on whom the latter part of his warm-hearted nurse's talk had wrought most deliciously. "Go on, pray."

"I don't think you're very well neither, Master Charles," she continued, taking his hand. "No, you're quite feverish! Do go to bed, there's a dear boy! God forgive me if I guess wrong about you both!"

"What do you mean, Sophy?" exclaimed Charles.

"Mean! Nothing," she replied, "nothing; only that I love you both as much as if you were my own children, that's what I do. So undress yourself and go to bed, for I must go and look after her. I hope she's asleep."

"I hope she is," said the captain. "But, my dear Sophy, I've one little favour to ask of you. You must just take a short note to her for me. I won't keep you a minute, but it's something particular I have to tell her."

"Well, well," replied Sophy, "you'd better tell her to-morrow. No, Master Charles, I can't carry notes, and people always understand each other best by speaking. You can see her to-morrow."

"Perhaps that may not be so easy as you imagine," said he, and forthwith proceeded to inform her that her master had given him a specimen of having become "crosser" than formerly, and even gone so far as to hint that he expected him to take a seat in the carriage to town at nine o'clock in the morning.

This communication, and the worthy maiden's indignant observations thereon, tended considerably to lengthen their conference, and as the warmth of her feelings were excited, her prudential scruples (if perchance she had any) appear to have melted away, for, before they parted, she told her "dear boy" that her dear young mistress enjoyed a walk in the garden for about half an hour before breakfast, and that it always did her good. "So," she added, smiling archly, "I shall recommend it to her *particularly* to-morrow morning."

(*To be continued.*)

THE CRUMPLED ROSE-LEAF.

BY FRANCESS OSGOOD.

The carriage was at the door, ready to convey us to a ball given by the Duke of D——, in honour of our recent nuptials. Ellen was still in her dressing-room. I had left her there completing her toilet, and while awaiting her appearance, I half-buried myself amid the luxurious cushions of an ottoman, and revelled in sweet dreams of the past and blessed anticipations for the future. I had been three weeks a husband, the happiest of the happy. My bride was young, lovely, loving, and beloved—my fortune ample—my health and spirits excellent—and my friends many and pleasant. But there was *one crumpled rose-leaf* in the Sybarite's blooming bed, and even *my* reverie was not all of joy. In order to explain the little incident which had slightly ruffled my composure, it will be necessary to recal a previous period in my history.

Among the numerous aspirants to the fair hand of Ellen Fitzroy, there was none whose attractions I had so much cause to dread, as those of my friend—the handsome and fascinating Lord Henry de Lisle. He was gay, good-humoured, and thoughtless, and though evidently sincere in his devotion to the beautiful girl, possessed an elastic temperament which would be sure to rebound from disappointment. I, on the contrary, had staked my all upon the issue; and whilst my friend, with the light-hearted carelessness peculiar to his character, allowed me to profit by many an opportunity which he might have improved to his own advantage, I was jealously fearful of his

slightest advance in her favour. As for Ellen, she was all gentleness and sweetness to both; and to a casual observer, there was not a perceptible shade of difference in her manner towards Lord Henry and myself. But I, who watched her with a lover's solicitude, detected much that was invisible to others, whether favourable to my wishes or otherwise, for my life I could not determine. I saw the soft blush spring to that youthful cheek at my approach, as if a rose—the rose of love—were just born in her heart! but whenever I dared to breathe of passion and of hope, though her sweet mouth smiled as bewitchingly as ever, her eyes, downcast or averted, were sure to fill with tears; and she would often turn abruptly from me, as if my presence were painful, and, linking her arm with a sister's freedom in that of my friend, suffer him to lead her unresistingly away. One evening—it was the eve of her birth-day, which was to be celebrated by a ball on the ensuing night—none were present save her sisters, Lord Henry, and myself. The young ladies were gaily discussing their dresses for the occasion, and Ellen, turning playfully towards us, asked if she should wear diamonds or pearls.

"Oh! diamonds in that beautiful dark hair, by all means," exclaimed Lord Henry.

"Pearls and blue eyes," said I, in a low tone.

For an instant those eyes were raised to mine, and, though immediately withdrawn, there was something in their eloquent glance, which made my heart throb with emotions of hope and rapture, such as I had never before experienced. The sisters meanwhile were unanimous in their condemnation of my taste and in approval of Lord Henry's; and then, with arch looks and meaning tones, wondered "which Ellen would wear *now*."

Ellen blushed and smiled, but did not speak; and I, unable to command the feelinge which that thrilling look had raised, hastily took my leave.

The visions of that night decided my fate; for I dreamed of leading the sweet girl to the altar: and early the next morning, after purchasing a pearl chain of rare beauty, I inclosed and sent it in a letter, containing an ardent avowal of affection, and requesting, that if there were the slightest hope of reciprocity, its pledge might be her wearing my gift on her birth-night. The day passed in a fever and ague of hope and fear, and in the evening, at a most unceremoniously early hour, I drove to Lady Fitzroy's. I was the first arrival: but was soon joined in the drawing-room by Lord Henry, and, in a few minutes after, by the sisters of Ellen. The youngest, a gay, thoughtless thing, who was wild with delight at being allowed to appear for the first time at a ball, exclaimed, the moment she saw us—

"Ah, you may both wear the willow now. Ellen will have nothing to do with either: she has lent her diamond-chain to Georgiana, and given me her pearl. To the last, *particularly*," she continued, with an emphasis playfully malicious, "she declares she has conceived a sudden and *unconquerable* aversion."

As she finished speaking, the handle of the door moved, as if a tremulous and hesitating hand were upon it—it turned—the door half-opened—there was a moment's pause—and Ellen, with a faultering step, and an air of timidity wholly at variance with her usual graceful self-possession, slowly entered the room. As I sprang forward to lead her to a seat, the colour mounted to her temples; but my heart was chilled; for I looked in vain for a glimpse of my morning's gift, from the rich braids of deep brown hair to the curved and snowy throat—it was not there! And I was just about to murmur a reproach for her cruelty, when the trembling of her hand upon my arm attracted my attention towards it. What was my emotion, when I perceived the faint light of those beautiful pearls struggling through the folds of a full gauze sleeve, which draped her delicate wrist! The dear girl, unwilling that any but the eye of love should detect her choice, had converted the chain into a bracelet. I could hardly refrain from raising it to my lips; but a strong effort at self-command proved successful, and I had my reward, when, towards the close of the evening, I contrived to detain her alone in the conservatory, and won from her faltering lips a timid confession that my attachment was returned. And now for the ruffled rose-leaf!

We had passed the few weeks immediately succeeding our marriage in happy retirement at a country seat, and had returned to town the day previous to that with which my story commences.

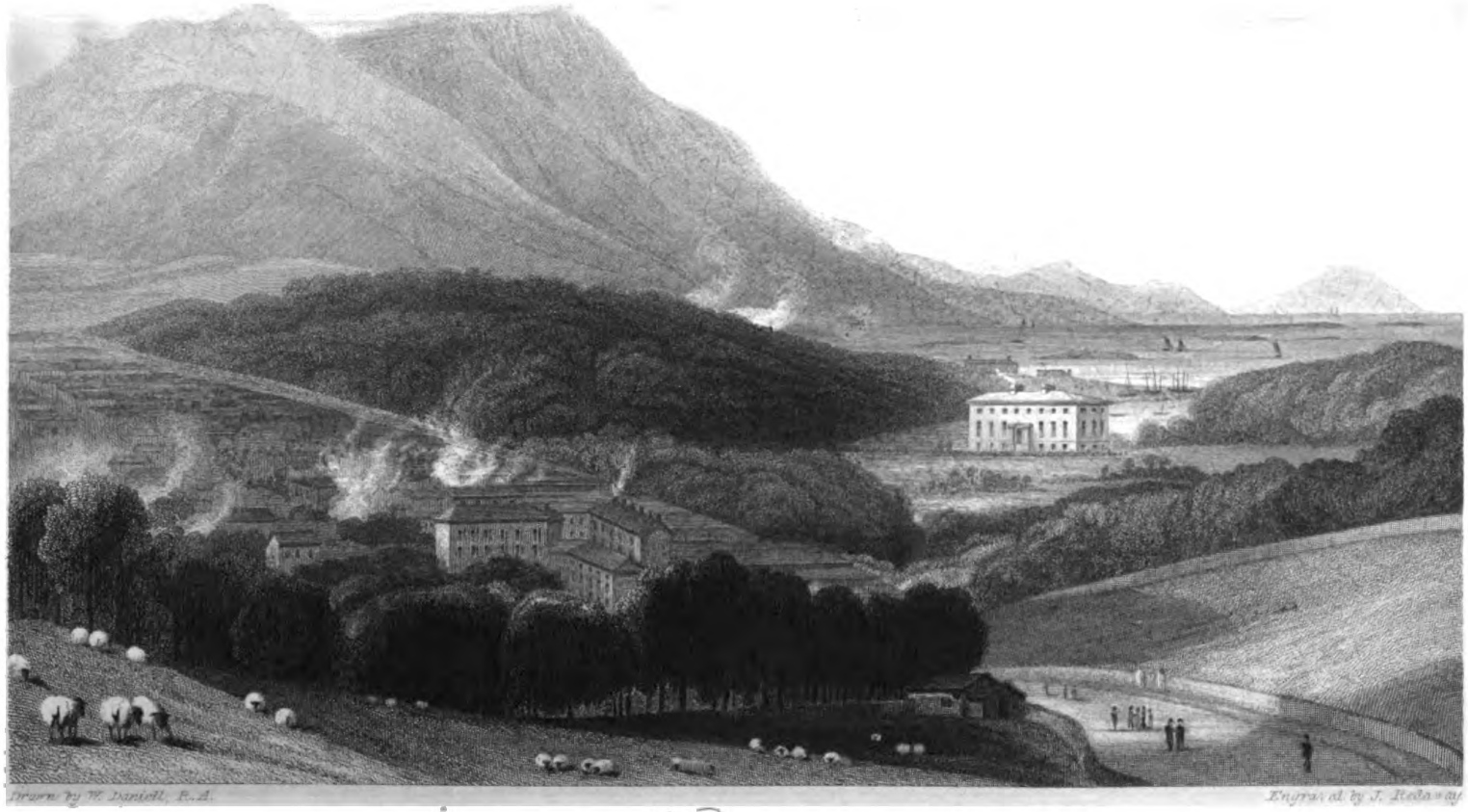
As this was to be Ellen's first appearance as a bride, I felt a little lover-like anxiety that she should wear my birth-day gift—the pearl chain, the associations with which were, I doubted not, as pleasant and dear to her memory as to mine. But "the crumpled rose-leaf."

I had slightly hinted my wish before I left her, as I said, in her dressing-room;—and while I lingered at the door in fond admiration of her excelling loveliness, she turned smiling towards me, and, raising a diamond band to her brow, said in a playfully positive tone—"I think I shall wear this to-night. I don't like pearls very well."

It was the recollection of this, that, in spite of her sportive manner, had disturbed my repose.

Although Lord Henry had been among the first and warmest in his congratulations upon my engagement, I had not yet forgotten the uneasiness his attentions to Ellen had created, and the sight of the diamonds forcibly recalled my former fears.

Gradually yielding to my jealous meditations, I lay, with half-shut eyes, absorbed in dreamy reverie. One by one, however, all darker and colder feelings melted away, as I thought of her exquisite grace and beauty, the bewitching sweetness of her disposition, and, more than all, her affectionate devotion to me. As I became more drowsy, these thoughts grew more and more indistinct, and at length I was conscious only of a vague sensation of luxury and happiness, when the voice of Ellen roused me from my trance. In a few moments I found myself in the splendidly lighted apartments of the Duke of D——. I was not aware that Ellen had left my arm, until I caught a glimpse, through the crowd, of her elegant form, encircled by the audacious arm of Lord Henry de Lisle, and floating, like a dream of light, through the mazes of the waltz! Strange to say, until that moment I had quite forgotten my jealous fears about her choice of ornaments; I had not even noticed her dress. What then was my surprise and anger, when at every turn of the dance the glare of *diamonds* broke upon my view, flashing like stars through her luxuriant hair! There was a sort of triumph in their blaze, that I knew not how to brook. There was triumph, too, in her own beaming smile; and worse—oh! worse than all—there was joy, exultation, defiance, in the bold black eyes of Lord Henry, as he met my look of astonishment and rage. I thought I had never seen her look unlovely until then. She had never waltzed before with any one but me. At last an opening in the crowd revealed her whole figure to my view. Her graceful head, her soft and exquisitely moulded neck, her arms, her very waist, were all wreathed and radiant with the richest and most beautiful brilliants! She moved literally in an atmosphere of splendour. But where could the thoughtless creature have obtained them? Could they have been the secret gift of Lord Henry? There was distraction in the thought. Her dress, too! When I left her at her toilet, she was arrayed, at my request, in the bridal satin, whose pure and snowy hue seemed peculiarly appropriate to that ethereal refinement of beauty for which she was remarkable. Now, for the first time, I observed, that over this she wore a light robe of rose-coloured gauze, the wavy folds of which floated around her, as she moved, like the blushing mist of morn around a star! Animated by the wild, voluptuous music, the increasing rapidity of the dance, and the concentrated gaze of the brilliant crowd around, the colour deepened in her delicate cheek, the light of her rich blue eyes became every instant more intensely radiant, and a smile of ecstasy played round her eager and half-parted lips! All eyes were upon her—a murmur of admiration arose—and, maddened by the scene, the sounds, and utterly unable to control my feelings, I rushed wildly from the room. I had been only a few minutes in the open air, in the beautiful grounds adjoining the house, when the sound of coming footsteps interrupted my bitter reflections. I know not why, but my heart instinctively told me to whom those footsteps belonged, and, with a sort of desperate calmness, I silently waited their approach. On they came, nearer and nearer. Her light robe brushed me as she passed—I felt her very breath upon my cheek—I heard the low whisper of De Lisle. "My own sweet Ellen!" he murmured. I raised my arm to dash the traitor to the earth; but a hand, a voice arrested me. It was a fairy touch, a magic tone, for they broke the fearful spell for ever. And was it all a dream? A dimpled arm was round my neck, a fragrant mouth was breathing close to my cheek, and



Drawn by W. Daniell, R.A. Engraved by J. Redaway

sweet blue eyes looked smiling into mine. "Will you never awake, dear George?' said a soft, imploring voice. I rubbed my eyes, and looked wildly around. Yes! I was still upon the ottoman, in our dimly-lighted drawing-room. And there was my own blessed Ellen, bending tenderly over, and looking lovelier than ever in her modest bridal dress, with her dark hair smoothly parted on her brow, and her only ornament the simple chain of pearls wound lightly round her head. Love's "crumpled leaf" was smooth again. And as I seated myself beside her in the carriage, I made a solemn, though silent vow, that *jealousy*, at least, should never more ruffle its soft and holy bloom.

WESTPORT.

THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF SLIGO.

We have taken all due pains to ascertain such particulars relating to this seat as might be interesting to our readers; but we regret to say that we have been unable to find any account of it whatever.

Westport is, however, as its name implies, a port in the west of Ireland, and is situated in the county of Mayo. Of the seat itself, probably nothing could be said at this period. If it be ancient, the ancestors of the present Marquis have not deemed it expedient to perpetuate its claims; and if modern, it can, of course, offer no temptation to the antiquary. Even the elaborate and minute Wakefield, in his history of Ireland, passes it over in silence.

Altogether baffled, as we have been, in our endeavours to trace the history of this seat, one reflection has suggested itself to our mind, which it may not be out of place here to set down, and which certainly is not ill-timed; unless, indeed, the circumstance of its being offered at so late a period go far to make it appear so.

There can be no question that the annals of many of our noble families have heretofore furnished valuable elucidations of the history of this country, and it is equally certain that the aristocracy of former ages deemed it of no small importance to transmit, along with their annals, even the minutest alterations and improvements in their hereditary castles and seats. We have, indeed, if we choose to look for it, abundant information respecting the territory and demesnes of our ancient nobility, and we cannot help feeling, when we peruse the history of a noble family, that it would have lost much of its attraction, had we not been made acquainted with the favoured spot from which an illustrious line proceeded, where the actions which have done honour to their country were engendered, and to which, as to the home of their ancestors, they in the evening of their lives returned.

We regret, however, to observe that several of our nobility, of a more modern patent, have shown themselves utterly indifferent to the preservation of any record of their mansions. Who can dissociate a Percy from the castle of Alnwick, or muse with the "gentle Sydney," and not mentally recur to Penshurst? Shakspeare, indeed, speaks of

> A local habitation and a name,

and we have been accustomed heretofore to expect both. Nevertheless, where the one is not illustrious, it can hardly be expected that the other should be memorable; and in some of our modern instances the "airy nothings" of our nobility must be content to remain without either.

THE COURT.

On the 3rd, 10th, and 19th of last month, his Majesty came to town from Windsor for the purpose of holding levees at St. James's Palace. Privy Councils were also held on each of those days. On the 21st, the King went in state to the House of Lords to prorogue Parliament. His Majesty looked exceedingly well in his admiral's uniform, but appeared, from his gait, to be still suffering under slight indisposition.

A large portion of the House was set apart for the ambassadors, many of whom were present. There was also an unusual assemblage of ladies, whose splendid dresses, added to the brilliant uniforms of the diplomatic corps, produced a very striking effect.

His Majesty delivered some parts of the speech with great energy, although occasionally his voice was rather feeble. Both on his progress to the house, and on his return to St. James's, his Majesty was loudly cheered by the spectators, who, in consequence of the unfavourable state of the weather, were not so numerous as usual.

On the 13th, a grand dinner was given at Virginia Water, to upwards of two hundred and fifty distinguished persons, in honour of his Majesty's birth-day. Much rejoicing likewise took place in the town and neighbourhood of Windsor, as well as at the Castle. On the 22nd, in addition to the usual demonstrations of joy manifested on the King's birth-day, an address of thanks was presented from the gentry and inhabitants of the town of Egham, for the late royal grant of a free plate of a hundred guineas to the races, to which his Majesty was most graciously pleased to reply—"That he most deeply felt the dutiful attention that induced this acknowledgment of an act prompted on his part by a desire to show that he was sensible of the munificence and loyalty of a Parliament and a people that had not only enabled him to possess as a residence that ancient and magnificent castle, the pride of Englishmen and the envy of foreigners, but to follow the dictates of his heart in furthering the wishes and promoting the happiness of every class of his people, whether of the gentleman of large fortune, or of that class (looking towards the inhabitants of Egham) which he should always consider as forming the most important connecting link in a chain that binds the heart of a sovereign to the interests and enjoyments of his people. That he considered this to be a national sport—the manly and noble sport of a free people—and that he deeply felt the pride of being able to encourage those pastimes so intimately connected with the habits and feelings of this free country. That he could not help adverting to the spot on which they were now assembled to enjoy an amusement so truly national—a spot which derives such a peculiar claim to our veneration from the circumstance that here arose that first dawning of liberty so dear to his heart—so dear to the heart of every one of his people—that neither he nor anybody could be present without calling to mind that here it was that our liberties were obtained and for ever secured, and that we were here to enjoy those liberties and sports which he would with his utmost power ever protect and foster, and in so doing never lose sight of the welfare and enjoyment of every class of his people, from the highest to the lowest."

This answer, which was delivered extemporaneously in his Majesty's usual hearty manner, gave the highest gratification to the deputation.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Standard French Works. Vol. III. Essai sur la Litterature Anglaise, et considérations sur le Génie des Temps, des Hommes, et des Révolutions. Par M. le Vicomte de Chateaubriand. Churton.

These editions of the best works in French literature are beautifully got up, and are sold at a lower rate, not only than the Paris editions, but than those badly printed editions published at Brussels. In saying this, however, we cannot but lament that the imperfect state of the law of copyright, and the want of a proper understanding between the two countries, should leave open a road to the Brussels piracies, and force the publishers of this country, in their own defence, to exclude these latter publications by cheaper, more correct, and better got-up editions. We are also bound, in justice, to state that all our best works are pirated at Paris and sent forth in cheap and often incorrect forms, by Galignani and Baudry, and other publishers in the French metropolis, and that the immense number of copies smuggled into England injure very seriously the original publishers. We have heard it stated, on very good authority, that a thousand French copies of Moore's works only, were secretly sold in London. The whole system is disgraceful, and ought to be put a stopto; and assuredly these Freuch publications by Mr. Churton may in some degree assist in reaching this consummation, by under-selling the Belgian speculators, and thereby preventing the sale of their editions in this country.

The "Essai" before us is full of high and original views with reference to our literature, in which the noble Viscount seems deeply read. Amid much that delighted us, there are, however, some failings—prejudices, we may call them—in which we do not go hand in hand with the author; but even in these we find the peculiar stamp of mind which constitutes the greatest charm of Chateaubriand's writings. Much praise, as well as much censure, has been bestowed by our contemporaries upon this last work of the author of the "Genie du Christianisme." We shall only observe, with reference to the censure, that some of it is of a nature to prove that the critics who have cast it forth do not understand the author. To do justice to Chateaubriand requires a very competent knowledge of the French language—a knowledge not possessed by more than five or six out of every fifty critics who dogmatically decide upon the merits of all the French literature that falls in their way.

A Hand-Book for Travellers on the Continent, being a Guide through Holland, Belgium, Prussia, and Northern Germany, and along the Rhine from Holland to Switzerland. Murray.

This little volume will prove most useful to those among us who become continental travellers. The directions it gives embrace everything which the inexperienced wayfarer can desire to know; and he who follows these directions will avoid much trouble, and save himself the cost of much unpleasant experience. As old travellers, we can aver, that if, at the outset of our wanderings through Germany and Holland, we had possessed such a book, we should have considered it an invaluable treasure.

The Magazine of Health. No. VII. Tilt.

It is with real pleasure that we see the success of this useful little work, which, like the "Magazine of Domestic Economy," is making very rapid strides in the public favour. The skill with which this little journal is conducted, and the immense information it gives upon matters of health, all its papers being evidently written by professional men of the very highest talent, give it a strong claim to general patronage.

Traits and Trials of Early Life. By L. E. L., Author of "The Improvisatrice," &c. Colburn.

There is more natural writing in this volume, and less ambitious straining at effect, than in any of Miss Landon's former works. At the same time, we must state that the tales which it contains are intended more especially for young people whose intellectual powers have not yet acquired full development. The narratives are pretty, interesting, well wrought out, and particularly well adapted to the object for which the fair writer intended them, and which we convey in her own words:—

"Children," she says, "like the grown person, grow the better for participation in the sufferings where their own only share is pity. They are also the better for the generous impulse which leads them to rejoice in the hope and happiness of others, though themselves had nothing in common with the objects of their emotion. Such is the aim of my principal narratives. In the first, I endeavour to soften the heart, by a kindly regret for unmerited sorrow. The very youngest ought to know how much there is to endure in existence: it will teach them thankfulness in their own more

fortunate lot, and meekness in bearing their own lighter burthens. In the other tales, I have rather sought to show how exertion, under difficult circumstances, is rewarded by success. Young and old, rich and poor, have their troubles; and all experience will bear me out in the assertion, that patience, fortitude, and affection are ever strong in obtaining the mastery over them. Early lessons of cheerful endurance cannot be better taught than by example."

Miss Landon has added some very exquisite poetry to the tales. "My aim," she says, "in the poems scattered throughout these pages, has been to make one taste cultivate another, and to render the flowers scattered around our daily path, and the loveliness of nature, yet dearer because associated with the early affections, and with snatches of song. To connect the external object with the internal emotion is the sweetest privilege of poetry."

NEW MUSIC.

I. Lament on the Death of Amy Claude, the child of extraordinary musical genius, written, composed, and inscribed to her memory, by her friend and instructor, Edward Cruse. D'Almaine & Co.

II. Cruse's original Cathedral Services, arranged for four voices. Part I. This part contains the Te Deum. D'Almaine.

III. Cruse's One Hundred original double and single Cathedral chants. D'Almaine.

IV. Cruse's Psalms, adapted for four voices. D'Almaine.

We are glad to have any musical work before us that bears not the form of those songs and ballads which constitute the trashy stock-in-trade of most music sellers, and haunt and worry us to death in every drawing-room we enter. At all events, we have here something new. Mr. Cruse's lament, without containing any thing scientific, or of a high order of intellect, seems an outpouring of true feeling which does him credit. Of his "Te Deum," we cannot speak in very high praise, though, as it is easy of execution, it will be found useful and pleasing in churches where services in music are used. The same thing may be said of the chants. The composer appears to us to aim rather at utility than at attempting to send forth a work of high pretensions. The psalms are rather monotonous, because they all contain nearly the same musical phraseology; and Mr. Cruse seems to lpossess no inconsiderable portion of the prejudices peculiar to London organists, the sole duties of most of whom being to accnmpany a set of squalling charity children, who profane God's temple with screeching sounds, better adapted to Pandemonium. In the book containing these psalms there are, however, some good instructions to which young organists would do well to attend.

FINE ARTS.

Engravings from the Works of the late G. S. Newton, R.A., by Samuel Cousins, William Gilles, G. H. Phillips, David Lucas, &c. Part I. Hodgson & Graves.

This first part contains three exquisite engravings, the several artists having done ample justice to the originals. The first, entitled "The Forsaken," by G. H. Phillips, is a most beautiful performance. The expression of resigned hopelessness in the female figure is very striking and effective, and the whole picture is in good tone and keeping. The second, engraved by David Lucas, represents a girl at her studies. Seated on an old-fashioned arm-chair, with a globe by her side, thebook she has been reading has operated as an opiate; she has sunk back asleep, her head reclining against the chair-back, and the book, fallen from her unconscious hand, resting upon the rim of the globe. This engraving is also of high merit. The third, by W. O. Burgess, is entitled "A girl at her devotions." It represents a young lady in the act of contemplating a portrait of her lover, which seems wholly to absorb her mind. The expression here is extremely good and the accessories of the picture are beautifully finished, without, however, attracting the attention from the principal figure.

We sincerely hope that this work will meet with the support which it deserves. The genius and the misfortunes of Newton have excited admiration and sympathy in every true lover of art, who cannot therefore fail to patronise an undertaking calculated to give publicity to those works of his pencil now shut out from general admiration by being contained in private collections.

Portraits of the Persian Princes, drawn from the life. By J. Minasi.

These four lithographs are very good likenesses of the persons they are intended to represent. The artist having forwarded them to the King, has received a very flattering letter from Sir Henry Wheatley, expressing his Majesty's approval of the resemblances, and enclosing a donation of five pounds as an acknowledgment of Mr. Minasi's attention.

M^rs Gent. pinx^t J. Cochran. sculp^t

THE COURT MAGAZINE,
AND
La Belle Assemblée.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF LADY DENMAN.

LADY DENMAN is the eldest daughter of the Rev. Richard Vevers, and wife of THOMAS, Lord DENMAN, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench.

The family of Denman was seated, at a remote period, in the county of Nottingham.

THOMAS DENMAN, Esq., of Bevercoats, in the parish of West Markham, in the county of Nottingham, left a son,

JOHN DENMAN, Esq., of Bakewell, in the county of Derby, who married Miss Elizabeth Buxton, and died in 1762, leaving issue,

Joseph, M.D. of Bakewell, for many years Justice of the Peace for Derbyshire: he married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Richard Finney, Esq., but died without issue, 21st July 1812.

Thomas.

The second son,

THOMAS DENMAN, was one of the most celebrated physicians of his time. His life, like that of his still more conspicuous son, affords a fine example of the success that attends genius combined with patience and perseverance. He was born at Bakewell, in Derbyshire, in 1733, where his father was engaged in the medical profession. After his father's death, in 1752, he was for some time assistant to his elder brother, who was also a physician. When about twenty-one years of age, he went to London, and attended lectures at St. George's Hospital. He then entered the Navy as surgeon's mate, and in 1757 was made surgeon of a ship. In 1763 he quitted the Navy, after having served in the expedition against Belleisle, and obtained much professional experience. On his return to London he commenced business, and published an essay on puerperal fever, which procured him some reputation. His prospects, however, were so little flattering, that he made an effort to resume his situation in the Navy, but without success. At length he had interest sufficient to obtain

the place of surgeon to one of the royal yachts, which brought him in a salary of seventy pounds a year, without materially interrupting his private practice. About this time (1770) he commenced giving lectures on midwifery, in conjunction with Dr. Osborne, having previously devoted himself chiefly to that branch of his profession. He was now also chosen joint physician and man-midwife to the Middlesex Hospital. With these advantages, he slowly but surely emerged from obscurity to the very extensive practice and great professional celebrity which he so long enjoyed. He was appointed licenciate in midwifery to the College of Physicians in 1783, and six years afterwards was elected an honorary Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. His fame now rapidly increased, and from the death of Dr. William Hunter, he was considered the most eminent of his profession. Several useful tracts proceeded from his pen, most of which have been incorporated in his great work, "The Introduction to the Practice of Midwifery," which, with his "Aphorisms for the use of junior Practitioners," deserves a place in every medical library. Towards the decline of his life, Dr. Denman relinquished gradually the more laborious part of his practice to his son-in-law, Sir Richard Croft, and became a consulting physician. His death took place suddenly, 26th Nov. 1815. In private life Dr. Denman was much esteemed; his temper and manners were pleasing, and his general knowledge of literature and science highly creditable to his industry, his early education being but limited. He had married, in 1770, Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander Brodie, Esq., and sister of the eminent surgeon, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Bart., by whom (who died 19th Jan. 1833,) he left issue:

Thomas.
Margaret, married to Sir Richard Croft, M.D.
Sophia, married to Matthew Baillie, M.D., Physician to the King, and brother of Miss Joanna Baillie, the celebrated tragic writer.

Dr. Denman's only son,

Thomas, the present Lord Denman, was born 23rd Feb. 1779. This distinguished advocate and judge being early called to the bar, soon rose to eminence in his profession, and for many years enjoyed considerable practice and reputation in the Courts of Law. He first made his appearance in Parliament as member for the borough of Nottingham, for which place he was returned after one of the severest contests ever known. The affair of Queen Caroline, however, which took place soon after, raised him to the highest degree of popularity. In 1820, her Majesty appointed Mr. Denman her Solicitor-General, and in that capacity he exerted himself throughout the investigation in the House of Lords, with an intelligence and eloquence that at once stamped him one of the first lawyers in the kingdom. In 1822 he was appointed Common Serjeant; and on the accession of the Grey Administration, in 1830, Attorney-General, and was knighted the 1st Dec. in the same year. In Nov. 1832, he succeeded Lord Tenterden as Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench; and on the 23rd March, 1834, was created Baron Denman, of Dovedale, in the county of Derby. Lord Denman married, 18th Oct. 1804, Theodosia Anne, eldest daughter of the Rev. Richard Vevers, the lady whose portrait forms this month's illustration, by whom he has issue:

Thomas, born 30th July 1805, who married, 12th August 1829, Georgiana, eldest surviving daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Roe.
Joseph, a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, born 23rd June 1810.
Richard, born 13th Jan. 1814.
George, born 23rd Dec. 1819.
Lewis William, born 23rd March, 1821.
Theodosia, married to Charles Wright, Esq., of Bramcott, in the county of Nottingham.
Elizabeth.
Frances.
Margaret.
Anne.
Caroline Amelia.

MARTHA VINCENT.

A LEGEND OF LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

It is sixty years since the public balls of the now thriving and magnificent town of —— were held in the upper story of the old gaol. But that assembly-room—once a chapel—must have displayed much gayer scenes than do the prouder saloons of modern times: for those were the brave days of hoops, and powdered heads, and swords, and brocades flowered with the likeness of every shape and colour of the parterre. One ball, in particular, given on the new year's day of the year 17—, is yet held in remembrance, on account of the number of the company, the beauty of the ladies, and the richness of their attire. Our county has been long famed for female loveliness; and our town, in those days, was the residence of many families of note. The happy chance of a regiment being quartered there, gave the liveliness of red coats and gold epaulettes to the party; and the gay country-dance and cotillon were kept up till a late hour, with a spirit which rarely deigns to visit the insipid square of a quadrille. Many a match might be dated from that evening. Many a young beauty had been for months hoarded up, that she might make her first public appearance on that occasion. And not the least strange of the remembrances of the very few who survive to tell of "that happy ball," is the circumstance, that the person universally allowed to be the most beautiful woman in the room, was only a pawnbroker's daughter.

Formerly, it may be remembered, that the business of money-lending was mixed up with many other lucrative pursuits, and those who followed it were held even in less esteem than the Jews and usurers of the present day. It was considered by many, therefore, a very audacious thing, that old Vincent's orphan daughter, "should presume to thrust herself among the first people in the town and its neighbourhood;" and many accounted to themselves for the envy which the sight of her beauty excited, by declaring that "they disapproved of her boldness, but that, to be sure, she had been brought up in it." She was, indeed, an exquisitely beautiful creature—tall, well made, with a round luxurious figure, lovely features, a swan-like neck, rich large black eyes, richer carnation lips, and silky black hair, so long, that if it had been let down, it would have veiled her to her knees. One only drawback from the perfection of her loveliness must be mentioned—her hands were extraordinarily long, thin, and large boned; and this exaggeration of form had been so remarkable from her childhood, that her school-fellows had bestowed upon her the agreeable nickname of "Rat-Fingers."

She was dressed, on that evening, in a style which now-a-days would make the fortune of any young lady at a fancy ball. Her robe was of a rich purple damask, embroidered with white silk and gold, in a pattern of large Indian flowers on cane-reed stalks. Over her shoulders was thrown a scarf of that rich lace, which, at a little distance, so closely resembles cut ivory. Her hair was combed back from her forehead in the style of Marie Antoinette, and crossed in front by a chain of small pearls, corresponding in fashion with her necklace; and, except one thick ringlet which escaped in waves over her shoulders, it was covered by a precious cap of Mechlin manufacture. Beneath frills of the same, which terminated her short sleeves, her small round elbow peered daintily out. Her feet were displayed to their utmost advantage, in a pair of high-heeled white satin shoes, with ruby buckles. Many an earl's daughter would have abstained from sleeping in a bed for weeks, could she have appeared that night in the costly and becoming costume of Martha Vincent.

Criticised and envied as she was, it cannot be supposed that she could have passed a very pleasant evening. Yet, when having deposited the old lady whom she had prevailed upon to escort her, at her lodgings, she had reached home, her attendant (and frequently her confidant) remarked an unusual expression of satisfaction upon her face.

This attendant, or, as she herself, inured from childhood to the use of strange thoughts and strange phrases, called him—her familiar, a relation, as some whispered, a natural son of old Vincent's, came in for a full

share of the disapprobation and remark wherewith Martha's establishment was visited.—He was one of those unpleasing figures, whom, once having seen, you never wish to look upon again. He was apparently some years older than his pupil, (for he had taught Martha many things,)—a man exceedingly short in stature, and without a waist. His head, hands, and feet were of unusual size, the two first covered with a coarse brown, parchment-looking skin—his hair was thin, black, and soft—his eyes were set wide asunder from each other—the end of his nose was flattened so much as almost to be wider than the length of his mouth, which lay close under its shadow, the upper lip being uncommonly short and concave.

No one could exactly comprehend the terms upon which Antony Barrett and the young heiress, or, as some called them, the Beauty and the Beast, lived together. He did not sit with her in the parlour, except on state occasions, but he performed no menial office of any kind in the household; and it was generally understood that he enjoyed a large share of her confidence. She herself declared, "that he knew so much of her poor dear father's concerns, that she should be lost without him to advise with;" and, in one or two domestic 'ars, took his part so decidedly, that her servants very soon found that it was their interest to please him as well as her. On the present occasion, though awaiting her return in the little warm parlour, under pretence of preparing a night-draught for her lest she should catch cold, he made no attempt to talk to her, but stood stirring the mixture over the fire, with an air that seemed to expect, but not to ask for, some communication.

"Well, Antony," said the Beauty, changing her shoes for a more roomy pair of slippers, lined with ermine; "I suppose you are all curiosity to hear about this ball?"

"Whatever you have to tell me, is always welcome."

Martha laughed—there was a cold tone in her voice which spoiled its music,—and when further disencumbered of her cap, the full blaze of the fire-light shone upon her entirely exposed face, it wore an expression of resolution and triumph.

"I am glad to see," said Antony, after perusing her countenance more intently than she was aware of,—"that you have enjoyed yourself."

"How do you know that?" said she, turning upon him sharply; "you have not heard."

He smiled ambiguously.

"I need not have asked, if I had known how you are staring at me," continued she, listlessly. "Yes, I *have* enjoyed myself!"—and her lips were wreathed with scorn as she spoke. "The grandees abused me—admired me, and in their hearts envied me!"

"And you danced with—"

"Thank you, nobody. I did not choose to be condescended to by sons and brothers, whose haughty mothers and sisters would have sneered at me, and expostulated with them. I refused every partner who asked me; and, in consequence of this, was entreated to change my resolution by all the best men in the room. At one time, I had as many as nine round me, while half-a-dozen other girls looked on, dying, I say, with envy."

"Miss Vincent," said Antony, seriously, "you are growing vain."

"I am only what my fortunes have made me. I can see what I am, and what others are, more clearly than the common butterflies of my sex and age. I would fain rule—I despise mankind. How, Sir, dare you laugh, because a pawnbroker's daughter uses such big words?"

Antony hastened to explain that he never intended—he could not think...A few words sufficed, as Martha was apparently more busy with her own thoughts, than with his words. She had now taken off her long embroidered silk gloves, and her hands lay upon her knee in such a position as to exhibit most clearly their singular form.

"I have seen," she said, in a steady tone, "a gentleman, of whom I must see more."

"An inhabitant, or a stranger?"

"A stranger, certainly. No, none of your proud merchants' sons for me! This is the handsomest man I ever looked upon, with the finest figure, the brightest eye, the noblest tread—with only one, the least possible, tinge of Creole blood."

"A yellow man!" said Antony, venturing a sneer.

"Hold your tongue!" said Martha, rising angrily from her chair. "What is blood to me? What is it to you? You presume upon your footing here! I tell you I will see more of him—know him—love him—marry him, if I please."

As she spoke, she swept across the parlour to a mirror, on each side of which were

candles in girandoles, which threw a full light upon her majestic figure. She gazed for a moment in proud satisfaction, and repeated confidently — "Ay, marry him, if I please!"

"You are positive, lady. Had you much conversation with him? Does he talk as fairly as he looks?"

"I never exchanged a word with him. If he saw me, he did not think me worthy of his notice;—but, for all that," and she clenched her long hands firmly together; "and *because* of all that, I will conquer him. So you must find him out to-morrow morning, and contrive some pretext for bringing him hither. His name is Winter, and he is at the King's Arms. You have done more difficult things than this; and I leave the way of managing it entirely to your own ingenuity. Only remember that I have set my mind upon it, cost what it will. And, now, give me that wine."

She took the china basin from his hand, into which he had poured the richly spiced beverage, and saying firmly, "Success to my wishes!" she raised it to her lips, and drank.

"Success has never failed you, hitherto," said her esquire, in a dubious tone.

"Nor shall it now," replied she. "Light me yonder candle. Remember what you have to do;—and good night."

The man shrugged his shoulders and smiled as she left the room, and soon after, having carefully extinguished the lights, followed her example.

The next morning found Matthew Winter standing alone in the public room of the King's Arms, looking dismayedly out upon a gloomy street, not improved as to liveliness by a steady shower of rain, which fell as though it knew it had the day before it. "After all," said he discontentedly, half aloud, "a ball is a dull thing in a strange town; and what to do with myself to day—never a book, or a man to talk to—and that soaking shower enough to deluge one before one has got to the end of the street. What *am* I to do with myself, I wonder!" and as he spoke, he took the miniature of a lady from his bosom, looked at it fondly, and kissed it.

"Do with yourself!" echoed a voice very near him. "Will you take counsel of me?"

"And who are you?" said the light-hearted young man, keeping up the same tone, and turning round suddenly.

On seeing the very repulsive countenance of Antony, he recoiled from it, with an involuntary "God bless me!"

"You are a stranger here, Sir, I think," said the new comer, "and at a loss how to dispose of your time;—I gathered as much from your soliloquy. Now, I am an idle man, who hates wet weather and solitude as much as you can do. Will you come home with me, and take your chance of such entertainment as you may find there?"

"Ahem!" said Winter, drawing up a little.

"Aristocratic, I see," remarked Antony to himself. "You must excuse me, Sir, if I have not expressed myself with sufficient courtesy. I say, you must excuse the liberty I have taken, and forget it:" and, assuming the air of a shy man, who feels that he has unwittingly gone too far, he shuffled backwards, as if to leave the room.

"Stay, stay," said Winter, to whom the adventure seemed not unpromising, and who was moved by the discomposure of a person apparently so hospitable. "I meant to say —that is—I shall be very happy to accept of your hospitality:" although, in the secret of his soul, he intended to be pressed once again, before he ultimately complied.

Barrett's countenance brightened up immediately.

"Let us go then at once," said he, "my house is not very far; and I think I have some curious books and rarities from foreign parts which may help out our morning; and for the evening, I could almost promise you a guitar, and some passable singing, if I can prevail upon my fair ward."

Winter stopped short in the midst of the floor. There was a tone of taking for granted in his new friend which puzzled him exceedingly, as if some scheme— "Nonsense!" said he to himself, "how can I be so vain and suspicious." And, to atone for the vacillation of his manner, he assumed a more frank and cordial tone than he had hitherto used.

A short walk under a capacious umbrella brought the two to their place of destination. The appearance of Barrett had not prepared Winter for any thing like the luxury on a small scale which greeted him upon entering old Vincent's house. Every passage and floor was covered with soft Turkey carpets, apparently woven to fit the places which they were designed to cover. Old India cabinets, exquisitely carved ebony chairs, rare stained glass, china of a pearly

transparency, adorned the parlour into which he was ushered; and these he had a few moments to examine at leisure, while Antony hastened up stairs to seek Martha, a little surprised it must be owned at his own precipitancy and its results, and, it would seem, in some doubt as to the light in which she would regard it, from the hesitating tap which he gave at the door of her sitting-room.

"Come in," said the lady, carelessly.

Her familiar stood before her, for the first time in their intercourse, a little embarrassed; but, so listless was she, lying in a large easy chair, wrapped rather than dressed in a morning deshabille, that she did not notice it, or help him by questioning him.

"You will wish to know how I have succeeded in my commission?"

"What commission?" inquired she, while a rising crimson belied her affectation of ignorance.

"Miss Vincent—Martha," said Antony, eagerly, "he is below."

"What do you tell me?" cried the Beauty, impetuously. "Here? On what possible pretext? For how long? Go—I must dress myself, and speedily."

"For the day," replied Barrett, "upon my invitation."

Martha's eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"Go to him at once,—entertain him till I come."

"Have a care," said her familiar, holding up his hand as he left the room, in a warning attitude: "he leaves this place to-morrow, and is either married, or engaged to be married."

"Upon my word, you have been very successful in your discoveries."

"Did you not charge me?"

"No matter, no matter, leave me;" and an instant after, her bell sounded shrill through the house, a summons for Zillah, her Jewish maid, to assist at her toilette.

"Of all her freaks," muttered Antony, smoothing his features as he approached the parlour door, "this is the maddest; but she is like to have her own way in whatever she chooses."

With this he entered, and endeavoured to play the courteous host to the handsome young stranger. On the whole, the morning passed over pleasantly. An early dinner, on the same exquisite yet small scale as the rest of the establishment, succeeded. Antony dared not mention the name of Martha; and hardly knowing how she would approve of his assumption of the dignity of master of the house, felt at once curious and uneasy. Her delicate woman's wit prompted her to use an infinitely subtler mode of proceeding than his craft could have devised. The servants, in removing the dessert, left the parlour door open, and, ere Antony could rise and shut it, a delicious strain of music, uttered by a high-toned yet sweet voice, made its way through another door up stairs, also open, into the room where the two gentlemen were sitting. The words of the song ran thus:

SONG.

O build me up a bower with fresh leaves for the wall,
Of the laurel, and the royal rose, and of the wandering vine,
Build it where I may hear the summer waterfall,
And taste, when I am tired at eve, the odour from the pine;
Build it up, and say farewell,
Whisper not where I am gone.
'Tis more bliss than man can tell
To live alone.

O think ye I shall pine for aught I leave behind,
In a world of busy bitter tongues, and cold unfriendly eyes,
Where I can hold discourse with the free, generous wind,
And sit beneath the silence bright of the deep midnight skies.
Here I dwell, with none to love me,
Half-suspected, half-unknown,
There doth gentler Nature move me,
To live alone.

"Upon my word, Sir," said Winter, drinking off his glass of Burgundy when the song had ceased; "this is something like being in Heaven. Such a rare and well-cultivated voice I have never before heard."

Antony muttered something between his teeth, about careless servants, neglecting to shut doors.

"Nay, never look disturbed that I have chanced to hear your household fairy—and as I live, I remember that you did say something about a ward and a guitar. No more wine, thank you; but as much music as the fair lady up stairs—I will lay you any wager you please that she *is* fair—will allow me to hear."

"We must send and ask her permission, before I dare intrude upon her privacy. Zillah," for Martha's maid answered the bell, "inquire whether your mistress will allow myself and a gentleman who dined with me to pay her our respects."

Zillah reappeared again in a few moments, and, leaning over Barrett's chair, whispered a word or two in his ear.

"So particular, to-day?

"Yes, Zillah," he replied in an audible whisper, "go up again, and say that he is —and that we will avail ourselves of her permission in a few moments."

"I really," said Winter, as they rose from table, "am not fitly dressed for waiting upon a lady."

"Pooh, pooh!" said Antony, as he led the way to Martha's room, "this is not a house where people stand upon ceremony."

They entered Martha's chamber, and found her to all appearance unprepared to receive them, and looking even more beautiful than she had done on the preceding evening. Her robe of richly-wrought India muslin gave her complexion, by contrast, a dazzling lustre; her hair, less regularly arranged than for the assembly, was somewhat of a shade to eyes whose only fault was being too bright. She was sitting upon a low stool, with her guitar upon her knee, in the rapt attitude of one who is tasking her memory to bring back another song; and rose, as if she only half-liked the interruption to which, she made it appear, as if Antony's hospitality had subjected her. Winter could hardly refrain from exclaiming with surprise, at the unexpected sight of so much beauty; and the consciousness of the complete triumph which she imagined herself to have gained in his momentary confusion, gave a softness to her manners totally foreign to their usual character.

In fact, she was bent upon conquest. Her keen wit very soon comprehended so much of the nature of her guest, as to assure herself that he was quick-tempered, clever, cultivated, and somewhat volatile. Her eye dwelt with complacency on his manly figure, and the glimpse of a gold chain which peeped out amongst the fine linen folds on his breast, brought her no disquiet. She exerted herself to the utmost; she laid aside every thought, look, or word, which might be read as sullenness or sarcasm; she talked dextrously of delightful things, yet not so freely at first as to give the intruder an idea that she would talk so unreservedly to *every* visitor; she sang her choicest songs; and the afternoon and evening passed so rapidly, that midnight surprised the little party in full career of satisfaction.

Winter started, as, during a momentary pause in the conversation, the old Dutch clock over the chimney-piece rung out the hour with an extra chime; and rising, laughingly said, "I hardly remember when I have spent as pleasant a day as this; but I must go; I leave at five o'clock to-morrow morning, for Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and I can only say, in return for such unmerited and unexpected hospitality, that if, after a few weeks, you will visit me there, I will introduce you to a lady, not so beautiful and brilliant as you, Miss Vincent, but who shall give you as hearty a welcome for my sake before she knows you, as she will for her own after she has once made the acquaintance."

Martha, upon whose good graces her guest had gained much in the course of that day, could not hear these words without strong inward emotion; but she was sufficiently mistress of herself to keep it down, and to thank him earnestly and simply for his courtesy.

"Remember, Mr. Winter," said she, "that my guardian and I live so retired a life, that we cannot admit the thought of agreeable strangers leaving us to return no more; and that you will be always welcome here, whether alone or bringing—"

She hesitated here, and Winter, himself a little confused by her allusion, turned to Barrett, with whom he insisted upon exchanging snuff-boxes. Antony clutched the richly chased gold *tabatière* with a grasp which told how intimately acquainted he was with the value of such toys; and, in spite of a disapproving look from Martha, pocketed it. They then shook hands and parted.

Martha listened with avidity to the sound of his retreating footsteps, and, when it was to be heard no more, flinging herself back in the chair, she wept a flood of tears, half of pain, half of pleasure. She wept them unseen, for Antony, who knew her mood, did not attempt to appear before her again that night.

In spite of the beauty's lingering hope that some chance might have prevailed upon the stranger to stay yet another day, he was miles upon his northward road before she left her bed on the next morning—perhaps, it must be confessed, occasionally wandering back in thought to the guitar and the bright eyes with which he had made acquaintance on the preceding day. But the claims of home, and of the miniature's original, ere long expelled the image of Martha Vincent; and by the time he came within sight of the town where the former dwelt, he was as eager and extatic as the most expecting young lady could desire. I must explain now what I should have said before, that

he was the only son and heir of a rich West Indian, left, at his father's death, under the guardianship of two gentlemen, the one resident in Antigua, the other in Dublin; that his estates, being then in full cultivation, would have yielded a magnificent income, had not his West-India guardian contrived, by chicanery and fictitious claims, to lessen its amount considerably. In fact, Martha, in the course of her inquiries (which she prosecuted secretly and diligently with Antony's assistance) became aware that great fear was entertained lest this rapacious man should ultimately succeed in wresting the property from his ward. She discovered also that her late guest was upon the eve of marriage with an officer's daughter, a high-bred and cultivated woman.

In the mean time, while she was thus occupied, her strangely altered mood was remarked and commented upon by her few acquaintance. She became more disdainful and careless towards them than ever, and, in return, they took the common revenge of listening to, and spreading tales about her. One remarked that she changed her servants very frequently; another would shake her head, and reply very significantly that that rumour had probably originated from the strange fact, that they slept out of her house every night, not choosing to sleep under a roof, they said, with hobgoblins and such like. A third, then, would say, that this explained her approaching change of residence from the town house to another which her father had, some years before, built in a whim: no one else, to be sure, would live in such an out-of-the-way place; but Martha Vincent was always odd! Of these rumours, only this one was true, that she was changing her abode—urged by that vague restlessness of feeling to which nothing is so intolerable as repose or inaction.

Time wore away, and she was still without any chance of again meeting one of whom she thought so often, and with such interest, though she knew that, by this time, he must be married to another. She had not yet altogether taken up her residence at the Tall House, when one day, on returning from a walk, what was her consternation to find upon the table a scrap of paper bearing his name, written in pencil! He had called for a few hurried minutes—before he sailed for Antigua to introduce—— but from this interesting point the handwriting was utterly illegible: she found, however, no difficulty in guessing the rest.

He was married, then—he was gone!—she should never see him again! She sat gazing upon his note, as if she would devour it;—hid it in her bosom—drew it forth again. It was noon when she first saw it; evening found her at the same fond occupation; and she placed the precious fragment at night under her pillow, not, however, to sleep upon it.

* * * * *

—— Another dreary period of many months wore away. By this time, Martha had entirely completed her removal, and another year was far advanced, when, as she chanced to be walking up Castle Street one bright autumn afternoon, she was suddenly struck by the appearance of a figure before her, in some respects so strangely resembling the object of her idolatry, that one glance raised an intense blush upon her cheek, to conceal which, she dropped her veil hastily. A second glance made her turn deadly faint—it was Matthew Winter himself!—but so aged, so decrepid had he grown that she might have been well excused had she not recognised him. His complexion was now of a dingy saffron tint; his hair lank and ill-kept; his eyes sunk in their sockets; he stooped and trembled as he walked; he was dressed in mourning; and his mien was so dejected, that, though a strange thrill crept through her frame as she divined the cause of all this sad change, she could not refrain from exclaiming, as she presented herself to his notice, "Good Heavens! is this indeed you?"

He turned sharply, nervously round—how different was this from his active buoyancy of carriage in former days!—and, upon meeting that well-remembered face, shook as if a strong wind had swayed him to and fro. For a moment he did not speak; at last he faltered out, "Miss Vincent!"

"I am sorry to meet you so much of an invalid," said she, greatly shocked at the weakness of his appearance.

"I did not expect—I was told that you had left town."

"Only for its immediate neighbourhood—not too far, I hope, to prevent our renewing our acquaintance. Where is"——

"Have you not heard?" said he, in a tone of the utmost agony—

"Heard what?—but the street is not the place to talk in. I am returning home; cannot you accompany me, and any of your family who may be with you?"

"I am here alone!" cried he, with increasing bitterness; "I am a beggar; you will only demean yourself by seeking the society of such a wretched person; pass on, I pray you."

"Nay," said she, softly, "if—but will you not come home with me? I am a good nurse, and will make you a stronger man, than I am sorry to see you now, in less than a week."

He looked suspiciously at her, as if she were tempting him to his destruction, rather than to her kindly care. His whole nature seemed changed and shaken by some great calamity; but, strange though it may seem to those who have not studied the caprices of fancy, she never loved him more than at the moment when he was ungraciously declining her proffered hospitality. She soothed his irritability with so much gentle skill, that she managed to gain her point, and to lead him out of the town with her.

"You will find poor Antony in a worse condition than yourself," said she; "he was stricken with palsy a few months after you passed through ——, and has become almost idiotic."

"Ay—changed, changed!" muttered he between his teeth, "All is changed!"

She watched him stedfastly as he spoke, as though trying to find how much of the former man remained before her, and quietly led the way along the bank of the river. "I should hardly have asked you to walk so far," said she, "if I had any conveyance in my power to offer to you; and 'tis a desolate looking place in all appearance to which I am taking you—an old property of my father's—but I like it none the less for its being retired."

He said little, and, in fact, seemed to follow her from instinct. Her mind was running over with old remembrances, but, steady and energetic, she did not allow herself to be dismayed by the discouragements which stood before her. She concluded, from the deep mourning which Winter wore, that he must be a widower, but, for the present, asked no questions. After a long and slow walk, they reached the Tall House. It was more lonely, but not quite so desolate looking as it is to-day; for instead of the dreary suburbs and waste ground which now surround it, it was situated among sloping banks covered with a short greyish green grass and sea pinks, and commanded a peaceful view of the opposite bank of the river, not, as now, spotted with innumerable small houses.

"You will at all events be quiet here," said she, leading him into a parlour furnished with the self-same articles which had adorned her town habitation. How vividly did every object stir the memory of the bereaved invalid! He threw himself into the very same easy chair in which she was sitting when he first saw her. She took up his hat and gloves, and removed them quietly, almost fondly; then with her own hands sought out and brought him a glass of old wine: he recognised its very odour. She pressed him to drink it, and then sitting down composedly beside him, said, "Now, Mr. Winter, what is it that you have to tell me?"

He could not but be touched by her attention, and, ere he could speak, a gush of tears, such as rarely wets a man's cheek, burst from his eyes. "You are very weak," said she, "you must submit to be nursed."

"It is you who are very kind," answered he, mournfully; "I can make you no other return than a broken-hearted man's story; but you must already have been aware—you must have heard of the unfortunate death of my wife!"

A heavy, lumbering sound in the passage drowned Martha's exclamation of surprise. It was Antony, who, having seen from his window the unusual spectacle of a stranger's approach, had managed to crawl down as far as the sitting-room. He was now a ghastly object; his head shook incessantly, as though poised upon a thread; his complexion had become livid and greenish, and half of his body was rendered useless by the stroke which had also deprived him of his powers of speech. Upon seeing Winter, he eagerly raised up his living hand, and uttered a confused unintelligible babble, making motions, as well as he could, to express recognition and merriment. "This is too painful," said Martha, rising, and endeavouring, with some command of manner, to induce the miserable wretch to withdraw. She was compelled, however, to ring for a servant, as the stricken man resisted all her persuasions, and was at last removed to his own apartment only by a greater degree of force, which he resisted with such uncouth cries and gestures as were fearful to hear and to witness.

"I do not wonder that you are shocked," said Martha, when the door at last closed

upon Antony and his conductor; "I wish I could induce you to draw some comfort from the wretched state of my poor friend."

"Why," replied Winter, "say he has lost health and strength? Has he not also lost consciousness? What is that to the calamity which has befallen me?—You did not know that I was a widower as well as a beggared man?"

"No—she had never been told it—she had found his note indeed"—

"That note," said he, "I wrote on the eve of my hurried departure for Antigua; I would fain have left my poor Emily to your generous protection, but the Almighty decreed it otherwise."

"I am thunderstruck," said Martha; "did not Mrs. Winter?"—

"You shall hear—you shall hear. I received within a few months after my marriage, tidings that my iniquitous guardian intended stripping me of my inheritance, for which, in fact, he had been long preparing. My immediate presence in Antigua was, therefore, judged to be necessary. We determined to come hither. My wife's confinement was at hand: our plan was to await it, and then, as soon as possible, to undertake the voyage. But, upon our arrival, we discovered that a ship, the last of the season, was on the point of sailing. What was to be done? Poor Emily, whose spirit was equal to any emergency, would willingly have run the chance of our infant's being born at sea, had not our hasty journey hither brought on an indisposition which made it, as the medical man said whom I was compelled to call in, worse than death for her to proceed further. It was a grievous strait—I was already by much too late, so that further delay was, for me, out of the question. I bethought me of your kindness—I sought you out, and left a message for you, recommending my ill-fated wife to your care and compassion. I had previously placed her in lodgings which seemed comfortable and quiet, and tenanted by people of principle: but an evil fate attended all my arrangements.

"You may think with what feelings I set out upon my voyage; but they were trifling with those I was compelled to endure upon my arrival in Antigua. My wicked guardian, by bribing witnesses, and destroying documents, had so succeeded in perplexing the question of my rights, that I soon saw that I had no hope of justice, or even a moderate compensation for the loss of my inheritance; and I began to be on the rack for news from England. Merciful Heaven! The first letter which reached me was one from my wife's cousin directed *to her!* It was clear that Emily had never written to her, as she had promised;—she must be ill—she must be dead, if her own relations had never heard from her. The thought of such a calamity drove me frantic, and the climate, and the vexation of my spirit, soon prostrated me on a sick bed. My doctor said that I ought to have died of my fever, according to the laws of medicine.

"To be brief—I came home, a ruined man, haunted by the most terrible forebodings. The worst, and more than the worst, were realised. The people in whose house I had left my wife were needy and unprincipled, and, afraid, it seems, of being taken to prison for debt, had left their dwelling in the middle of the night. When the doctor came in the morning to see his patient, he found no one to receive him. After many vain attempts, he raised the neighbours; they broke into the house; a little wretched furniture was all that those incarnate fiends had left behind them; they had carried away with them my wife's little stock of jewels, clothes, and money, and, it is conjectured, must have escaped to America. If so, they left port only one tide after me, and I remember all that night trying to console myself with thinking in what respectable hands I had left my poor Emily!

"Then came the dreadful question, whither had she gone?—how perished?—for that she had perished, was past all doubt. I sought in every churchyard, I inquired of every sexton, but in vain. At last I bethought me of hospitals. I went to the Infirmary—I discovered there—I found—O Lord, have mercy upon me!"—and he broke off with such violent and convulsive agitation, that Martha was compelled to support him, and to guess at the remainder of his melancholy story.

Three months after this, Matthew Winter and Martha Vincent were married. There were now so few who troubled themselves to watch the Beauty's proceedings, that there was little notice taken of the occasion. Within that time, Winter had been partially restored to health by her constant and patient care, and Antony Barrett had died, or, as his nurse had said, "his life had gone out;"—and what was so natural as that the two unconnected ones should unite their fortunes? Nothing, surely; and yet there

lurked in the minds of some one or two sagacious personages, a strong feeling of disapprobation against them both, and of repugnance to the idea of their marriage. Some wondered, some prophesied that no good could come of it. Nobody laughed with them, or at them, and, what is rare, when so much beauty and wealth are concerned, ever thought of envying either bride or bridegroom.

And was his first gentle wife entirely and so soon forgotten?—and was Martha as content with her gratified wish as she had expected? I imagine not; for, though peace and good understanding seemed to exist between them, there was nothing more, none of that household cheerfulness which makes husband and wife look forward with pleasant thoughts to the gathering-time of evening, none of that confidence which makes interchange of hope and memory a part of existence. They were long childless, and, in the interval which passed between their wedding and the expectation of offspring, he grew stupid, she superstitious. He seemed to become indifferent to any occurrence of the passing hour. She began to reckon time by its omens, and to find mysterious meaning in the wild changes upon the water and in the sky. She grew pale, she lost her beauty, but her husband, if he noticed any change in her appearance, attributed it to any cause but the right one. They never walked together, they paid and received no visits, but exhibited the sad and unnatural picture of two young persons living on from day to day without expectation or enjoyment.

At last, however, it became probable that a few months would make Martha a mother; but this prospect, which fills so many a house with the gladness of lively anticipation, brought little cheer to the Tall House. On the contrary, Martha's spirits drooped lower and lower every day; at last she ceased to speak except when spoken to, and then replied only in monosyllables. Her husband did one day say that they must change their residence for a more cheerful one, but he never repeated it, and made no further remark on her increasing depression.

It chanced that one night he was more wakeful than usual. Their chamber overlooked the river; and as he lay still upon his sleepless pillow, he could distinctly see, revealed in the moonlight that streamed fitfully out from among the rent white clouds, the dull level plain of waters which lay before him, unbroken by any ship, and its boundary only to be guessed at by the twinkling of some chance light in a window on the opposite shore of the river. He surveyed this melancholy scene long and silently. At length, he said, almost involuntarily, "This is New-Year's day—how well do I remember it six years ago!"

"I, too, have not forgotten it," said a mournful voice close at his side. It was his wife who spoke.

"Have you been awake long?"

"I have not yet slept," she replied; "is it not nearly three o'clock?"

Her husband drew his repeater from under the pillow, and struck it—"Just three."

"This time six years ago," sighed Martha, I was standing by the fire, and——Husband," continued she, more firmly, "I am resolved to make a confession to you. I have never been quite myself since poor Antony's death; and, I do not know why, I feel as if I must speak now or never; will you promise me to lie quite still while I tell you?"

"O Martha, what—what does this solemn beginning mean?"

"Hush!" she cried, grasping his arm convulsively,—"was there not a step on the floor?—There—again!—I am sure I heard a step!"

"I can hear only the rippling of the water."

"Only?—no one sighing behind the curtain?—Take care of me!—I am afraid" —and she pressed his arm more convulsively than before.

"You need not be frightened, my love," said her husband, soothingly; "if you have any care upon your mind, speak to me fearlessly, and at once. I will help you to bear it. I have long felt—I have long known that some mystery was between us. Do not tremble—collect yourself—we are alone together; you cannot see my face, and I will hold my arm round you while you tell me."

"I *must* speak," said she, vehemently—"I *must* tell you all before our child is born! This night six years ago, I vowed to poor Antony that I would marry you."

"Well, my love, and is this your mighty secret? Would you rake up the embers of my vanity, by telling me that you fell in love with me at first sight? It will not do" —and he sighed, for he, too, was busy with memory.

"Oh! how hard you make it for me to tell you! but—surely, surely, I heard some one's hand upon the latch!"

"You deceive yourself; Martha—my wife—is this agitation, this terror, the work of a guilty conscience?"

"Ay—now when you speak sternly to me, my tongue is unloosed, and I can dare to tell you; but you promised to lie still and listen to me.—You will never do so more!"

"What?" cried Winter, starting up.

She retained him with the same earnest clasp. "I would linger, I would conceal—O Matthew! I am a wretch, a murderess, if not in deed, in heart a murderess! You are still now; do you hear me?" she shouted; "speak to me, if you would not have me go mad!—if you would not"——

"Go on," said he, hoarsely.

"I will—I will! I will tell you how the reports which darkened the fair fame of my father, which have followed me all my life, rendered me bold and reckless, at an age when other girls shrink from their own imaginations. In my pride, I boasted that whatever I chose, I could compass. I saw you—I loved you.—I vowed that I would make you mine:—you married another!"

"Woman! would you torture me beyond the power of endurance? Is it not enough that death should deprive me of one I loved so well—whom I love still—and must you bring it back to me again?—you"——

"Rail on! I can bear it!" cried she, every moment becoming more and more excited; "tell me that you never have loved me, that you never *could* love me! I deserve it! I can abide it! You know you went to Antigua—you left your wife behind you."

"Well?"

"They with whom she lodged deserted her—robbed her. She arose in the midst of her delirium—she came to *me!*"

"To you!—deceitful—cruel!"

"Ay, and worse!—she came to me with the fever upon her!—it was late at night, and I was alone in the house with Antony, for the servants had left me. They used to say that the old man walked, and I do think that I have seen him myself—Ha! ha! ha!—but I was always stout-hearted, and never believed in ghosts—Look! look! yonder, at the bed's foot!"

"You are raving, Martha!" said her husband, striving to controul the horrible suggestions which began to arise.

"I am not raving! I am wide awake, and you, Matthew Winter—you are here beside me!—I say, your first wife came to me and asked me for shelter; I said that I would give it to her. I went up stairs and called Antony; he was reading an old book about witches; see how cool I am, if I can remember this!—I told him she was very ill; he said that he would doctor her. He asked me whether he might not; I understood him, but I said, no, that she should go to the Infirmary. Antony told me she might die by the way, and so, between us, we settled it. He was a strong man, and carried her out into the streets; she could make no resistance, for, you see, it would have looked ill to have had her taken from our house. He met two men, and told them he had found her lying on the pavement, and among them they got a cart, and put her in, and away they drove,—and then, you know, husband, when she was dead, who could there be for you but me? O we managed cunningly!—and now you are mine—mine—mine for ever!"

She sank upon his shoulder with a faint hysteric laugh, and clenched her long fingers firmly together; her arms were round his neck—her head dropped like a weight of lead against him—Matthew Winter held a corpse in his arms!

THE EMIGRANTS.

BY AGNES S. TAYLOR.

By education most have been misled;
So they believe, because they were so bred.—DRYDEN.

To the vices of education, to the notions imbibed from the prejudices of rank and affluence, to the want of having felt the real ills of human society—of having struggled against poverty, of having endured privation—may be attributed much of the discomfort and unhappiness, and, I may add, much of the absence of morality seen in the domestic circles of the wealthy. Children scoffing at their parents, brothers and sisters in perpetual strife, wives despising their husbands, and husbands either neglecting

the most deserving of wives or escaping from a heartless partner and an uncomfortable home, are among the constantly occurring evils to be found in these circles. If we trace the immediate and active cause whence these evils are derived, we shall find it to be pride—pride of birth, pride of station, pride of riches—not the pride attached to what the phrenologists term the organ of self-esteem, but a pride produced by an improper education, by the early habit of exacting obedience from fawning menials and sycophantic acquaintances—in a word, by being taught from infancy, that lineage, or station, or wealth, raises a human being to great superiority over his fellows, and justifies his despising them. It is this pride that I would fain deprecate; and if against it I raise, in deep humility, my very feeble voice, let me not be thought presumptuous, for I address only the younger members of my own sex. Woman is said to be the "weaker vessel;"—assuredly she is so, and from this very circumstance, is predisposed to be acted upon in an exaggerated degree by the pride I have mentioned. The social effect of this feeling is to divest her of many of the striking and amiable qualities which constitute good wives and good mothers. When we see hauteur, and superciliousness, and contempt, and affectation, the characteristics of a woman, we may infer that, whatever other qualities she may possess, they cannot prevent the web of unhappiness from being closely woven round her domestic hearth. On the other hand, gentleness, affability, a kind consideration for every one, and entire absence of affectation, indicate the beloved parent, the adored and respected partner; even when devoid of high intellectual endowments she is admirable, but when so gifted and duly appreciated, there cannot be a more perfect mortal.

In illustration of what I wish to present to the young readers of my own sex, I offer the following plain narrative. It contains no striking incidents—nothing soul-stirring—nothing even to kindle emotion; but it shows a contrast between two young females, closely allied to each other, produced by education, and the results to which such contrast led. It is an anecdote of a family, some of whose members are still alive; I have, therefore, altered names and places, in such a manner, that no domestic privacy shall be intruded upon.

At the close of the last century, among so many of the unfortunate French nobility compelled to seek refuge in England, were the Duke de Varenne and his only daughter. Various and humiliating had been their struggles before they could reach a country whose hospitality was to serve them instead the home from which they had been driven; and their sufferings had been much increased by the assumption, on even the most trivial occasions, of that arrogant bearing which five and twenty years of suffering and exile and two revolutions have been unable to subdue in the very small remnant still remaining of the feudal aristocracy of anti-revolutionary France. The Duke de Varenne had all the defects, and none of the redeeming qualities of his race, except personal bravery. He was devoid of talent, but a perfect master of the forms of polished society; he was the best bred of men, but one of the worst informed. Proud, overbearing, presumptuous, and arrogant, he was haughty with his equals, supercilious and exacting towards his inferiors; still there was a craftiness about him that made him assume, when he had any interested purpose to answer, feelings very different from those he really professed.

The duke, when a young man, had been attached to the embassy from the French to the Austrian court. Whilst at Vienna, in the capacity of *Secrétaire d'Ambassade*, he had married a German lady of high birth, and large fortune. This amiable and accomplished woman, had given him a son and daughter, but the latter only had survived the age of childhood. The Duchess de Varenne was joint heiress with her sister to very large domains in the Austrian States. A division of the property had been made, on the marriage of the two sisters, at the same period, the one to the Duke de Varenne, the other to the Count Rudolphe Von Brugher, a Hungarian noble. Shortly after the birth of a daughter, the countess Von Brugher died, and was soon followed by her husband, who outlived her only a few months. Christine Von Brugher, thus left an orphan, was placed under the guardianship of her uncle the Duke de Varenne, who was to obtain, in behalf of his daughter, the whole of the property belonging to Christine, if the latter died without children, or took the veil, which the unprincipled Frenchman secretly resolved he would compel her to do.

On the death of her father, Christine Von Brugher was sent to Paris to reside with her guardian. She was then scarcely

two years old. Blanche de Varenne, the duke's daughter, was a year older. The Duchess de Varenne became a second mother to her sister's orphan child, and the two cousins began their education under the superintendence of this excellent woman.

Both children evinced the most happy and amiable disposition, under the guidance of their kind monitress; but she was unfortunately snatched from them, to a higher sphere, when Blanche had just completed her ninth year, and Christine had reached her eighth. It was said that cruel treatment by the duke had hastened his lady's end. After a certain time given to the etiquette of mourning, the duke made very extensive alterations in his household establishment. Christine was speedily sent to a convent in Italy, to keep her out of sight; and Blanche was placed under the charge of a governess, whom the stern father had selected, as a pattern of pride and sycophancy, to educate his daughter, and render her the worthy representative of four and twenty generations of the proudest blood in France.

Until the period of the death of the amiable Duchess de Varenne, and under the instruction of this excellent mother, Blanche bid fair to excel, not only in talents, but in meekness of temper and kindness of heart. There was in her the germ of goodness which, had it been nurtured to maturity, would have blossomed forth and ripened into goodly fruit. But, from the moment her father took charge of her education, he directed it according to his own notion, and Blanche de Varenne grew up, exquisite in loveliness, superior in accomplishments, but proud, vain-glorious, and arrogant. From the age of fifteen, her hand was sought by the proudest of the French nobles; but the political troubles which had long been fermenting throughout the kingdom were beginning to find a vent, and to place the feudal lords of France in jeopardy. Many of them emigrated with their princes, many also temporised, and remained, hoping that the storm would ultimately blow over. The Duke, however, thought that all notions of forming a new family alliance by the marriage of Blanche should be postponed till more propitious times.

Among those nobles who still clung to their native land, was the Duke de Varenne; he was anxious to preserve his property in France, as well as his political influence. I have already stated that to answer his own ends he could assume principles foreign to his creed. He according sought the acquaintance of Mirabeau, and even went so far as to hold forth at some of the clubs. But the death of Mirabeau, followed by the fall of the Girondins, and the dreadful atrocities committed by the Convention, at length compelled the Duke de Varenne and Blanche to seek safety in flight to a foreign land—though this safety was often endangered on the road, by the arrogant and presumptuous conduct of both father and daughter.

Meanwhile, Christine de Brugher had been educated at a convent, in the vicinity of Pisa; and she had fortunately fallen into good hands. At this convent boarded an English lady, a Roman catholic, who, having lost her husband, during a tour through Italy for his health, and having no children, and but few relatives, had resolved to pass the remainder of her days in this quiet sanctuary, where she could gaze at the world from a distance, and prepare to join, in a better world, him whose image still clung to her widowed heart. Lady Elizabeth Vere was a highly accomplished woman; the orphan Christine interested her greatly, and she resolved to break the monotony of her life, by devoting her leisure time to the education of this interesting child. Christine's mind thrived and expanded under the guidance of this excellent woman, who was removed from her by the hand of death, only a few months before the period at which my narrative commences. Christine's guardian had given strict directions that the mind of the orphan should be constantly directed to a cloistered life, as the only destiny in reserve for her; and that she should be kept in strict ignorance of her possessing any inheritance from her parents. Lady Elizabeth Vere, however, knew the family history, and when she thought her pupil of sufficient age to receive the information, communicated to her the exact situation in which she was placed with reference to her guardian. She was much shocked at the intelligence, and though young, gentle, and timid, resolved to run every risk to free herself from the thraldom of her rapacious kinsman.

For some years previous to the emigration of the Duke de Varenne, he had bestowed much time upon his daughter. Under his stern dictates her soul had acquired that masculine tone which, if carried

to agreat extent, renders woman uninteresting and unamiable. He watched her studies with intense anxiety, and encouraged by all the means in his power the development of the pride and ambition which, after the death of her mother, he had implanted in her then plastic mind. It is true she differed from him in one essential point: he affected to encourage the opening dawn of freedom in France, but was violently hostile to it;—she, on the contrary, was sincere in her admiration of it, though she dared not avow such a feeling to her father.

On their arrival in England, the Duke de Varenne and his daughter were most hospitably received by the Earl of Winterton, whose lady was a relative of the Duke. Lord Winterton was one of those sporting noblemen of the last century who have a certain hearty affection for their wives and children, a love of strong-bodied port, and a frenzy for riding at a break-neck rate after a pack of hounds, and clearing every dangerous fence lying in their way. The Earl had a most amiable partner and a son and daughter of whom any father might be proud; but his chief pride was applied to his hunters, his racers, and his hounds, and the happiest time of his life was spent in the field.

Merry it is in the good green wood,
When the mavis and merle are singing;
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing *.

I need hardly say that he and the Countess received their kinsfolks with the greatest hospitality; and though the Earl had a national antipathy to any thing French, still he was not sorry that the Lady Ellen, "his pretty little, timid, country lily," as he called her, should enjoy the society of the all-accomplished and much talked-of Blanche de Varenne. This haughty lady did not however realise all the expectations formed from her intercourse with Lady Ellen. Beautiful she certainly was, and exquisitely so; but her lovely features were often distorted by an expression of scorn and ill-disguised anger. She could not help betraying her feelings, especially when after putting on, at her father's request, her blandest smiles and exerting all her fascinations to endeavour to persuade the old Earl to take some steps with the English Government for the recovery of a portion of their property situated in some of the French colonies that had fallen into our possession, he would reply—

"Don't be in a hurry—sorry for it—can't be helped—plenty of room for you at Winterton Park, so make yourselves happy. Must wait a little, and see how matters turn out. Talk about it, however, another time—must go hunting now—bay mare waiting for me this half hour."

This was invariably the sum and substance of the Earl's reply whenever she mentioned the subject to him. The amiable Ellen tried to soothe her fair guest, but in vain: Blanche was too fond of power to be so easily appeased, and her thirst for rule increased in proportion as her chance of exercising it appeared to diminish. At this juncture, the Earl's son, Lord Morton, returned to Winterton from a tour he had been making in the North of Europe.

Lord Morton was about eight-and-twenty years of age, of strikingly handsome person, superior intellect, and gifted with all the endowments of an extensively cultivated mind. He was of a sanguine and enthusiastic disposition, and an ardent lover of all that is noble and generous. He had, however, one blemish: he was vain of his person and of his acquirements;—it was not the vanity of a coxcomb, but a kind of exaggerated self-love which the friction of time's hand at length wore down to a surface so even with his good qualities, that not a trace of it remained in after-life. His return to Winterton had been rather unexpected; and indeed he had hastened it from curiosity not only to behold his beautiful kinswoman, but to ascertain the effect that he should produce upon her;—nor in this respect were the whisperings of his self-approbation illusory.

Now, Lord Morton's vanity was not very apparent, and therefore not offensive, and Blanche had not the mortification to perceive that he expected to make an easy conquest of her, provided her beauty produced any impression upon him. And a deep impression it did produce. Blanche de Varenne was, at this period, in her twentieth year. Of a commanding figure, though not too tall, she moved along with the dignity of a queen, but with the ease and gracefulness of the bounding deer. Her large hazel eyes, surrounded with long dark eyelashes, could either appal by their glance, or fascinate by their blandness of expression. Her skin was of dazzling whiteness, and the bloom of health mantling

* Lady of the Lake.

upon her cheeks imparted an indescribable loveliness to her finely chiselled features. Lord Morton bowed at the shrine of beauty, and the blandishments of Blanche, who had become gentle as a dove, completely fixed him to her car.

But how had such a change been wrought in the haughty Blanche—in her who had ruled her lovers at the French court with an iron sceptre—so as to convert her arrogance into gentleness, her scorn into the blandest affability? Was the change real? Could it be credited that the daughter of the proud Duke de Varenne had positively got rid, in a few weeks, of those passions which her father had spent years in inculcating and developing in her mind? The change was certainly assumed, but love had induced her to assume it. On knowing Lord Morton, she had loved for the first time, and the aim of her ambition seemed now to be to induce reciprocity. Very few hours of intercourse with Lord Morton had shown her that pride and sternness of character would excite his disgust; and as from the very first moment she saw him, she was anxious he should think well of her, she began to dissemble. Her father could not comprehend the change: he was indeed eager to secure Morton as a son-in-law, but still he could not understand how a well-born gentleman could prefer a meek and puling miss, to a high-spirited girl full of dignity and praiseworthy pride.

Blanche had another motive in seeking to gain the affections of her relative. She had vainly attempted to secure the exertions and interest of the Earl of Winterton to recover a portion of the family possessions of the Duke de Varenne. Her failure had wounded her pride: she was mortified, and determined to carry her point; and she thought that if she became the wife of Lord Morton, the earl's influence would no longer be withheld, but applied to gratify the wishes of her father, for whom she certainly felt great affection.

As time sped on his everlasting journey, the lovers became more intimate and better pleased with each other, until at length Lord Morton tendered his vows, which were accepted by Blanche with ready candour. The Earl of Winterton's consent was easily obtained, for since the return of Lord Morton, the lovely Frenchwoman had by her wiles fascinated the fox-hunting father, as well as the elegant son. Morton loved or fancied he loved with an eternal affection, and Blanche seemed to him the sole possible object of his earthly worship. Alas! how was he mistaken. Her beauty had seduced him; her apparent gentleness had won his heart, but the more he examined her mind, though he found it of a high order, the less was he satisfied with the examination; for now and then she could not help letting him look a little too deeply into the secret recesses of her heart.

In the midst of these palmy days of love and courtship, Lord Morton was suddenly appointed ambassador extraordinary to the grand Duke of Tuscany, and ordered to embark for Leghorn without loss of time. As the lovers were not to be united until Blanche had attained her twenty-first year, this appointment was considered desirable by the earl, who urged his son to go. After a very pathetic leave-taking, and many tears shed by Blanche, Lord Morton embarked in the Ranger, a sloop of war of twenty guns, appointed to convey him to his destination. On the second day after they had passed the straits of Gibraltar, a strange sail appeared on the horizon. As they neared it, they perceived it to be a frigate of the smaller class. The stranger bore down upon them and hoisted the tricolour flag of the French Republic "One and Indivisible." She turned out to be the Nereide of thirty guns. Notwithstanding her great superiority of strength, the Ranger prepared to sustain the honour of the British flag. It is not my province to describe a sea-fight; I shall, therefore, only say that after broadside upon broadside had produced an immense sacrifice of human life, the Ranger by a scientific manœuvre fell on board of the enemy, and the brave British tars having jumped upon the Frenchman's deck, made so good a use of their pistols and cutlasses, that in less than ten minutes they remained in undisputed possession of the frigate. Lord Morton, who had headed a party of boarders, was severely wounded. The prize was despatched to Gibraltar, and the Ranger proceeded to Leghorn where she arrived in safety. Soon after Lord Morton's arrival at Florence, his wound became so troublesome, that he was advised to travel through Italy for change of air. In his letters to England, he stated that his wound had been but slight, and was perfectly healed; so that no apprehension was felt by the inmates of Winterton Park. Having therefore announced to his father and to Blanche that he was about to make a tour

through those parts of Italy which were yet secure from the inroads of the French armies, he began his journey.

One evening, Lord Morton, faint and weary from his day's travelling, and suffering great pain from his wound, which had become much irritated, had determined to appeal to the hospitality of the master of the first tolerably looking house he should pass, when the axle-tree of his carriage gave way just as he reached the gate of a large building by the road side. This gate was surmounted by the emblem of Christian redemption, and a considerable space round the building being enclosed by a high wall, indicated that the accident had occurred at the gate of a convent. An application was instantly made to the Lady Abbess and the sick traveller whose name and rank had been duly announced, was conducted to the stranger's apartment where every attention was paid to him which his state of suffering required.

Lord Morton passed a restless night, and the next morning was in a raging fever, the exacerbations of which produced violent delirium. A monk of a neighbouring convent, who was a skilful physician, was immediately sent for. In the course of a few days he subdued the violence of the paroxysm; but the patient remained so weak, that it was nearly three weeks before he could leave his room. His state of disease, combined with his high rank, had in the meantime excited immense sympathy among the sisterhood of the convent, who, having but little variety in their cloistered existence, found the arrival and prolonged illness of the British Ambassador-extraordinary, an event that would afford ample materials for wonderment and for conversation during several months to come. Each sister, each novice, each boarder, and even each lay-sister, was eager to behold the handsome Englishman, the fame of whose beauty and generosity had been eagerly spread by those whose services were put in requisition for his convenience.

At length, one day Lord Morton was allowed to leave his room and take the air in the convent garden, where a chair was placed for him under the shade of a wide-branched horse-chestnut tree. The nuns were not allowed to appear, and the novices and boarders were strictly forbidden to intrude upon the sick stranger's privacy. Occasionally Morton perceived some of them flitting about him, attracted no doubt by curiosity to behold the interesting Englishman. All at last had disappeared, when suddenly a beautiful girl in the garb of a novice stood before him. He rose and listened with respect as she addressed him.

"My Lord Morton," said she, with a pure English accent, but in a tremulous voice, "you see before you an oppressed girl. Knowing the rank and influence you enjoy in your own country, and the respect in which you are held, I have ventured to seek you and entreat your assistance, because my oppressor resides in England, and is about to be closely allied to you. As an English nobleman and a man of honour, you will not refuse me your aid."

"Certainly not—but pray tell me who you are, how you have been oppressed, and in what I can assist you."

"I am Christine Von Brugher; I have been shut up in this convent ever since I was eight years of age, and am now to be compelled to take the veil against my will, in order that my guardian, the Duke de Varenne, may apply my inheritance to the purposes of his ambition."

"The Duke de Varenne! Why, I understood from your cousin Blanche, that you were left an orphan, solely dependent upon his bounty, and that taking the veil was your own choice."

Christine burst into tears. She had retained an affectionate remembrance of Blanche, whose disposition at that period resembled her own. This misrepresentation by her cousin greatly shocked her, and, after yielding a moment to her agitation, she gave Lord Morton a succinct account of her situation, supporting her statements by the evidence of written documents, and especially by a letter from the Duke de Varenne, threatening her with the full weight of his vengeance, should she offer any further resistance to his determination that she should become a nun. In a moment, Lord Morton saw the full extent of the duke's villany, and resolved instantly to proceed to England, and see Christine righted before he claimed Blanche as his bride.

Christine left him with feelings of gratitude, on his assuring her that he would stand her advocate with her guardian. She begged that her application to him might be concealed from the abbess, as it might involve her in the inflictions of convent discipline. He had just assured her that her wish should be complied with, and was

expressing a hope that he should see the fair maiden again before his departure, when she suddenly waved her hand, and rapidly withdrew. The cause of this speedy retreat was the advance of Father Giovanni, the physician, whose tread upon the gravel-walk the acute ears of the novice had detected some time before he became visible to his patient.

The appearance of Christine Von Brugher, and her tale, formed matter of deep meditation for Morton. His intended father-in-law was then a base scoundrel! But this was no fault of Blanche's, and she was not answerable for her father's crimes. Surely Blanche was not cognisant of the fact that her cousin was oppressed and sacrificed, and despoiled of her inheritance. Such were Morton's thoughts; at the same time, the soft and winning beauty of Christine dwelt upon his mind, though he felt that Blanche had his heart. Still was he anxious again to behold the cousin of his betrothed, for he longed to ascertain whether her mind corresponded with the loveliness of her person.

Ten monotonous days thus passed away; Lord Morton was rapidly gaining strength, and was meditating an early departure from the convent, when one afternoon he strolled into the garden for the purpose of breathing the fresh air, and partly also with a remote hope of once more seeing Christine Von Brugher. After sauntering for some time, he perceived that the sky had become overcast and threatened a heavy shower. Seeing a small summer-house at the end of a clump of old elm trees, he approached and entered. It was fortunate he did so, for he had not been long seated when the black louring clouds sent forth their contents in torrents of water; the lightning flashed through the sultry atmosphere, and Morton was regretting that he had ventured out on so unpropitious an evening, when he perceived the fair novice who occupied his thoughts, walking hastily forward in hopes of reaching the great portal of the convent before the storm increased; but at that moment a tall and aged elm which had withstood the shock of many tempests, was split asunder by the electric fluid and fell to the ground. Though Christine was beyond danger from its fall, some of the smaller branches of the stricken tree caught in the back of her dress, and she was thrown down. Morton, immediately sprang to her assistance, raised and conveyed her to the summer-house, where he induced her to remain until the storm abated.

It would be an impossible task were I to attempt accounting for the apparent contradictions in man, which are much more numerous than those attributed to my own sex. Certain it is that Lord Morton, though still loving, nay adoring the Lady Blanche, met the young novice as often as possible, and took immense delight in drawing out the resources of her richly endowed mind, as well as in admiring her extraordinary beauty, and the unaffected gentleness and simplicity of her manners; nor would he allow himself to think for an instant that in doing so, he violated the rules of delicacy or honour. He regretted to think that one so young, so well calculated to adorn society should be compelled to bury herself in a cloister, and to pine away her monotonous existence in *ennui* and despair. He contemplated her release from captivity, and solemnly resolved that upon the accomplishment of this wish, which was only an act of justice, should depend his union with Blanche, unless the acts of her father towards her cousin were contrary to her own avowed wish.

Lord Morton had also made a strong impression upon Christine, although the poor girl was unaware of its nature, and attributed it to a mere sisterly feeling towards the man who was to redeem her from captivity, and bring her into a world she had not yet beheld.

At length, the elegant Englishman took his departure, after bestowing a princely donation on the convent, as an acknowledgment of the hospitality and attention he had received. His late illness had completely healed his wound, and he was now in better health and spirits than he had been ever since he received it. He proceeded to England by rapid journeys, and reached his native land in about three weeks from the time he left the convent.

It was a lovely evening in autumn when Lord Morton entered the spacious park that encircled his paternal mansion. As he advanced towards the shrubberies near the house, he perceived a form which he could not mistake. It was indeed Blanche. In a moment he was by her side and would have caught her in his arms, but she coldly drew back.

"In truth, my Lord," she said, "you had better reserve your caresses for my cousin Christine, of whom you make such honour-

able mention in your letters to me, and that too at my noble father's expense."

"Good God, Blanche, what mean you? Are you really cognizant of the iniquity which your father has practised upon your innocent cousin, and do you approve of it? Speak I entreat you—for my future happiness depends upon your reply."

"*I am*, Morton," exclaimed the haughty girl, thrown off her guard; "and I uphold my father in it."

"Then Blanche my union with you depends upon you performing an act of justice to your cousin; and unless that be done, we can never be more to each other than we are at present."

"Fool, dolt, dost thou think that I ever sought or cared for thy alliance? Thou must be weak indeed to have been so moved by the complaints of a whining girl only fit to live and die in a convent—But no!—excuse me, dear Morton!—ask any thing but this—I love you beyond all the world; but I also love my father, and will not have his ambition thwarted. Ask me any thing but this, and I am your own Blanche for ever."

"No, Blanche, the film has now fallen from my eyes. Your beauty, your wit, dazzled, fascinated me—I now see you in your true character. You have qualities the very reverse of those I could wish in a wife: I must have gentleness and goodness as well as talent. Blanche, we can never be happy together and must therefore part."

"Thou art beneath my contempt," Blanche replied with almost mad vehemence, "I scorn, loathe, and detest thee, and thus I tear thee from a heart in which thou oughtest never to have dwelt."

So saying she tore from her bosom a miniature portrait of Morton, threw it on the ground and stamped upon it until not a trace of the features remained. In this occupation Morton left her.

* * * * *

But I must close my tale. The rapid conquests of that wonderful man who afterwards filled the world with his renown, rendered the convent near Pisa an insecure residence for Christine, who under the auspices of Lord Morton, and his father the Earl of Winterton, had commenced proceedings against the Duke de Varenne before the tribunals of Austria. Lord Morton accordingly proceeded to Florence, and having obtained an order from the Grand Duke and from the Pope's Legate for her removal, brought her to Winterton Park, where she soon became the cherished friend of his sister Lady Ellen Desbrow. A decree in Christine's favour being at length obtained from the judicial authorities at Vienna, the care of her property was taken from the Duke, and placed in other hands, until she became of age. Proceedings were also begun in London, and the Duke de Varenne was arrested for the arrears of income from Christine's estate, which he had applied to his own use. After a vexatious defence, and an attempt to get the case fixed within the inextricable labyrinth of a chancery suit, the faithless Duke was compelled to refund.

Lord Morton soon became deeply enamoured of Christine; but it was a feeling far different from that with which he had regarded Blanche: it was that love which never occurs but once, because it is founded upon the qualities of the mind. How he sped in his suit I shall not here stop to tell: it suffices to say that twelve months after Christine's arrival in England, and on the day she reached her twenty-first year, she became the bride of Lord Morton, who though now a grandfather, has never felt his happiness less keen than on the day he first married.

The lady Blanche, about two years after the union of Morton and Christine, became the wife of Sir Philip Winter, a liberal member of the House of Commons, whom her pride and intolerable arrogance forced to separate from her after a year of conjugal misery.

The Duke de Varenne returned to Paris, and his hotel and his vassals, (for happily a great part of his estates, not having been sold as national property, was restored to him,) in 1815 with Louis XVIII. He now became a member of the society of the *Sacré Cœur*, was a Saint, washed the feet of twelve beggars, and fancied he could not lose his way in the path to heaven which he had chosen. He died in great odour of sanctity, in his eightieth year, on the 25th of July 1830, a few days only prior to the expulsion of Charles X. from the throne of the Bourbons.

THE CASKET OF FATE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

FATE from his star-paved throne on high
Looked down with angry, eagle eye
—"And are," he said, "Heaven's gifts to earth
So lightly prized—so little worth?
Must Truth and Hope and Joy and Love,
Fair heralds from our realms above,
Unshadowed children of the light,
The deathless, holy, pure and bright,
Be emblem'd by a fleeting *flower*,
The blooming shadow of an hour?
Are there not mimic *stars* below—
Bright symbols of these orbs of ours—
Rich gems of fire that burn and glow—
Thro' earth and sea—*undying* flowers?
Why kindles Nature's lavish smile
Such gleams of rainbow-glory, while
In ocean-cave or orient mine
Unheeded and unprized they shine,
While feelings pure, that well might seem,
Betokened by their fadeless beam,
Virtues to whom, as type, is given
Each her peculiar star in Heaven!
Are doomed to see their token brief
Expiring in a fragile leaf!

"Go search the cave, the mine, the sea,
And bring in casket rich to me
All radiant jewels ye may find,
Of each the loveliest of its kind.
Be sure the sun of Eastern mines,
The lightning diamond mid them shines
The starlight pearl—the ruby's ray—
The rich and misty onyx-gleam—
The pure cornelian's shadowy play—
The sapphire's smile—the beryl's beam."

His casket brought, he summon'd all
Our Passions to his palace-hall,
All Feelings and all Powers that in
The human mind may entrance win,
And bade each choose a gem henceforth,
To be her signet-stone on earth.
Proud Genius first "with eyes inspired,"
And hand by high Ambition fired,
In daring clasp a diamond caught,
And laid it on his brow of thought.
Then each in turn the jewel chose
That fairest to her fancy rose.
And last of all, and most serene,
Fair Virtue with majestic mien,

Of spirit far too pure and high
To care for gems, drew slowly nigh.
One stone was left—all looked aghast
That *she* should have the least and last!
But Virtue, with a meaning smile,
The dim asbestos took the while,
And calmly with her treasure turned
Where wildest flames all fiercely burned,
With fearless step and brow-like light,
On thro' the fire unharm'd she press'd,
Then show'd the stone more purely white,
Reposing on her holy breast!
The train beheld the charm in wonder wild,
And Fate, stern Fate, on conquering Virtue smiled!

THE PARIAH.

(*Concluded from our last Number.*)

"For several days I was in extreme danger, and suffered greatly, but my sufferings were much abated by the kind attentions of the lovely Pariah. She was almost constantly at my side, and when her father returned from his daily and laborious task in the forest, he evinced likewise a tenderness towards my helpless condition which I probably should have looked for in vain among my own countrymen. Here were two beings excluded from all respectable intercourse with their kind, and frequently reduced to the saddest bereavements, possessing hearts overflowing with the highest sympathies of humanity, and minds equal to the appreciation of things far above the level of ordinary understandings, and yet they were classed with the basest and most dissolute of their kind. It was a grievous reflection. My determination was made to raise them from the sad debasement to which they were consigned by a social custom outraging every principle of justice.

"Upon the sixth day after my accident, finding myself in a state to be moved, I despatched the father of my young nurse to the outpost of which I had the command, with tidings of my safety, desiring that a palankeen should be immediately sent for my removal. The native officer who commanded under me had, it appears, concluded I must have fallen a prey either to tigers or banditti, and, when my messenger arrived, was about to forward a despatch to head-quarters, representing my absence and his suspicions. In the course of the day, a palankeen was brought, and I was removed to more comfortable quarters; yet the absence of the interesting Pariah from my side caused me frequently to wish myself upon my bed of leaves and dried grass in her paternal hovel. How little do the comforts of life frequently depend upon those external circumstances which affluence can command and power procure! I had never slept so happily on a bed of down, with all the appliances of luxury to promote and enhance repose, as upon the rough earth, with only a few leaves between it and my wounded body, and that body too suffering at intervals extreme agony. I would not have foregone that agony to have forfeited the sole enjoyment which followed my bodily paroxysms.

"My recovery was slow and tedious. The injuries I had received were of so serious a nature, that it was upwards of a month before I could quit my tent. Although the distance from the spot where the detachment under my command was stationed, to the hut in the jungle, was more than twelve miles, scarcely a day passed without my receiving a visit either from the beautiful Pariah or from her father. The sight of her was always welcome to me, and, after a while, she excited so powerful an interest in my bosom, that I felt her absence a painful void in my existence. I reflected upon the folly of giving way to such a feeling, but could not controul it. I was very young, somewhat romantic, without great moral energy, and I therefore yielded to a sentiment which I ought to have repelled. But I had not the power to struggle against, or perhaps it

would be nearer the truth to say that I had not the desire to resist, the agreeable emotions with which my bosom was labouring. The current of passion was too strong for the feeble check of reason, and overbore it with a torrent of headlong impulses. There was something new and stirring in my position. The latent fire was struck from my heart by a process which to me was as novel as it was enchanting. I was then only in my twentieth year, and had those vague notions of happiness peculiar to youth in whom the temperament is warm and the views visionary. The girl evidently looked upon me with a partial eye: this was not to be mistaken. She had never yet been thrown into immediate communion with any man in whom there responded a sentiment in grateful harmony to her own, except her kind but unhappy father. The wretched beings of her own degraded tribe with whom she had hitherto held intercourse, failed to awaken her attachment. The thought of being kindly treated, listened to, and consulted by one of a race whom she was accustomed to look upon as a superior order of beings, flattered her meek spirit and softened her humiliation. The few rupees which I from time to time gave to the father, tended greatly to abate their domestic destitution, and the daughter soon grew rounder and more sprightly from having daily a plentiful meal and a more comfortable home—comforts obtained in India at the least imaginable expense.

"When I recovered, this gentle girl ceased her visits, having no longer a plea for making them; but my steps were frequently directed towards the charcoal-burner's hut in the forest. One of the sepahis under my command, having seen the youthful Pariah when she made her visits to me during my convalescence, had been struck with her person, and, being one of her own community, had presented himself as her admirer. She received his addresses coldly; but this not repelling his advances, she peremptorily rejected him. The natural phlegm of the Hindoo was dispelled by this unexpected issue to his suit, and his less amiable passions were roused. Seeing he could not possess the object of his sudden attachment, he was determined to destroy her. He had communicated to me his proposals and her rejection of them. I soon perceived by his restless and impatient behaviour, that he had some dark design in contemplation; and knowing the man to be of a morose and sullen disposition, I was the more disposed to keep upon him an eye of wary suspicion. I several times found him intoxicated, and he was always extremely violent under the excitement of fermented toddy, the beverage in which he usually indulged, when he gave way to those excesses to which Pariahs are almost universally addicted*. There was in him a tendency to insubordination which plainly showed that I was an object towards whom he entertained no amiable feelings.

"The discovery of this man's hostility troubled me considerably, because I was sufficiently aware to what lengths a Hindoo can carry his revenge when he has once determined to satiate it. These people are often as implacable as they are generally calm and phlegmatic. He gave me no direct cause for putting him into confinement beyond his casual intemperance, and I invariably punished him for being drunk, which only served to increase the sullenness of his submission, and to make it the more evident that this submission was the mere calm of the volcano which precedes an eruption.

"From this time the sepahi was frequently absent, and, as he appeared heedless of my reprimands, I determined to set a watch over him. It was ascertained by the party whom I had ordered to trace his movements, that he was in the habit of visiting the haunt of an old sybil in the neighbourhood, who was considered to possess the power of bringing destruction upon man or beast for the reward of a few rupees. It was imagined that she had intercourse with infernal powers; her abode was shunned as a baneful and accursed spot. She dwelt at the foot of a craggy hill, thinly overgrown with stunted bushes, and her lair was a natural cavern in the rock. She was one of that class of old wretches who lead lives of the most revolting depravity, called jiggerkhars or liver-eaters. 'One of this class can steal away the liver of another by looks and incantations. Other accounts say that, by looking at a person, he deprives him of his senses, and then steals from him something resembling the seed of a pomegranate, which he hides in the calf of his leg. The jiggerkhar throws on the fire

* Toddy is the juice obtained from the cocoa-nut tree or palmyra, by puncturing the bark and allowing the sap to exude through the aperture.

the grain, which thereupon spreads to the size of a dish, and he distributes it among his fellows to be eaten; which ceremony concludes the life of the fascinated person. A jiggerkhar is able to communicate his art to another, which he does by teaching him the incantations, and making him eat a bit of the liver cake. If any one cut open the calf of the magician's leg, extract the grain, and give it to the afflicted person to eat, he immediately recovers. Those jiggerkhars are mostly women. It is said, moreover, that they can bring intelligence from a great distance in a short space of time, and if they are thrown into a river, with a stone tied to them, they nevertheless will not sink. In order to deprive any one of this wicked power, they brand his temples and every joint in his body, cram his eyes with salt, suspend him for forty days in a subterraneous cavern, and repeat over him certain incantations. In this state he is called Detchereh. Although, after having undergone this discipline, he is not able to destroy the liver of any one, yet he retains the power of being able to discover another jiggerkhar, and is used for detecting these disturbers of mankind. They can also cure many diseases by administering a potion, or by repeating an incantation. Many other marvellous stories are told of these people*.'

"Of the woman to whom I have alluded, many horrible things were related, yet she was still permitted to be at large. A few months previously, a young Hindoo woman, about to become a mother, had been found in a tank, with the liver cut from her body, and likewise from that of the unborn infant, which atrocious act was attributed to the horrible old crone to whom my sepahi was in the habit of paying such mysterious visits.

"One evening ascertaining that he was absent, I mounted my horse, and, by a different route, reached the neighbourhood of the jiggerkhar before him. As she was very deaf and nearly blind from age, I could approach her haunt without much fear of discovery. I fastened my horse to a tree in a neighbouring thicket, and, stealthily approaching the cavern of the witch, placed myself behind a mass of rock, which entirely concealed me. I had not long taken my station there, when the hag quitted her den, and crawled slowly forward, evidently in expectation of meeting some visiter. I availed myself of this opportunity, softly quitted my hiding-place, and entered the cave. It was so dark, that, for several minutes, I could scarcely distinguish objects; but, when my eyes were somewhat accustomed to the gloom, I perceived that the abode of the jiggerkhar was a natural fissure in the rock of considerable extent. It curved far into the stony bosom of the hill, being about twelve feet wide and forty-four paces deep. In several places, large rocky fragments projected from the sides of the cavern, behind which the toad squatted, and the snake, no doubt, frequently hissed its threat of perilous vengeance.

"I had not been long within the gloom of this cavernous habitation, when the crone entered, accompanied by the sepahi. They both seated themselves upon the floor, and commenced smoking a short cocoa-nut hookhah. I soon discovered that I was the subject of their earnest conversation. The man expressed his anxiety to have me destroyed through the supposed infernal agency of his companion, who offered to accomplish his purpose for ten rupees, which he counted deliberately into her palm. She then drew from the folds of a voluminous wrapper which enveloped the lower part of her withered body, a small packet; this she put into the man's hand, and said, 'Within this leaf is a paste prepared from an unborn infant's liver, together with other ingredients known only to the Asuras*, and me their faithful minister: put it into the white man's curry to-morrow at noon, and he will not see the sun go down, though his eye should be turned towards the west at its setting.'

"This was enough to satisfy me of what was intended. I sprang forward, to the utter confusion of the two plotters of mischief, seized the sepahi by the cummerbund, and sternly bade him follow me. He was unarmed, and, being greatly my inferior in strength, did not attempt to offer the slightest resistance, but doggedly rose from the ground, coolly deposited the smoking apparatus into the hands of his deformed partner in iniquity, and quitted the cavern by my side. The hag shook her long withered locks about her brows, and imprecated the bitterest curses upon me. I smiled at the impotence of her rage, and leaving her to chew the cud of her spleen, repaired with my prisoner to the thicket where my Arab was fastened to the branch

* Ayeen Akberry.

* Asuras are evil spirits.

of a tree. I mounted, took the man's turban from his head, and, tying his hands tightly behind him, made him walk by the side of my horse. I was armed with a brace of pistols, which I found the most persuasive argument I could use to induce the criminal to proceed quietly forward.

" Upon reaching the outpost of which I had the command, I ordered my prisoner into confinement. The next morning, I proceeded to the house of the head of a neighbouring village, a sort of semi-official under a petty Rajah, and having related to him the plot laid against my life by the old woman inhabiting the cavern at the foot of the hill, as already described, insisted that she should be immediately summoned before him, and dealt with according to the heinous nature of her offence. Although if she had entertained a design against the lives of a hundred Hindoos, no notice would have been taken of the matter, yet such was the peremptory tone of my application, that before noon on that day the abominable old woman was hanging an unsightly corpse within fifty yards of the village, as an awful warning to similar delinquents. Having seen the hag visited with the punishment due to her crimes, I was determined her accomplice in wickedness should not escape an equally terrible visitation. Returning to the station, I ordered the culprit to be brought before me. He approached between two sepahis armed with loaded muskets, advancing with an air of fierce and reckless defiance. I questioned him upon the motive of his sanguinary design against my life, but he maintained a sullen silence. I told him that he had placed his own life in jeopardy by seeking to deprive me of mine. He smiled with bitter scorn, but spoke not a word. I asked him if he did not dread the sentence of an Eternal Judge, into whose presence he was about to enter, for the horrible deed which he had meditated.

" ' No ! ' said he, fiercely, ' I fear no such sentence. I have only forwarded the decrees of my destiny—I have but fulfilled the course of an uncontrollable predestination*. If I am to die, I could neither foresee nor avert my fate. What I did I was urged to by an immutable necessity.'

" ' Then you imagine, perhaps, that you are not responsible for any act you commit ? '

" ' How should I, when I had no free choice in the act, since I was foredoomed to commit it. I'm not afraid to die ; if my time is come, I am fully aware that I can neither evade nor retard the stroke of death. I can, however, have vengeance upon the instrument of my destruction.'

" Saying this, he suddenly wrenched a musket from one of the sepahis by whom he was guarded, and before any one could interfere to prevent him, discharged it at my head. The ball whizzed close past my ear, and knocked off the turban of one of my attendants standing immediately behind me. The ruffian was immediately disarmed, and his hands being secured, he was marched off, accompanied by four sepahis, to head-quarters, where he was eventually tried by a court-martial and shot.

" Since my recovery, it had been my habit to seek the Pariah's dwelling in the jungle, at least once or twice a week, and the pleasure of my visits was enhanced by the tender and joyous welcome which I invariably received. The poor girl, who had so sweetly alleviated my sufferings during my stay under her parent's roof, entertained such confidence in me, that I became the depository of her most secret thoughts, and this probably because she had no other bosom save her father's in which to repose them, and many of these were such as he could have no sympathy with. She communicated to me, that a Brahmin, of whom there were several belonging to a neighbouring pagoda, had been lately in the habit of persecuting her with his odious importunities, from which she was unable to escape, as he availed himself of the high privileges of his order to molest her with the basest proposals, whenever she repaired to the tank at the edge of the forest to procure water for the daily consumption of her father and herself. Her persecutor was one of a tribe the most dissolute and sensual of any class or community existing.

" Of the Brahmin, Du Bois justly says, ' as they grow up, incontinence and its attendant vices increase with them. Indeed, the greater part of their institutions, religious and civil, appear to be contrived for the purpose of nourishing and stimulating that passion to which nature of itself is so exceedingly prone. The stories of the dissolute life of their gods, the solemn festivals so often celebrated, from which decency and modesty are wholly excluded—the abomi-

* The lower caste Hindoos generally believe in an absolute predestination, in its extreme application.

rable allusions which many of their daily practices always recal—their public and private monuments, on which nothing is ever represented but the most wanton obscenities—their religious rites, in which prostitutes act the principal parts—all these causes, and others that might be named, necessarily introduce among the Hindoos the utmost dissoluteness of manners.

" ' It is probably with a view of guarding in some measure against this dreadful depravity, that they hasten to marry their children so soon. But marriage itself is a feeble restraint, in many cases, on the evil consequences of so profligate an education. Nothing is more usual than for a married man to keep one concubine or several out of his house, when he is able to afford the expense. This occurs most frequently in towns, in consequence of the facility afforded of concealing it from the lawful wife, so as to avoid the family discord and quarrels which would so naturally arise if it were known. Yet even in the most retired situations, the jealous vigilance of the wife seldom restrains the libertinisms of her husband. Seeing the small effect produced by her prayers and threats, she probably forms the resolution of leaving him, and betakes herself to her relations. She is soon recalled by promises of amendment and fidelity in future. These are quickly broken, and she is at last reduced to the necessity of seeing and hearing her injuries, and of enduring them.'

" From a member of such a depraved and sensual community, I was prepared to expect the grossest violations of decency in his conduct towards a young and innocent girl. During several of my visits, I was made acquainted with such base persecution on his part towards the beautiful Pariah, that I had already resolved to interfere in her behalf, and the opportunity shortly presented itself. I was one day proceeding slowly through the jungle towards the habitation of my humble friend, having left my horse in charge of a servant who had accompanied me, when, on turning the angle of a path, I heard voices in earnest conversation near me. My ear immediately caught the sounds of one, with whose gentle music I was familiar. It was not to be mistaken. I bent my head anxiously forward to listen, not to gratify an idle curiosity, but in obedience to an uncontrollable impulse. Not being able to hear very distinctly, I crept forward through a small imperfect vista of the wood, and placing myself behind a chatta * tree, through the openings of which I was enabled to see objects at some distance beyond, I perceived the lovely Pariah standing, with her hand resting upon the knotted stem of a bamboo, a large tuft of which was growing near her, listening with evident impatience to a man whom I instantly perceived to be a Brahmin. I was now near enough to distinguish what he said. He was seated upon the grass, with his legs under him, and, gazing up into the bright countenance before him with an expression of impertinent familiarity, said in a tone of calm provoking condescension—

" ' Remember, that Brahmins do not every day submit to the humiliation of soliciting favours from the outcast. Pariahs ought to be proud of being permitted to hear the voice of those who are the highest order of beings upon earth, as they will eventually be the most exalted spirits in heaven. You have made an impression upon my heart, which I am unwilling to efface; and if you are obedient to my wishes, you will ultimately have reason to rejoice in your good fortune. Think well before you determine to reject an offer that will elevate you far above the condition in which you now grovel. Brahmins, remember, are seldom at pains to persuade.'

" ' I cannot be elevated by a connection which would degrade me in my own eyes. The poor outcast Pariah would be a still more abjected creature than she now is, were she to become a party in a deed of shame with one who considers himself polluted by the slightest contact with any member of her tribe. I should not feel my exaltation the greater by being the object of sensual gratification to a Brahmin. Such a proposal becomes not the dignity to which you lay claim. You should rather force me to respect than despise you.'

" ' This is rather a rare fastidiousness. Pariahs are not wont to be so nice. Who taught you to hold virtue lovely for its own sake?'

" ' My own pure reason, which shows me that vice is as detestable in the lofty Brahmin, as in the humble Pariah. I know my tribe to be degraded by the grossest violations of moral decency, but the few are nevertheless free from the vices of the many; and I am one who can detest the

* So called because it has the form of an umbrella when spread open, the word chatta signifying umbrella.

base propensities of that community of which I am, though innocently, a degraded member.'

" ' Indeed,' replied the bold sensualist, with a confident chuckle, ' you will dare then to reject the honours which I would confer upon you ?'

" I do reject them ; and, moreover, command you never to annoy my ears with your polluted love.'

" ' Do you know, girl, that where inferiors are refractory, there is such a thing as force to compel obedience ?'

" ' And you may yet learn that the most humble being is not too weak to offer successful resistance to tyranny. I am not desirous that our conference should continue longer. Quit the despised abode of the Pariah, and leave her to her unjust degradation ; but before you do so, hear from her lips this unalterable resolution, that she will never give herself to the embraces of any man who can despise her, and whom she has too much reason to despise.'

"The Brahmin deliberately rose ; a quiet but malicious grin passed over his rigid features. Approaching the girl with a stiff lurching gait, he grasped her wrist, and said in a loud hissing whisper—' Dare to oppose my determination, and the worst death shall overtake thee.'

" ' Let it come,' said the excited girl, undauntedly, at the same time disengaging her wrist from his clutch with a sudden jerk : ' I fear not death—there can be nothing beyond it more formidable than the miserable present. Go, go—I scorn alike your threats and your depravity.'

" She turned from him with lofty indignation, but he pursued her, and, again overtaking her, laid his hand rudely upon her shoulder. She turned suddenly round, and, placing her open palm on his withered forehead, pushed him so violently backward, that he measured his length upon the earth. I now thought it high time to interfere, lest he should be disposed to offer actual violence ; advancing, therefore, from my concealment, I stood suddenly and unexpectedly before him. He stared at me with an expression of stupified surprise, but did not utter a word. His lips at length unclosed, showing a set of stunted teeth, died a deep carious black in consequence of a long and copious use of opium. He still spoke not, but grinned horridly, while the broad glare of his eye expressively told his rage at the unexpected interruption of his colloquy. I advanced close to where he stood. He retreated slowly, but evidently as if he apprehended an immediate personal contact. I continued to advance as he retired, when he suddenly raised his right arm and shook his head, as if to check my approach. I laid my hand fiercely upon his shoulder, fixed my eyes sternly on his, and said in a severe tone—

" ' Dog, what right have you to insult an unprotected woman ? Do you imagine that your social position among the silly idolaters whom you delude, gives you the privilege of exercising an absolute authority over the chastity of any maiden who may happen to attract the notice of such a sensual beast as you have sufficiently proved yourself to be ? I know you look upon me with a feeling of contempt as deep and heart-rooted as that which you entertain for the degraded Pariah ; but you no doubt know that I neither respect nor fear you. I despise you as heartily as you can despise me ; and have no terror in telling you, that if I again find you lurking near this spot, and offering an insult to one who has treated me with so much amiable humanity as this outcast girl has done, you shall find by sad experience, that the anger of a Christian is at least as much to be dreaded as that of a Brahmin. Go, lest I inflict summary chastisement upon you on the spot.'

" The terrified Hindoo did not utter a word, but made good his retreat with considerable activity, not even once looking back upon the object of his unmanly menace. I turned towards the beautiful girl, who was gazing upon her retreating enemy. The bright suffusion of gratitude for my timely interference, moistened her dark radiant eye. In the parting of her full delicately-curved lips there was an expression of deep and even of impassioned feeling, which those lineaments alone can develope, but which mocks the tardy eloquence of words.

" I took her hand, and said gently—' Fear nothing ; you may calculate upon a protector in me, so long as you will allow me the privilege of taking an interest in your welfare.'

" ' But you know not,' she said, with a shrinking timidity of manner, ' the power of those Brahmins. There is no refuge to the outcast Pariah against their tyranny.'

" ' Confide in me, and I will pledge myself that you shall be no further molested. If you will consent to quit your present abode, I will take care to provide you with one more congenial, in which you and your

parent may dwell in better security, and with far greater privileges.'

" ' You shall hear my parent's determination upon this proposal, to-morrow.'

" I agreed to see her on the following day, and, having conducted her to her habitation, and awaited the return of her father, I retired.

" This beautiful girl had interested me exceedingly. Every day I felt my heart yearn more strongly towards her. It was a singular fact, that her extreme social degradation had not in the slightest degree clouded the natural refinement of her mind. She felt acutely her condition, but it neither diminished that appreciation of herself which kept her from falling into mental and moral abjectedness, nor forced her into the society of those among her tribe whom her natural perceptions of nicer moral distinctions taught her to shun as unworthy the communion of a pure and yet untarnished soul. She was one of the very few exceptions to the general rule of depravity being a social distinction as well as an arbitrary heritage of the Pariahs.

" On the following day, according to my promise, I again repaired to the solitary hovel in the jungle. Upon approaching it, feeling an unaccountable foreboding of ill, when I reached the door of the charcoal-burner's hut, I paused before it for a few moments. No voice met my ears, but a low moaning sound was perceptible, as if some one was suffering pain, without the power of expressing it.

" The first idea which occurred to my mind was, that the lovely maiden who had awakened such a lively interest in my bosom had been assailed by the Brahmin or some of his emissaries. The thought roused me to a state of momentary terror, and I sprang suddenly forward into the hovel. I there beheld the interesting Pariah, to whom I felt myself so deeply indebted for her attention to me in my sufferings, bathing the bleeding temple of the Brahmin with a styptic prepared from certain jungle herbs, with the sanative virtues of which she was familiar. The man lay on his back bleeding profusely from the head and face, which were both severely lacerated. The right eye was evidently destroyed. He moaned piteously, and the poor girl, who was assiduously bathing his wounds, appeared in a state of great distress.

" ' What is the matter?' I asked, upon entering this homely habitation: ' that I see you thus occupied.'

" She raised her eyes, and said in a tone of more than usual severity—' This unhappy man has paid the severe penalty of his baseness. I have placed him in the condition in which you now behold him, in defence of my honour, which he had violently assailed.'

" The man groaned aloud, and, raising his hand, exclaimed bitterly—' The last and hottest of the twenty-seven hells will be thy portion, for this attempt upon the life of one whom the gods honour—A Brahmin's curse is on thee.'

" He fell back exhausted with the exertion of speaking, and his intended victim continued her occupation of bathing his wounds, which still bled profusely. His face was dreadfully disfigured. The cause of what I saw was soon explained. It appeared that the Brahmin had again paid a visit to the Pariah, to insist upon the gratification of his odious passion, and that, upon his attempting violence, she had struck him in the face with that formidable instrument which her father had formerly used to save me from the ferocity of the jungle dogs. The iron claws had torn the temples and cheeks to such an extent, as would evidently render the miserable man an object of hideous deformity for life, and the eye was completely destroyed. Though he had richly merited the punishment inflicted upon him, I could not help pitying the poor wretch as he lay moaning under the severity of his sufferings. He had paid the forfeit of crime, the marks of which he must bear on him for the remainder of his days: they will be an uneradicable record of past infamy, which, it is to be hoped, may serve as a salutary memorial for the improvement of his future years.

" It fortunately happened that, on this morning, I had made use of my palanquin, with which my bearers were waiting for me at some distance from the Pariah's hut. Having summoned them, I ordered the Brahmin to be taken to his home, about five miles onward. The wounded Hindoo was accordingly placed in the palankeen in a state of insensibility, and carried to the neighbouring village. Meanwhile the charcoal-burner, who had by this time returned from his daily occupation in the jungle, set out with his daughter for the station where I commanded, in order to escape the signal vengeance of the Brahmins, which they knew would be exercised upon them in case they should be found in the neighbourhood, after having

violated the sanctity of the highest caste among the Hindoos, a crime invariably punished with death.

"I remained until the return of my bearers from their labour of humanity. Upon their arrival at the place where I awaited them, they told me they had escaped with some difficulty from the vengeance of the Brahmins of the sanctuary to which they had borne their bleeding brother, these imperious fanatics having taxed them with being the authors of the punishment with which their brother Brahmin had been visited. Upon their solemn assurance, however, that they had found him thus maimed in the jungle, supposing it had been done by a tiger or some beast of prey, as the wretched man still continued insensible, and was consequently unable to answer for himself, they allowed my hamauls * to depart.

"I now made the best of my way to the station, where I found the father and daughter had arrived before me. Apprehending that there would be no eventual security for them in this neighbourhood, I sent them forward to head-quarters, whither I knew I should shortly follow, the term of my command at this outpost having nearly expired, and I expected, therefore, to be relieved. Within a few days, a number of persons were sent in pursuit of my late lovely nurse, the Brahmin, on recovering his senses and his speech, having declared by whom he had been reduced to his present condition of suffering. When they found their search fruitless, they were outrageous and muttered threats of violence towards me, but I was too well protected to heed their menaces. Within a few weeks after, I was recalled to head-quarters, where I met the Pariah and his interesting child. I provided for the former, and with the latter I became united by a closer tie. There being nothing to render the creed which she had been taught to venerate sacred in her eyes, she listened to my proposals of marriage, and the late unhappy Pariah became, at the same time, a married woman and a Christian. I found in her from the first moment I knew her a tenderness uncommon even in women, nor has that in the least degree abated, though we are at the moment I am now writing in the second year of our union. My lot has cast me in a foreign country, where I am likely to end my days; but I am blessed with the affection of a lovely and virtuous woman, who every day shows herself more worthy of the station to which I have raised her."

Here the manuscript terminated. I looked upon the still young creature of my late friend's affection with melancholy interest. She was even yet eminently beautiful, being at this time only in her two-and-twentieth year. She was, it is true, amply provided for by what her late husband had left her. Her father, however, being dead, she was now, so to speak, alone in the world. Her two lovely children were naturally a source of solace, but more perhaps of anxious solicitude, for she knew it had been their father's determination to send them to England for their education, and she was resolved to fulfil that determination in every particular, at whatever cost of anxiety to herself.

In due time the children were sent to England, and the mother pined under the pressure of her bereavement. They were consigned to the charge of the father's relatives, who were opulent persons. Like all Hindoo mothers, she doated upon her offspring, and when she saw them quit the shores of her native country, the agony of her grief was extreme. For weeks she confined herself to a solitary hut, where she dwelt alone, and which she never quitted but to obtain the necessaries of existence. Having been invited by her late husband's family, she has at last joined them in England.

* Hamauls are palanquin-bearers.

PLAIN SAILING ON SHORE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE INVISIBLE GENTLEMAN."

(*Continued from page* 126.)

PHILOSOPHERS, philanthropists, and medical men of all ages and nations, have thought proper to weary themselves and their hearers by talking, at great length, about the benefits and pleasures to be derived from early rising; and, moreover, poets have taken up the strain, and sung melodiously of "incense-breathing morn;" yet such is the perverseness of our nature, that none of us ever think of quitting our pillows till, as Charles Mathews used to say, "the day is well aired."

For these reasons it would be a work of supererogation to describe the extreme loveliness of the morning, when our young naval officer was taking his "wildly-devious walk," amid the luxuriant foliage and elaborate cultivation of the merchant's pleasure-grounds and garden, and beheld

> the powerful king of day
> Rejoicing in the east—as—now apparent all,
> Aslant the dew bright earth and coloured air,
> He looked in boundless majesty abroad,
> And shed the shining day.

"They do not breakfast till eight," he murmured to himself; "but surely a walk at this cool hour would do her more good than later, when the sun has greater power." Then, taking out his watch, he exclaimed, "*Only* half-past six! It *must* be seven, at least; I cannot have been here less than an hour." And he shook the said watch, as if to make it go faster, and pronounced upon it an opinion which lovers commonly entertain towards all the regulators of their hours, namely, that it was altogether wrong.

From this little fit of spleen he was aroused to more kindly feelings by the approach of Thomas, the old gardener, who had spent the prime of his life "all on board of a man of war," and had resumed, in its decline, the occupation of his youth. The old man's eyes glistened, and even his scanty silver locks seemed to have acquired new lustre as the slanting sun-beams and the fanning breeze played through them while he stood uncovered, and, after his best fashion, pronounced a right hearty welcome home to his favourite master.

"God bless you, Sir!" he continued, "God bless you! This is something like a day! Little did I ever think, when I helped you to rig that little cutter that you used to be so fond of, that I should ever live to see you what you are. It seems but t'other day that you used to be on one side of the ha ha and Miss Clara on t'other, and you used to lash the tiller down, and push the little craft off so as it would run right over into her hands; but she never could send it back in the same way, I remember, to your side, but you used to have to run and catch it as you could, and sometimes were obliged to come to me for help, and I used to rake it out. Bless my heart! Bless my heart! To think that you should have been a first lieutenant in that glorious brush with the mounseers t'other day. I got the papers and read all about it, and stood it pretty well till I came to where your name is mentioned, and then, I suppose it's because it's so long since I've been upon blue water, but, shiver my old timbers, if I could help blubbering like a great girl. But the truth of it is, my upper works are getting old and out of order, and I've often a sort of swimming like about my eyes. There, I've a bit of a touch of it, now;" and he drew the back of his hands across his eyes, and then, smiling, said—"Bah! it's all gone; but I do wish I was young again, just to have one cruise and a bit of a spree under you, master Charles—I beg your pardon, Lieutenant Egmont."

"Don't beg my pardon, my old heart of oak!" exclaimed the young captain, with an air of hilarity, assumed perhaps to conceal other feelings. "Give me your hand. There, that's right. I wish you could go with me next trip, and I'll tell you why, because I know you'll be pleased to hear it. I'm going to leave the fleet, and shall be a skipper on mine own account, with as tight a little frigate under me as any in his Majesty's service."

"Eh? What? Hurra!" roared the old gardener. "What? Commander? Captain? Eh?" And, alas! he added other semi-nautical, quasi-blasphemous sounds, which, albeit they did convey to his hearer a clear impression of his joy, it were not seemly to write down here. But such is the vigorous tenacity with which the roots of bad habits will entangle themselves about frail mortality, that, though apparently dead, they are ever ready, from youth to age, to shoot forth as strongly as ever at the least excitement. So, though old Thomas had, for many years, been a steady church-going man, and eminently discreet in his general demeanour and conversation, insomuch that none of the family had ever heard him utter anything like an oath, no sooner did the memory and spirit of his youthful and wilder days come suddenly over him, than out came the objectionable words and phrases of those times. Even as though he had just jumped off the forecastle, did the old man pronounce or rather vociferate them; but, scarcely had they vibrated in the air, ere a blush was on his aged cheek, and he scratched his head, perhaps because he recollected having often warned young Master Charles against the bad habit of swearing which many sailors, and officers too, unwittingly acquired.

Our hero would have pitied his old

monitor, and have exerted himself to get him out of scrapes, which the poor fellow would have felt less mortified at than his present ridiculous position; but, somehow, we all mischievously enjoy to catch our elders tripping, and, anxious lover as he was, Charles Egmont lost sight, for a moment, of his troubles, and laughed heartily at a figure of "sheepishness" worthy the pencil of Cruikshank.

This little interlude, with pardon humbly asked by the offender, and freely given by the unoffended, together with some trivial chat, served to eke out the time till the clock struck seven, when Charles dismissed his old friend in order "to keep a strict look out" for a more important personage.

"It's very strange!" thought he, as he sate hidden in a clump of trees, commanding her favourite walk to the well-known bower, "it's very strange that they all somehow speak of *her* to me. This old man talks of our boat-swimming together when we were children. She never could guide it to me. Is that ominous? Pshaw! It is my duty to act, and not hers. Let me but see her, and know her mind clearly, and not all the purse-proud, cross-grained fathers in the world——But hark! a step! light—but so slow—can it be her's? Yes, yes; I must let her pass. She knows not that I am here, and, if I appeared, might return into the house, and then we could have no explanation. Oh! if she knew but how I love her! She is passing! Close, close. She stops! Surely she does not hear my heart beat? No, no. She moves forward. All will, all shall be right."

Clara Desborough walked slowly towards her favourite bower. Her countenance was pale, but wrought up, by the power of mind within, to an expression of stern and almost daring resolution. She had passed the greater part of the night in thinking, and had come well knowing whom she should meet, and fully resolved how to act.

He issued stealthily from his hiding-place, but her quick ear caught the sound of rustling branches. She turned, and a faint crimson for a moment tinted her cheek. "I am glad to see you, Charles," she said, holding out her hand as he approached—"I wished to see you. Others might think this clandestine sort of meeting wrong, but we have known each other from childhood, and have been long separated, and in future probably our separation will be much more complete."

"Clara!" exclaimed her lover, "dearest Clara! you terrify me. It is not merely what you say, though that is dreadful, but the manner and tone in which you speak. You are not well; you do not appear like yourself this morning."

"That I do not feel well is too true," she replied, and then, in a faltering tone, she added, "You have seen me in moments of weakness when I lost command over my feelings, and I fear you have judged me wrongly; but I would regain and retain your good opinion."

"My good opinion, Clara!" exclaimed Charles, "have you ever, could you ever forfeit it for a moment? No, no; these are idle words between us. My affection towards you is——"

"That of a brother, I know it!" exclaimed Clara, hastily; and, at the moment, her mind seemed to have regained the mastery over her feelings, as she continued—"Mine towards you are those of a sister; and, if in my joy at the sudden return of a brother who had been long absent, I did or said anything that might lead you into error, I am truly grieved, and am now here to give you full explanation."

A deep groan was the only response her companion could make to this astounding communication.

"Charles!" she resumed, placing her hand upon his arm for the first time, as they moved slowly on, "our time is short, and I have much to communicate. Hear me to the end, and then, and not before, judge for yourself. When children, we dwelt together, and our pursuits and amusements were similar; but, as years rolled by, we were frequently separated, until, at last, you went to sea, and, from that time, our course has been apart and our duties very—very different. The death of my beloved mother placed me in a position which——Excuse me if I cannot speak of her, even now, without emotion. Oh! were it permitted that her spirit might hover and direct her child at this trying moment!"

"It may be even so," observed Charles, solemnly, and almost inadvertently giving expression to the result of his own spirit's broodings during many a long night-watch at sea. In the silent, cool hours of darkness, if so they may be called, beneath the deep blue tropical skies and their thousand

brilliant starry worlds, it had been unutterably pleasant to indulge such fancies, until, by frequent admission into the mind, they wrought something very like a belief that viewless spirits of the departed might be abroad, and not all unconscious or unmindful of the living."

"Can you think so?" exclaimed Clara, shuddering; and, after a pause, in which the minds of both had wandered strangely, her's to the subject of her question, and his, with love-like ingenuity, auguring favourably from the words "trying moment."

At the sound of her voice, however, he seemed instantly to recollect himself, and replied—"Who can deny it? None. Let you and me, dearest Clara, at least cherish the idea. You are agitated, I see, and kindly feel for me, because you have something to communicate which you expect will give me pain: but, fear not, I can and will endure, and without a murmur will resign every hope and wish, the gratification of which would interfere with your happiness. Let us enter this bower wherein she used to sit and breathe good counsel into our ears. Let us believe her pure spirit is here with us, to overhear all that passes; and, above all, remember her advice, always to be open and candid towards each other, and never to have any mental reservations when we professed confidence. I, Clara, am yours, yours only, heart and soul. You know the inmost secret of *my* heart. Open yours to me, I conjure you by her memory! Let there be no reserve between us whether, in future, I am to be your brother, your friend, or your lover."

"Oh, Charles, Charles!" she sobbed, "talk not so; it cannot, cannot be. I came prepared, I thought——but, give me a few moments, and I will—*will* tell you all." And, turning aside, she hid her face, and strove to regain that stern feeling of self-control with which she had quitted her chamber. But the struggle was now harder than before, for she was now in *his* presence, and he had conjured her, by a solemn appeal, to open unto him the secrets of her heart.

"Oh, no, no, no!" thought she; "doomed as I am, he shall never know my feelings towards him. Let him suppose me happy. To know my misery would but more deeply wound his generous, noble heart. Why—oh why did he not fix his affections on some one worthier? Till yesterday I knew not the full horror of my sacrifice. Dreams, dark and fearful dreams of the future, I have had; but, when he came and——Oh! what a burst of light that was! But to what end was it given, save to show me how much more terrific than my worst imaginings is the path and the precipice from which I may not, cannot turn aside." Then, unable to calm the turbulent state of her feelings by her own mental efforts, she breathed, from the depth of her heart, a fervent prayer to a Higher Power for support through the fearful conflict between duty and strong affection.

Simultaneously her lover was invoking blessings on her head; for, though his feelings were excited even to agony, yet was it an agony of delight, inasmuch as he read more clearly every moment, in her continued agitation, the secret that she was most anxious to conceal. Therefore was he the first to break the painful silence, and, taking her left hand, which hung listless by her side, he said, "Dearest Clara! you have something to tell me which you cannot summon resolution to disclose, because you fear that it will give me pain. Let me endeavour to spare you the task. Do not suppose that I mean to speak disrespectfully of your father, but I know his——"

"Ah! what?" exclaimed Clara, starting from her former position, and gazing wildly upon him—"Has he—has my brother told you? Oh! Charles! Charles! Pity us! Do not blame him. All—all are to be pitied. There was no other way. What could I do? You were not here for me—for us to consult; and, even if you had been, I—we had no reason to suppose that you—could have anything to urge against my father's wishes."

The latter part of this sentence was uttered disjointedly and tremulously, and her whole manner evinced that its termination was not the language of the heart; but perhaps her eyes spake that language, as her lover instantly murmured an ejaculation of thankfulness, and then, looking upon her with an expression of deep delight, he said, "No, Clara, nobody has told me anything about your father; I judged only by his conduct to me, and it seems I am right. As for the rest you hint at, I am wholly ignorant thereof; but thus much I think I can discern, dear Clara, that there is some proposition or obstacle of his raising, without which——shall I go on?"

There was something in his tone and look that made Clara tremble, but she determined not to betray her emotion, and murmured, pantingly, "It is impossible that I should guess, should know, what you mean." "Then I'll tell you, dearest," he resumed. "But for some proposition of your father's, you *could* have—yes, the truth shall be spoken—you *would* have given me your heart and hand."

"Ah!" gasped Clara, "I never—never—said so!" and she could add no more, but bent forward, and sobbed hysterically.

Thus, in an instant, was rent in twain the unnatural and, as she deemed, impenetrable veil of stoicism which was to conceal her inward feelings. Doubtless she had, at first, presumed too much upon her own mental fortitude; yet, when that failed, she implored for other support; but though she prayed fervently, and stedfastly believing that she sought but to be upheld in the path of duty, she prayed, as we all do, in utter ignorance of the future. Bitter, even to the very dregs, had been her cup through life, had that aspiration been granted and strength afforded her to pursue, unshrinkingly, the course that she had marked out for herself with a noble self-abandonment.

Brief, and low, and disjointed, but all deeply expressive, were the words that passed between the lovers after that gush of feeling. Minutes must have glided by as seconds, ere Clara started to find that his arm was round her waist and her head reclining upon his shoulder, as he said, in an impressive, solemn tone, "Yes, Clara, I will believe that her pure spirit is even now smiling upon us. Did she not love us both? Tremble not, my beloved. Hath not the influence of her very name turned you from your most unnatural purpose? Disguise is not in your nature. Truth and innocence and plain sincerity have been yours up to the present moment, and henceforth, I am sure, will ever guide you. And now, Clara, at this blessed moment, I entreat you, by our mutual affection, to cast all your cares upon me. Something disagreeable has been proposed to you by your father, I can perceive. Tell me all the particulars without reservation, and leave me to act."

"Oh, Charles! dear Charles!" murmured the poor girl—"How shall I face my father again? I never did, I never can love any other than you, and yet—yet, when he sees me again, and upbraids me, what can I, what shall I do? When he urged me, time after time, and insinuated that I had some improper attachment, I told him my affections were disengaged, and then—then—he threatened, he entreated, he even shed tears, and said such things! Oh, Charles! Charles! you know not what you have done!"

"Not exactly," observed Charles, with more of levity than perhaps was seemly—"but methinks I can guess. I have cut out some rich, disagreeable, and, perhaps, gouty old citizen, who has been manœuvring to carry you off. However, there is nothing like plain sailing, so just let me have the bearings of the case, and tell me who he is, and I'll soon make him sheer off."

"Look! there is some one coming!" whispered Clara—"we must part. It is my brother! I will write all to you. You will return to dine here?"

"If permitted," replied Charles—"but, if not, give your letter to old Thomas, the gardener, and all will be right."

"No, perhaps William will tell you," murmured Clara.

"Well, you'll write about something," said Charles—"Don't be so agitated, dearest. There! your brother has turned into another walk, and surely it would be nothing extraordinary for him to find us together."

"Oh! but *now*," murmured the trembling girl—"*now* it is *so* different!"

"Thank Heaven! it is, indeed!" exclaimed her lover, pressing her to his bosom; and such is the difference between extracting the first reluctant confession and those which follow, that, in less than a minute, they had again interchanged and sealed vows of unchangeable affection.

"Had any one told me of this," whispered Clara, "I would not have believed it possible. Not an hour since, when I left my room, in order——"

"To take an early walk," said Charles, interrupting her—"Nothing is better for the health, and—yes—yes, without flattery, Clara, I must say your appearance is *very* much improved."

"So is yours," she thought, as their eyes met; but she said, "Don't look at me *so*, Charles! I shall think you are triumphing over my weakness."

"By George! it *is* a victory to be proud of!" exclaimed the sailor—"Cut you out

from under old Plutus's batteries! I'll give *them* a broadside and silence *their* guns next. Never fear, Clary, we must and we will be happy."

"I know not how it is," she murmured, "it's very strange, after the rash step I have taken, but I am very—very happy now."

In the meanwhile, William Desborough continued his solitary ramble, till, by a circuitous path, he again entered the lime-tree walk, and was already, with slow steps and dejected air, approaching the favourite bower of his beloved sister, when her sudden appearance startled him from his reverie. Hastily advancing towards him, she took his arm, and, turning his footsteps toward the house, said, in a hurried manner, but with much earnestness, "Dear William, I have a great favour to beg of you. Don't ask me why now. You shall know all when we have more time—but you *must* let Charles know *all* about our family affairs—particularly all that regards me. You know he has always been one of us, and he has been—asking me questions—and—and indeed I cannot bear to be misunderstood. He looks upon you as a brother, and—and—well, I am sure you will be so—that is, tell him."

"Clara, my dear sister," he replied affectionately, "my heart bleeds for you. I fear that you suffer much both in mind and body—may happier days be in store for us both. As to what you ask of me, I know not if it be judicious; but, if not, no part of the blame can attach to you for making the request, as I had previously made up my mind to tell Charles everything. I want a friend—a faithful, confidential friend, Clara. I have latterly been called upon to take part in transactions which I confess I do not exactly understand, but which I cannot reconcile with my preconceived opinions. Charles was always open, straightforward, and fearless in speaking his mind. He will tell me if I am erring, for he is all truth and honour."

"He is! He is!" gasped Clara. "Thank you, dear William!" and, after pressing his hand affectionately, she retreated hastily to her own room.

When the three gentlemen met at breakfast, their meal could not be styled "social;" though the young captain made several efforts to provoke conversation. Old Mr. Desborough appeared much vexed at the non-appearance of Clara, because, as he said, nobody else knew how to make his tea as he liked it.

"Got a headach, indeed!" he grumbled. "Just the very reason why she should have got up and taken a walk. Lie in bed! Ugh! Way the women get nervous nonsense into their heads. Well as I am, I dare say—better too. No appetite, this morning. I don't lie a-bed though, I don't grumble—umph! Nothing fit to eat. Fowl and ham—cold meat—hate the sight of it. Ring the bell, do, and let me have a grill. Take an hour about it though, dare say. Be obliged to make it up at lunch."

At length, when all his whims had been attended to, he condescended to say to our hero—"Suppose you've done looking over your papers. If not, can come down again in a few days. Mean to go to Brighton for a bit. Have all the house to yourself then, eh? Want you in the city, though, this morning, and make it worth your while too. Get you five per cent. for that money of yours, that's lying idle in the three per cents. They're up now again—soon be down again, though, I can tell you. Make a pretty deal of difference to you, eh?"

Charles professed himself to be very ignorant of such matters, and added that he would be guided entirely by his guardian's advice.

"Humph! That's right," said the old man, rising from table. "You may leave it to me, but we shall want your signature. Carriage be at the door in ten minutes. Never wait a moment for anybody." And, uttering the last words, he left the room.

"Is it possible!" groaned William Desborough, pressing his hands to his forehead.

"My dear fellow, what ails you?" inquired Charles. "Remember, I know your father's odd ways of old. Let him have his course. What if he did seem a little brusque with me, last night: perhaps something in business had vexed him, and all will be right presently."

"My dear friend; my brother, let me call you!" exclaimed William Desborough, "I have much to say to you. You will go to town with us, of course; but, directly we arrive there, make some excuse to leave us, and tell me where, and at what hour, I can see you alone."

"There is my address," said Charles, giving a card of the hotel at which he had slept on his arrival in town. "Name your own hour."

"From twelve till three—can you wait?"

inquired William, earnestly. "My time is not my own, and if my father should suspect—"

"Suspect *you!*" exclaimed Charles.

"Yes," replied his friend, with a sigh. "He has grown suspicious of every one lately. He inquired, just before you came in, if I had seen you this morning; and I know, by his manner, that he was pleased when I replied in the negative. We had better therefore separate now, and I will be with you as soon as I can contrive to leave the counting-house. He must not find us talking together. Hark! That is his step. I must leave you."

And he hurried through an open French window into the pleasure-grounds, just as his father was opening the parlour-door.

"I thought William was here," said the old man, gruffly.

"No, Sir," replied Charles, as he sate reclining backwards, with his arms folded across his breast, apparently in deep thought.

"What are *you* thinking about, eh?" asked the merchant.

"Upon my word, I don't know," replied Charles, starting up: and he spake as usual with most perfect truth, for the various images and surmises, fears, fancies and hopes that flitted rapidly across his mind, were so mingled, confused, and indistinct, that he felt utterly bewildered.

"Humph!" said the old man, with a sarcastic grin; "thinking of your sweetheart, suppose. Miss What-dy'e-call'em."

"You might have shot wider from the mark," observed Charles, coolly.

"Eh! What? Hem! Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Desborough, evidently startled, if not irritated. "But where's William? I want to speak to him."

"He went out upon the lawn," replied Charles. "Shall I go and look for him, Sir?"

"No—go myself," said the old man.

And his voice was presently heard in the grounds, shouting for his son, who, nevertheless, did not make his appearance till the carriage was at the door, and his father seated therein.

Nothing worth relating transpired till they were entering the city, by crossing Blackfriars bridge, and then our hero expressed his desire to alight, as he had some orders to give in the Strand for mathematical instruments.

"Mathematical nonsense," said Mr. Desborough. "Expect to hear of the defeat of our army in the peninsula by every arrival. The loss of an hour may make a difference of five per cent. to you."

"Five hundred per cent. for aught I care," replied our seaman recklessly. "The Strand is my path of duty, and there I go first at all events."

The merchant grumbled something about his having no interest in the transaction, and of its being "impossible to serve some people, do what one would," but, all in vain; so, at length, he released our hero at the corner of Fleet Street, and shaking him by the hand, said in his kindest manner—

"Don't be longer away from us than you can help, my good fellow. You sailors don't understand these things, but, indeed, delay may be of much consequence to you."

"Aye, aye, Sir," replied Charles, mechanically, and, a moment after, he was mingled with the moving crowd.

Some hours after this separation, the two friends met, according to appointment, and were long in earnest conversation together; but it will be unnecessary to describe their feelings, or the difficulty that William Desborough at first experienced when about to perform his resolution of fully detailing recent events, in which his father had been the acting party. At length all was revealed, and the sum and substance appeared to be, that the merchant's "firm" had, for a considerable period, been labouring under great pecuniary difficulties, which he exerted himself to overcome in a variety of ways, and sometimes by means which did not accord with his son's notions of honour and integrity. It was William's belief that they were insolvent, in consequence of many heavy losses, but principally from a speculation to an enormous extent in tallow and Russian produce, into which his father had entered with a conviction that the northern emperor was about to declare war against England, and other political forebodings, such as men, whose own affairs are in a desperate state, are too frequently apt to prophecy for their country. But all his calculations proved erroneous. Fresh supplies of the commodities that he had, as he conceived, monopolised, arrived in the market, and their prices fell. Still, like a desperate gamester, he held on, and had hitherto been enabled to fulfil his pecuniary engagements, by borrowing from persons unacquainted with his circumstances, drawing fictitious bills, and other means, which his long standing and reputation for wealth

placed within his power. To keep up that reputation, his dinner parties had been more numerous and splendid than before; and at one of them a very wealthy merchant had seen and admired Clara, of whom he spoke in raptures to her father, who eagerly listened to her praises, for Mr. Michael Smith's name stood high on 'Change, and he was a widower without children. The result was, after other visits, a formal declaration, not to Clara, who had exhibited something very similar to dislike at his assiduities, but to her father. Thence commenced the entreaties, threats, and persecutions, of which Clara afterwards spoke to her lover; but all had been unavailing, until her parent revealed to her that her consent to the marriage was absolutely necessary to save him, herself, and her brother from beggary. Her arguments, entreaties, and prayers, fell upon a deaf ear, and, after many violent scenes, in which her affectionate heart was wrung by the apparently excruciating agony, and, sometimes even more, by the humble supplications of her grey-headed and only parent, she relented so far as to consent to receive Mr. Smith as a frequent visiter, and to endeavour to conquer any prejudice she might feel towards him.

So, from that time, Mr. Smith came and went as he thought proper, and conducted himself altogether as if he were one of the family; and so respectful, quiet, and unlover-like did he demean himself towards Clara, that she really felt a respect for him, and would say to her brother—"I was mistaken in him, certainly. Few men, in his situation would make themselves so agreeable—but," and she left her sentence unfinished.

Thus much had William related to his friend, ere the issue of the morning scene in "Clara's bower" was made known to him. At first his heart thrilled with joy within him at the completion of a wish that he had often indulged in former days, and warm were his congratulations; but, presently, he became more serious as he thought of existing circumstances, and then sank back in his chair, and almost groaned—

"Oh, Charles! my father! He will never consent! There is some compact between him and Mr. Smith about money matters, I know not what exactly, but, from what I can gather, they both consider the affair as settled."

"Let them!" observed Charles, haughtily. "So do I. Clara's happiness a question of pounds, shillings, and pence!"

"You cannot suppose, Charles," said William, half-reproachfully, "you cannot imagine, that I—"

"No, no, my dear fellow," said the warm-hearted sailor, interrupting him—"not for a moment; so don't let *us* talk counting-house like. What you have told me about your own position, I will think of seriously, and give you my best advice: but one thing I say, without any consideration, at once, and that is, do not, for the sake of your father or all the 'firms' in London, allow yourself to be betrayed into the commission of any dishonourable action. I know what your principles always were, and believe them to remain unaltered. Leave the old folks to their confounded mystifications, and let it be plain-sailing with us."

"I know not," said William, much subdued in spirit, "I hope I have never done wrong; and yet sometimes my mind has misgiven me respecting transactions which, from my little acquaintance with mercantile matters, I could not comprehend. Why should my father have prevented me from entering the Church? I feel that I am unfit for business, and surely the prospect now—"

"It is not too late yet," observed Charles. "So, cheer up, my lad!"

"I wish I had your spirits," said William. "Oh, how I dread meeting my father. When he hears of this affair, what will he do? And poor Clara, too!"

"Don't say a word about it to him!" exclaimed Charles, "I'll let him know, and old Smith, too. You must give me his address."

William hesitated awhile, but at last gave the address, much marvelling why it was required; but he was not in a frame of mind to refuse anything to his friend; and shortly after they separated, with an understanding that they were to meet again on the morrow.

"And now," exclaimed Charles, when alone, "having taken soundings, and got the chart, I'll run slap into the enemy's port."

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE SPANISH PRIEST—FORAGING IN SPAIN.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD CAMPAIGNER.

Towards the close of a day of toil, the party which I commanded, and which had been pushed out before the advance of the British army, halted on a wooded rising ground to rest for the night, and take some food, which, indeed, was much needed by all. During this and some days previous, we had been pushing on in pursuit of the French army, which, after the unsuccessful campaign in Spain, was retiring. In our advance, we had suffered excessive fatigue and privation, for the ground over which we passed was broken and uneven, and the retiring enemy had destroyed every thing in the line of their retreat, which could be useful to man, in order to impede the march of the pursuers;—in fact, they seemed endeavouring to remove all traces of civilisation. Oh! few, who have not witnessed it, can appreciate what Spain then suffered from the invader. Houses were pulled down and dismantled; provisions were carried off and destroyed; and the afflicted peasantry themselves were no better provided with food and shelter than the avenging army which now rapidly and resolutely pursued the marauders. When the French army broke up from its entrenchments, it got considerably the start of its pursuers, who were therefore obliged to advance by hurried and fatiguing marches, in order to stop the wholesale destruction of provisions, by which they were so much embarrassed. And on the evening when, as above stated, we stopped for rest and refreshment, I had sent back the joyful intelligence to the main body that the enemy could not be more than a day's march before us.

The men had piled their arms on the crest of the hill, which, thinly covered with trees, afforded a convenient spot for rest and shelter,—and had taken from their haversacks their stock of provisions, which, indeed was scanty and insufficient. I had just completed the necessary precautions against any midnight alarm, and was receiving my cloak from my servant, when a fearful shout startled and alarmed me. The men sprang at once to their feet; and I, turning to the direction whence the sound had issued, saw a Spanish peasant, with a long gun in his hand, bending round the base of a gentle declivity, somewhat to the left front of our position, and running towards us at the top of his speed, tossing his arms in the air, foaming at the mouth, and shouting with the wildest gesticulations. The sentinel challenged him, but he passed by unheeding, and rushed up to where I stood. His story was soon told, and understood by the men, for our frequent intercourse with the people had made all in some degree familiar with the language. "The rear of the French was only half a day's march in advance, and a party which loitered behind, still occupied a village about a mile off in the direction whence he had come. They had become intoxicated, and were committing fearful devastations." Almost without a word from me, each man instantly resumed his arms. Our traps were again bundled up in a hurry, and in one moment more we were moving down the declivity, in the direction of the village, under the guidance of the peasant who had arrived so opportunely.

In the party, which I conducted, there was not a man who would on any account willingly have abstained from the expected encounter, so much had sympathy for the oppressed and plundered peasantry roused their indignation against the enemy. So far, I had nothing to apprehend, except from their rashness and utter contempt of precaution. But on me lay a weighty responsibility. I was ignorant of the localities; for, being only partially acquainted with the language, from the explanations of the agitated, in fact frenzied, Spaniard, I could obtain little intelligible information. I was also ignorant of the number of our opponents, which, however, as well as I could collect from the guide, did not exceed our own. It was therefore essentially necessary that caution should be used in the advance, and I had no doubt that, by a sudden and unexpected attack, we should bring the matter to a satisfactory conclusion.

When we reached the spot where I had first perceived the Spaniard, I found the

road to wind a little to the left, and sink gradually over a beautiful and wooded declivity; and the Spaniard pointed to another small hill, to the right of the path, round the base of which the village was situated. We moved on in silence at a quick pace for some time, when I halted a moment to reconnoitre; and observing that a bushy hedge, which, on the left hand skirted the road, extended the whole way, and followed its windings, I passed the men across it, and we moved along in single file inside. As we advanced, the shrieks of women and children, mixed with oaths and execrations, were brought to our ears. Each man grasped his musket more tightly, and quickened his pace, until it amounted to a smart run, but light and noiseless.

When we reached the bend in the road, whence, as I concluded, I could see into the village, I halted and looked through the bushes. I was not mistaken, for the main street of the village extended in a straight line from me. At the end next me was a green and open space, one side of which was bounded by a large building like a church, and the other by dwelling-houses. Over this space a number of women and children were running about shrieking and screaming in great alarm and confusion, whilst their escape was prevented by two sentinels who were placed at the further extremity. But still nearer to us was an object which arrested all our attention.

On the ground the form of a man was extended, round which the rest of the French party, to the number of eight or ten, were collected, and with shouts and execrations were thrusting at it fiercely with their bayonets, shouldering and pushing each other, in their zeal for its destruction. The men could not be restrained for one second more, even if it were desirable. With a shout we cleared the hedge, and, with the muskets at the charge, rushed upon the murderers. All was done in an instant; glancing like lightning the bayonets clashed. The spirit of vengeance seemed to nerve every thrust; and, before I could glance round to take in all the circumstances of our position, a cheer burst from our men, for the French marauding party was exterminated at the moment of our appearance, the sentinels had fled, and we were now without opponents.

I raised up the wounded man from where he lay among the dead, and—no, not the dying—not an eyelid quivered among the vanquished, for, what our men had left unfinished, the Spaniard had completed; and, in truth, I was not much surprised at the ferocity which he exhibited. I raised up the wounded man, to try if any life remained, but of that I was hopeless, for how could he by any possibility escape, encircled as he was by the bayonets? But the number of the assailants had absolutely served for his protection, as they crossed and impeded each other; and though his body and limbs were everywhere covered with scars and scratches, and his clothes torn to shreds, he had received no vital injury. What remained of his dress seemed that of a Spanish ecclesiastic. Under the direction of some of the women who were collected about us, we conveyed him to his house, near the church, and laid him in bed, when I took measures for his restoration. They were soon effectual, as his injuries were of little importance, and I learned the cause of his present condition.

As the French paid no respect whatever to things consecrated to religion, and despoiled the churches as readily as they plundered the houses of the people, the ornaments and sacred utensils (which were mostly of gold and silver) were removed whenever there was any danger of a visit from them, and put carefully in concealment. Accordingly, when the marauding party, which had so lately met its end, entered the village some hours before, nothing was found in the church worth removing. Indignant at being thus baffled, they entered the houses (which only contained women and children, most of the men being with the army), and turned out and plundered everything within them. At length, having become inflamed with the wine which they found, they seized on the priest, and endeavoured, by threats and execrations, to force from him a confession of where the church plate was secreted. He refused resolutely, and, infuriated by his resistance, they were endeavouring to put him to death, when the English party arrived so opportunely to his rescue.

I left the old man, and went out to see after the men, who, with the ready assistance of all who remained in the village, were preparing to make themselves comfortable. I entered the church, the gates of which, as is usual in Catholic countries, were lying open, and found it all filth and confusion. The village had been occupied

by a large body of the French some days before, when the chapel had been used as a stable, and quantities of horse-litter and filth of all kinds still cumbered the floor. The benches had been torn up, and a great part used for fuel; and of the great profusion of ornaments which usually adorn a Spanish church, no part remained. In fact, besides the shell of the building, nothing was standing except a dark and heavy-looking railing, which enclosed a space at the upper extremity. I fixed on the desecrated church as our place of rest for the night. With the aid of the village women, a portion of the aisle was cleared of its encumbrances, and a fire was made on the flags, at which the men cooked some provisions that were given them by the grateful people. Muffling myself in my cloak, I lay down by the side of it, and, congratulating myself on my comfortable quarters, fell asleep.

At day-break, we prepared for our departure, and, having visited the old priest, from whom I received the warmest expressions of gratitude, and by whose directions a very seasonable supply of provisions had been prepared for us, I got the men in motion, and set out to join the main body of the British advance. And here let me conclude this adventure, in which the good priest at a subsequent period was again concerned.

After the Spanish campaign had been happily completed, and all things were again restored to peace and tranquillity, the troops were ordered home. On our way to the coast for embarkation, we retraced a good portion of the ground over which we had marched in our pursuit of the enemy; and in many months after, with my regiment I marched into the village in which occurred the incidents above related. The good priest, hearing of our advance, met us at some distance from the village. He received me with the greatest affection, and the dinners of the mess for a good while after afforded very substantial proofs of his gratitude.

As our destined place was some distance farther, we could halt in the village only for a few moments, during which the priest was most solicitous that I should go in to visit his church, which I had before seen in such a state of desolation. Though I had no curiosity whatever on the point, the old man seemed so anxious, that I readily consented. We entered by the great gate at the lower end of the aisle, and when he had pushed aside the heavy folds of the damask curtain, which mostly hangs within the ever-open doorway of the Roman Catholic churches, such a scene of light, glitter, and magnificence, as I was by no means prepared for, burst upon me. Lights were gleaming in every corner, from silver lamps suspended from the ceiling, which seemed lighted up for the occasion; gilded pillars and pilasters ornamented and sustained the high altar, on which were laid the utensils of the gorgeous worship, all of gold; and everything around exhibited a style of magnificence extraordinary even in Spain. But what chiefly attracted my attention was the sanctuary, or space which contains the altar, which was enclosed with a massive railing of solid silver.

The old man evidently very much enjoyed my astonishment, which involuntarily vented itself at this last, as I considered, enormous piece of extravagance.

"Well," I said, "anything like this I have never seen before."

"You have," said the priest, with a quiet smile.

"I have!" said I, turning round—"Surely it was not here when last I was with you; though, indeed, the observation is ridiculous from me, who so well know the affection of the French for the precious metals."

The old man laughed with great satisfaction, and answered, "Nevertheless, that railing stood exactly where it now stands, when you and your men spent the night here."

I begged for an explanation, and he answered—

"When I heard that the French were advancing in this direction, as I knew what we had to expect, I resolved to put everything valuable in concealment. Under the flags on which we stand I put all the valuable ornaments which you now see displayed, and as it was impossible to remove the railing, I determined to paint it over. With my own hand I gave it three coats of dark paint. My plan was successful. The French came, and the creedless miscreants lounged about and tied their horses to the object of their idolatry without being aware of its presence."

I congratulated the good priest on the success of his device, and, rejoining the men, we soon left the village behind us for ever.

But to resume the regular detail of my adventures. The British advance was pushed forward for some days more, during which nothing occurred worth relating. Various manœuvres took place between the contending generals, and, at length, Soult got himself entrenched in a strong position, which it seemed to be his purpose to maintain if possible. A corresponding position was assumed by us, much to the satisfaction of us all, wearied as we were by the fatigues which we had encountered, and still more to my satisfaction, the battalion to which I belonged was relieved in turn of duty, and marched to the rear.

I shall not proceed to give any detail of the operations which now took place, and which at length were terminated by the abdication of Napoleon, during the siege of Bayonne. These have been sufficiently described. I shall continue to relate my own adventures, in the hope that my readers may not feel uninterested. At this period I had a servant who had been bequeathed to me by the captain under whom I had commenced my military career. My old commander received a wound in the hip from a musket ball, by which he was lamed. He consequently retired from the army, and in due time I succeeded to his company and at once to his servant Brien. Poor Brien! never have I had more reason to be thankful than the moment in which I succeeded to the possession of your eccentricity and faith.

Brien was an Irishman, and, according to his own account, a true Milesian. But, at all events, this I can bear witness, that his warmth of heart, affection, and truth to his master and his friend would have done honour to any country. He nursed me in sickness with almost feminine tenderness, when, without his care, I should never have survived thus to record his attention. And many a time he cheered me by his light-hearted humour when depressed in spirits by disappointment and privation. Even now while I record his virtues, though many years have elapsed, I cannot entirely suppress a tear to his memory, for he fills a bloody grave, which he won well and bravely:—but this is anticipating. But in addition to the qualities of which I have made affectionate mention, he had one talent for which his former master prized him very much. He was a most indefatigable purveyor of eatables for his master's table. When the army was suffering from dearth of provisions, and the peasantry had concealed and carried everything away, Brien seldom failed to provide for my wants by his ingenuity, and many a good fowl has smoked on my table when provisions were scanty in the quarters of my commanders.

But circumstances had now placed us in a situation in which all Brien's ability was taxed to keep up the supplies, and not always successfully. The country had been stript of provisions by the French. What had escaped them was hid by the peasantry for their own use, and could not be purchased from them. A young ensign, whose name was Preston, and I, were quartered in a small farm-house together, and, except a quantity of very coarse dark flour, which was served out to us, and which Brien prepared to the best of his ability, we had but little to subsist on.

This state of things evidently weighed very much on Brien's spirits. He grew quite sentimental and melancholy. Whether his regret arose from sympathy with his master's privations, or vexation because his *blarney* was no longer successful with the people, I know not; but, like Othello, his occupation seemed to be ended. Thus matters stood, when, one morning, I was sitting by the window of my apartment, lounging over a much-worn copy of that most interesting military periodical, the "Army List," I raised my eyes from the page for a moment, and through the window I observed Brien sitting at the foot of a tree, at a little distance, and employed in regarding very attentively something like a book which he held in his hand. I knew that, like many of the Irish peasantry, he could read, according to his own account, "after a manner," and I was anxious to discover what could be the subject of his studies; leaving the house, therefore, I approached softly the place where he sat, and so immersed was he in his meditations, that he did not discover my presence until I had got quite close to him.

"Well, Brien," said I, "what's this you are at now?" He raised his head with a sort of half-confused expression, as if he had been detected in some act in which he wished to avoid observation. However, he answered, with great coolness,

"Larnin' my prayers, Sir."

"Learning your prayers!" said I; "did you never learn your prayers before?"

I had extended my hand for the object of his studies, and found it to be a card

containing the Pater Noster, Ave Maria, and Credo, according to the Roman-Catholic ritual.

"Where did you get this?" said I.

"I found it, after them hey-thins the Frinch had tossicated the church so, t'other day, Sir."

"And what do you mean," said I, "by learning your prayers in Latin?"

"Sure they'r all the better of that, Sir," he answered, with a very knowing smile; "there's nothing like say'n em in Lau-t'n, and since we come into these furrin parts, I dont half understand myself say'n em in English."

Now, it was quite clear to me that this was far from the truth, but it was equally clear, that I should get no better information on the subject, for, with his other qualifications, Brien was possessed of a most exquisite skill in defeating cross-examination. It was perfectly useless to attempt to get from him any more than he was himself willing to communicate; and when hard pressed on a point, about which it was his cue to give no farther intelligence, he could assume an air of innocence, and of perfect stupidity, which would have confounded the most expert Old-Bailey practitioner. I therefore returned him the card, and walked away, resolving, however, to keep an eye on his proceedings, and quite convinced that Brien was not learning his prayers in Latin for nothing.

During the next week, this circumstance quite escaped my memory; active duties occupied my attention, and I almost forgot it altogether. In the mean time, the condition of our mess (which consisted of Preston and myself) was rapidly improving. Almost every day we had something good at our table; and although the affairs of the army in the eating way were but little altered, our mess had regained its enviable superiority. How this was effected was a perfect mystery to me, particularly as Brien required but very little money, and could not be induced to give any information, answering all queries with "'Twas the good Christians, God reward 'em, that were good to him."

I now determined to find out his secrets if possible, and, therefore, took every opportunity of observing him. I had not been long on the watch, when, one day, I observed Brien leave the house with a small bag under his arm. I at once concluded that he was departing on a foraging expedition, and resolved to follow and witness his proceedings. Taking advantage of the inequalities of ground and inclosures, which were thick and numerous, I kept at some distance behind him, and in this way we walked nearly a mile. He then entered into a low and bushy plantation, and made directly towards a farm-house of the better order.

I drew up nearer to him as we passed through the cover, and just as he reached the door, I had ensconced myself behind some luxuriant shrubs, through the branches of which I had a full view of all that happened. Brien, without hesitation, entered the open door into a kitchen or room common to all the inmates. By the side of the door there was a window, also open; and, as I was directly in front of both, through them I could distinctly see all that passed within the apartment.

The Spanish people, as doubtless my readers are aware, are very attentive to the *forms* at least of their religion. They have stated hours at which certain prayers are to be repeated; and I may also say, no act, whether of good or evil, is performed without a benediction. In the public room of every house of the middle and lower classes is a figure or a painting of some favourite saint; it serves a similar purpose to those of the niche in the wall of the mosque, which give a direction to the attitudes of the faithful in prayer. Before this picture it is the custom for all, on entering the house, to repeat a few words of prayer, kneeling or standing, according as their zeal may dictate.

Brien very coolly walked into the apartment. A woman who seemed to be the wife of the proprietor was within, but of her he took not the slightest notice. He stood in the centre of the room, rolling his eyes around the walls in quest of something, and soon discovered the object of his researches in a very sour-looking and ill-favoured saint, which I could perceive fixed up to the wall at the left of the entrance; and, very much to my amusement, flung himself on his knees before it. The mystery of the Latin prayers was now elucidated, for he commenced to repeat them very vociferously, and a strange jumble he made. He began with the Paternoster in form, pronouncing the words, of course, abominably. After a sentence or two, he diverged into the middle of the Credo, concluded that by the beginning of the Ave

Maria, and finished all by some barbarous expletions in Irish, all the time thumping his breast most vehemently, and squinting up at the saint with a very penitential countenance. He then recovered his feet, and making a bow to the saint, with the look of a man who had performed an important duty, he turned round to address the woman. In a strange jargon, composed of very bad Spanish, and English of a description not much better, he contrived to make her understand that "himself and his master were lost entirely for the want of the feedin'."

The woman immediately turned to a corner of the room, and taking from some receptacle there a handful of the coarse dark meal which for some time had been our chief food, held it towards him.

Brien regarded it with a very rueful expression of countenance, and said—"Devil be from me, if 'tisn't with the sight of that I'm physicked entirely. B' my sowl, they made us keep more black fasts with it than ever the church invinted, bad luck—ehem" —and he arrested in time a very irreverent or a very insubordinate exclamation.

After some further parley, the woman was made aware of his necessities, but to little purpose, as she declared very gravely that "she was very sorry not to have it in her power, to oblige so good a Catholic as he had proved himself to be, but she had no other sort of provisions. The French had taken away every thing."

Brien did not seem to be quite convinced by her asseverations, and remonstrated earnestly, but in vain. She either had not, or would not admit that she had, any other provisions; and he proceeded to convince himself by a personal inspection, whilst the woman looked on with equal surprise and amusement. Not a pot, pan, or vessel of any description in the apartment escaped his scrutiny. Every corner was ransacked and examined to no purpose; and he was at length obliged to conclude a very diligent, but very fruitless investigation. He made one final attempt on the woman's commiseration, but a negative shake of the head only met his entreaties, and he turned to the door to depart, as he would himself express it, "bothered intirely."

He was just passing the threshold, when a flash of intelligence shot into his countenance. It was evident that some bright thought had occurred to him; and turning to the Spaniard, he said—

"Are you so great a negar*, that you would not give one the feedin', and he in the want of it." Meeting no response, he continued—"Then 'tis a pity you haven't a cock to crow for you, for, sure enough, here's the dunghill."

And to my utter amazement, and to the confusion of the woman, he clapped his hands against his sides, and stretching out his neck, raised a very clear, shrill, and most perfect imitation of the "herald of the morn."

Never was scheme more successful, and never was signal of battle more quickly obeyed, as a crowing, screaming, and fluttering, which ascended through the floor, immediately evinced that at least a dozen plumed champions were hotly engaged and spurring at each other beneath. A most uproarious cackling and gabbling arose from the cellar beneath, and the secret hiding-place was at once discovered by Brien's most ingenious and classical† expedient. The woman stood for a moment in great confusion, not unmixed with alarm. But recovering herself a little, she cast a glance at Brien, and immediately was restored to confidence—nay more, she burst into loud laughter. I looked at Brien, and readily confessed that it would be very difficult to have resisted the temptation. He was standing with his countenance cast down, with a most comical air of affected modesty, but, withal, he glanced at the detected Spaniard from the corner of his eye with so humorous an expression, that I laughed until the effort to keep my merriment under became painful, and I had nearly discovered my concealment.

It was obvious that there was now an excellent understanding between the parties. The Spaniard drew from some nook which had escaped Brien's scrutiny a flask of wine—wine which seemed to suit his taste completely—and while he was engaged in discussing it, she descended into the cellar by means of a trap-door, and soon returned with two pair of excellent fowl fluttering in her grasp, and delivered them to him. He received them with abundance of compliments on her generosity; and, while he was thus engaged, I hastened back to our quarters, to make my companions laugh with the adventure; and, in due time, after the necessary preliminaries, to enjoy my share of the produce of Brien's ingenuity.

* An Irish mode of expressing "niggard."

† Reddidit una boum vocem, vastoque sub antro
Mugit, et Caci spem custodia fefellit.—ÆNEID, l. 8.

THE COURT.

THE uniform course of life enjoyed by their Majesties at Windsor Castle, has been diversified rather than interrupted by a few visits of three or four hours each to St. James's Palace, during the last month.

On the 13th, the Queen honoured the Windsor and Eton Horticultural Fête with her presence in the grounds of her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta.

A rural festival of a more popular kind took place at Kew on the 19th, when the King inspected the plans for the enlargement of the Church in that village.

The King of the Belgians dined with their Majesties on the 18th. It is rumoured that King Leopold's brief visit had some relation to the intended matrimonial establishment of her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria.

The removal of the Court to Brighton will not take place so soon as the inhabitants of that town anticipated.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

Violet, or the Danseuse. 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

SOME parts of this novel are very powerfully written, and there is a truth and energy of portraiture quite startling, from its immediate living interest. Yet we doubt whether any good can result from bringing such scenes before the eyes of those of our young countrywomen whom we are desirous of seeing grow up to become virtuous wives and good mothers. Is it not a pity to draw aside the curtain, and expose to their gaze those follies, and those exacerbations of passion, with which they could otherwise have no personal acquaintance, and, consequently, no sympathy?

"Violet, or the Danseuse," will doubtless amuse and interest those whom an extensive knowledge of the world and much experience of life may have made acquainted with the sources whence the author has drawn his materials; because they must be struck with the truth of each successive picture as it passes before their eyes. There are some very neatly drawn characters in this work, and much quiet though very bitter satire, on the heartless existence of those ephemeral beings who are fledged at Eton, take their first flight to a university, flutter and show their plumage, and strut and admire themselves in the fashionable drawing-rooms of those who would fain be admired by them, lose their patrimony at Crockford's, and end their insipid lives by dying of *ennui* at an early age, because they have exhausted every source of rational enjoyment. Those among them who reach the winter of life have been made legislators, and every one knows how the excitement of a certain legislative bear-garden tends to longevity.

We have no doubt that the work before us will be read most extensively, for the very reason that we censure it, namely, its broad exposure of scenes of which the female members of our families, especially the junior ones, ought ever to remain in ignorance.

NEW MUSIC.

The Posthumous Works of George Aspull. Book the First.

We have already recorded our opinion of the extraordinary and original genius of George Aspull, who died at the early age of seventeen, after exhibiting the powers, both mechanical and intellectual, of the greatest masters of his art. We regretted the loss of this young musician the more, because we thought him likely not only to reach the renown gained by the most eminent of his predecessors, but also to found an English school of music—a thing not to be effected except by the most commanding genius.

George Aspull has left a number of manuscript compositions behind him, which his family are now publishing by subscription. This work is beautifully got up, and the engraving of the music is of a beauty and finish never before seen. The first book, which is almost ready, has been sent to us as a specimen of the undertaking, and we are glad to inform our readers that we think it most deserving of their attention.

This first book contains No. I. Portrait and Memoir; No. II. Fantasia for the piano-forte in F. minor; No. III. Canzonetta, A gloom is on my troubled heart; No. IV. Exercise for the piano-forte.

The Fantasia in F minor, which was an improvisation made at one of George Aspull's concerts, and afterwards written down, is full of poetry of the highest order. Though a mere inspiration of the moment, it has the severe form of a regular and elaborate composition. The Nos. III. and IV. are equally interesting.

We rejoice that the family of George Aspull have at length resolved to publish the compositions which he left behind him: because we think that the record of his genius should not be confined, as it is now, only to a few personal friends, but that the public should at length know something of a youth who, had he been spared, would probably have become the greatest musician of his country.

I. Art thou not dear to this heart. Canzoncina. The Words and Music by William Aspull. Wessel & Co.

II. Lord of all that is pure and bright. Terzetto. A soprano, contr' alto, and basso. By the same. Wessel & Co.

III. Yon Sabbath bell. A sacred song. The Words by Miss M. Carsham, the Music by William Aspull. Cramer & Co.

IV. The stars are gleaming. A serenade. Words by W. H. Baker, Esq., Music by William Aspull. Wessel & Co.

V. Invitation pour la Valse. Composed by William Aspull. Cramer & Co.

These pieces, all of them vocal except the last, are the productions of Mr. William Aspull, elder brother of the gifted and unfortunate George. We have already seen some of this gentleman's vocal compositions, which we do not think have received the extensive patronage they deserve, a circumstance we attribute principally to their not being sufficiently known. About two years ago, we noticed a book of songs by Mr. William Aspull, one of which, bearing the title of "Old Times," struck us as being of a very superior order, and yet we have never stumbled upon the book in any fashionable drawing-room.

The above vocal pieces are well deserving of a place on the music stands of our fair readers. They are not only well composed, but give evidence of a much higher order of intellect than such compositions in general can afford an opportunity of displaying. The last piece, entitled "Invitation pour la Valse," is purely instrumental, containing a few pretty waltzes which might be used with very pleasing effect by those young ladies who are fond of playing waltzes and quadrilles.

VARIETIES.

SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, AT PARIS.

Mr. Brandon, the author of a very clever and interesting work, entitled "Shandean Fragments," which made some sensation on its appearance forty years ago, may be said to have become, in his declining years, the Richard Martin of France. This highly-gifted and benevolent gentleman, in conjunction with the Count Cormière du Medic (one of the *Administrateurs de Bienfaisance* at Paris, and an active patron of many benevolent societies in that city) and the Count de la Borde (one of the King's aides-de-camp and questor of the Chamber of Deputies), has introduced into France a duplicate of that humane and civilised institution for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals established in England, and of which the Earl of Carnarvon is the present president.

On the 1st of June, the society was founded at Paris by the above gentlemen, also our gallant and revered countryman Admiral Sir Sydney Smith, Monsieur Blanchet, advocate of the *Cour Royale*, Sir John Edmund de Beauvoir, Bart., Bishop Luscombe, Chevalier Ramel, and many other persons distinguished for their rank, talent, and benevolence. The Duke de la Rochefaucault Liancour and Baron de Gerando are the vice-presidents. We understand that the highest personages in France will be the patrons and patronesses of the society; and our most amiable ambassadress the Countess of Granville, so characterised by her benevolence, will take the lead as vice-patroness, using all her influence in promoting the object of this excellent institution. Few countries call more loudly than France for a law preventing animals, especially horses, from being used with wanton and unnecessary cruelty. We heartily wish the society every success.

SHANDEAN FRAGMENTS.

It is with great pleasure that we announce the re-publication of this work, which is so full of merit, and in its tone and manner so closely resembling the writings of Sterne, that, in an edition of Sterne's Works, published at Paris in 1821, these fragments were inserted in the last volume as actually written by Sterne.

Mr. Brandon, the author of these "Fragments," is a veteran in the walks of literature, but of late years has spent much of his life abroad. We are happy to find him appearing again among us. In addition to the "Fragments," we understand that some other pieces which have been printed but never published, with much new and original matter in verse and prose, are in preparation for the press, and will appear with the "Fragments" in a quarto volume, which will have the honour of being sanctioned by and dedicated to that very estimable nobleman, his Grace the Duke of Devonshire.

CHORAL HARMONIC SOCIETY CONCERT FOR AUGUST.

Tuesday, August 30th.

This was a sacred concert, and the first part of it was devoted to a selection from "The Creation." Mr. Kellner opened with "In the beginning." The chorus "And the Spirit of God" went off extremely well. Miss Agnes Taylor gave very good effect to "The marvellous work," though we could not help perceiving that she was very much frightened. Mr. Kellner's recitative and air "Roaming in foaming billows," was exceedingly effective. Mrs. G. Wood sang "With verdure clad" with rather too much ornament, which rendered it cold and ineffective. "In splendour bright," undertaken by Mr. Shrivall, did not go very well, but the chorus did of "The heavens are telling."

In the second part, Mr. Baumann played a solo on the bassoon. The powers of this distinguished performer are so well known, that we need merely observe that his performance was quite worthy of himself; it was beautiful in tone, extraordinary in execution, and full of sweetness and pathos. Mrs. G. Wood's "From mighty kings" we did not like, not from any defect in the lady's singing, but because the song itself is no favourite of ours, even when sung by Mrs. Bishop or Mrs. W. Knyvett. The chorus "When his loud voice" failed for want of strength. Miss Flower gave her air "Lord! to thee," extremely well. Miss Agnes Taylor, who had recovered from her alarm, displayed much of the higher requisites of her art, in the manner in which she sang Neukomm's air in Mount Sinai, "Holy and great." She imparted to it great feeling and expression; her enunciation was good, and her intonation perfectly in tune. The duet "Qual Analante," by Marcello, was likewise done justice to by Miss Agnes Taylor and Miss Flower. This latter lady has one of the most extraordinary voices we ever heard, with much natural taste and talent; and if she studied under a good master, she might become a first-rate singer.

COLOSSEUM.

We have been the last among our contemporaries to lavish praise upon this establishment, which, though certainly attractive in its local arrangements, offers nothing in the shape of entertainment to justify the price of admission. How Mr. Braham, with his high talents and great reputation, can appear there and sing the trash he does,—out-heroding Herod in that intense vulgarity of ballad-singing style with which, during the last twenty years, he has vitiated the national taste,—we are at a loss to imagine. It is lamentable to hear Braham, who ought to be the first singer of his age, who was once celebrated even in Italy, here *hooking* his notes, jerking his syllables, and introducing such ornaments as would delight only the miscellaneous audience at a tavern. We could have hissed him, but we forebore out of respect for his former greatness. Madame Sala is the best Mrs. Bundle we ever saw. Miss Mecovino, an awkward, gawky girl, with long teeth and a cross look, sings most awfully out of tune. Well had it been for us, had our ears been plugged.

METALLIC INK.

We have received a specimen of this elegant article from Messrs. Barritt and Co. It is used like ordinary writing ink, and produces a beautiful letter of gold, silver, or copper. We have no doubt it will come into immediate use for cards of invitation, as well as for water-colour drawings.

G. Sayer, pinxt. J. Cochran, sculpt.

THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

La Belle Assemblée.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF LADY JOHN RUSSELL.

Lady John Russell, the eldest daughter of the late Thomas Lister, Esq., was married first to Thomas Lord Ribblesdale; and is now the wife of Lord John Russell, M.P., Secretary of State for the Home Department, third son of John present Duke of Bedford.

"Amongst the British noblesse," says Mr. Burke, in his Peerage, "there is not a more illustrious house than that of Russell. The name is interwoven with the brightest achievements in the records of England, and it has been borne at different periods, by statesmen, warriors, and patriots, as sage, as gallant, and as disinterested, as ever guided her councils, unfurled her banners, or bled for her freedom."

This great family is of undoubted Norman origin, and was settled at a remote era in the county of Dorset. In 1202 we find a John Russell paying the sum of fifty marks for licence to marry the daughter of Daun Bardolph. In 1221 we find the same person, or at least one of the same name, acting as Constable of Corfe Castle, whose son and heir, Sir Ralph Russell, Knight, married one of the daughters and co-heirs of James de Newmarch, Baron of Newmarch and Derham. This family is indebted for its rise to an incidental introduction to Philip Archduke of Austria, son of the Emperor Maximilian, about the year 1500. Mr. John Russell having been presented by that prince to Henry VII, he was soon after admitted into the Royal service as a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber. By Henry VIII he was appointed Marshal of the Marshalsea, Comptroller of the Household, and a Privy Councillor; created by patent, 29th March 1539, Baron Russell of Cheyneys, in the county of Bedford; appointed Warden of the Stannaries, K. G. 1540, Admiral of England and Ireland, President of the Western Counties, Lord Privy Seal, and finally one of the Council to Prince Edward, at whose coronation he officiated as Lord High Steward of England. He obtained also, on the dissolution of the

greater monasteries in 1540, a grant to himself and Anne his wife, and the heirs of their bodies, of the whole site of the rich Abbey of Tavistock, and large domains thereunto belonging. On the 29th Jan. 1550, he was advanced to the dignity of Earl of Bedford; and on the accession of Queen Mary he was continued in his office of Privy Seal, and sent Ambassador to Spain to attend into England King Philip, to whose grandfather he was first indebted for his introduction to the English Court. He married Anne, daughter and heiress of Guy Sapcote, Esq., and widow of Sir John Broughton, Knt.; and dying, 14th March 1558, was succeeded by his only son,

FRANCIS, second Earl, K.G., who distinguished himself at the battle of St. Quentin, in the reign of Mary. This nobleman married first, Margaret St. John, daughter of Sir John St. John, Knight, and secondly Bridget dowager Lady Rutland, daughter of John Lord Hussee. He was succeeded, 28th July 1585, by his grandson,

EDWARD, third Earl, who died without issue, and was succeeded by his cousin

FRANCIS, fourth Earl, one of the advocates of the popular party during the reign of Charles I; but his death, which occurred 9th May 1641, was considered a great loss to the royal cause, as his speculations extended no further than the redress of grievances. He was father, with other issue, of Edward, whose son Edward Russell commanded the British fleet at the battle of La Hogue. The Earl of Bedford was succeeded by his eldest son,

WILLIAM, fifth Earl. This nobleman served for some time as a general of the Parliamentary army, but becoming disgusted with the violence of that party, he resigned his commission, and afterwards concurred in the Restoration. On the 11th May 1649, he was created Marquis of Tavistock and Duke of Bedford. His eldest son was Lord William Russell, who was so cruelly beheaded 21st July 1683. James II in his misfortunes applied to the Duke of Bedford, observing—"My Lord, you are a good man, and may do me some services." The Duke pathetically replied—"Sir, I am old; I had a son, who might have served your Majesty had he lived." The Duke died 7th September 1700, and was succeeded by his grandson,

WRIOTHESLY, second Duke, whose successor was

WRIOTHESLY, third Duke. This nobleman married Anne, daughter of Scroop first Duke of Bridgewater, by Elizabeth, third daughter of John Duke of Marlborough, but, dying without issue, was succeeded by his brother,

JOHN, fourth Duke, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1756, and in 1762 Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of France, in which character he signed, at Fontainbleau, the preliminaries of peace with France and Spain. He died 15th January 1771, and was succeeded by his grandson,

FRANCIS, fifth Duke. This popular nobleman died at Woburn Abbey, deeply lamented, at the early age of thirty-seven. Imbued with the political principles of his family, Francis Duke of Bedford was regarded by his party as the hereditary champion of the constitution—in private life he was universally beloved and esteemed. His grace died unmarried, and was succeeded by his brother,

JOHN, sixth and present Duke. This nobleman was born 6th July 1766, and married, the 21st March 1786, Georgiana Elizabeth, second daughter of George fourth Viscount Torrington, by whom he has, with other issue, FRANCIS Marquis of Tavistock, and the present distinguished Secretary of State and Leader of the House of Commons—Lord JOHN RUSSELL.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL, the third son, married, 11th April 1835, Adelaide Lady Ribblesdale, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Lister, Esq., of Armytage Park, in the county of Stafford, and sister of Thomas Henry Lister, Esq., the author of "Granby." The family of Lister is of great antiquity in the north of England, and the senior branch, now represented by Lord Ribblesdale, has been seated at Gisburne for more than five centuries. Lady John Russell's grandfather, Nathaniel Lister, Esq., of Armytage Park, M.P. for Clitheroe, a gentleman well known in the literary world, was the second son of Thomas Lister, Esq., of Gisburne Park, and uncle of Thomas first Lord Ribblesdale.

A DAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

It was a lovely September afternoon, when my friend and self stepped on board the elegant steamer, General Lincoln, which was to convey us to Hingham, a small and picturesque village on the coast of Massachusetts. We were glad to leave Boston, for, though summer had gone by, her warm breath and sunny smile still lingered in the air, and any one who has been so unfortunate as to pass that season in a city, can tell how their bland and balmy purity, which is such a blessing amid the woods and fields, is lost amid the harsh glare of a brick wall, and the crowd of a public street. We found the deck alive with children—the pupils of a free school, who, accompanied by their teachers and a band of music, were going to pass a holiday, as a holy hour, in the country.

It was a glorious day—the clear, rich sun smiled at his own bright face in the waters. The children laughed and sung, and chased each other in their glee, as if their very hearts were just let out of school —and the wanton sea breeze, frolic as themselves, tossed their free wild curls into the golden fight, and played with the roses on their dimpled cheeks, till the wavy hair grew bright, and the warm face rosier still.

The rainbow gleamed in the foam like a girdle of gems by our side—the waves leaped up like living things, all redolent of light and joy—and many a gaily painted boat did we pass, and many a majestic ship, with its curved sails changing from grey to gold as shade or shine prevailed. At length the band suddenly struck up a popular air. The broad white deck was cleared for the quadrille; the sets were quickly formed; and the children, smiling and blushing, bounded lightly through the mazes of the dance. Altogether it was quite delightful; and, impelled by the same impulse of admiration, we both drew our pencils from our pockets to commemorate the scene—my friend, by a drawing in his sketch-book; and I, by some verses in a blank page of a volume of Burns. As I raised my head to think of a simile for the sweet season of childhood, my eye was attracted by a fairy-like boat, with a single sail, dancing merrily over the waves, as if it possessed a human spirit to rejoice in the beauty of the day. The following lines, suggested by the sight, may not be inappropriate here:

How swift o'er the waters it dashes!
The spray-jewels spring to its prow,
The sunny foam over it flashes,
And Heaven looks soft on it now.

With its balmy breath wooingly pressing,
The zephyr has curved the light sail,
And the bark in that playful caressing,
Goes gracefully on with the gale.

A cloud o'er the far-away billow,
So down-like and delicate rose,
So soft, it would seem a fit pillow
To cradle a seraph's repose!

Yet we know not what darkness and danger
It bears in that bosom of light,
The smile of the beautiful stranger
May change to a frown ere the night.

Ah! thus, in Life's rapturous morning
We float with the breeze and the beam;
The shadows of destiny scorning,
We see but the sun-lighted stream.

The beautiful islands which are scattered over the harbour of Boston, render this sail one of the pleasantest in the world. There are two, on which forts were erected in war-time, Fort Strong and Fort Independence. But the most interesting one of the present day is Thompson's Island, on which is an excellent asylum for indigent boys, called the Farm School. The island contains one hundred and sixty acres of land, all of which is in a high state of cultivation. Most of the work in the extensive gardens is performed between school-hours by the pupils, now numbering just one hundred. The younger boys have small garden-lots assigned to them, which they are allowed to call their own, and in which they of course feel a lively interest. The school-house is erected on a prominent part of the island, and commands a rich and varied prospect.

Another object worthy of notice is a monument, called Nix's Mate, raised many years ago to commemorate the murder of a mate, perpetrated on the spot, by a captain of that name. It formerly occupied the centre of an island, which has since been washed away, and the restless waves now lash in vain the lone and lasting memorial of guilt. It is built of granite, and

there is something grand in its desolate appearance, as it stands unmoved and stern, in sunshine and in storm, amid the ever-heaving sea!

Among the many objects of interest, along the shore of the main land, is seen the still unfinished monument on Bunker Hill, erected in memory of the unfortunate —I should say, the fortunate— men who fell there at the commencement of the revolutionary war. It has been many years in progress by subscription, and, as a sarcastic friend of mine lately observed, it is to go a few thousand dollars' worth higher this year. It is to be of solid granite, in the shape of a pyramid.

Hingham is of late becoming a fashionable resort from the city. It is the oldest town in New England excepting Plymouth, which is within a few miles' distance of it. Our purpose in going thither was to visit an invalid friend, who, with her mother and sisters, was boarding at a cottage in a lonely and romantic part of the village, called Rocky Nook. Our walk from the boat was delightful, through most luxuriant woods, whose foliage had been suddenly changed, by the magic wreath and smile of autumn, till it glowed like a living rainbow. The house was situated on a gentle eminence, and, as we approached, a bright face vanished from the window, and the next moment my friend was flying down the hill to welcome us. How perfectly lovely she looked at that moment! Her white morning dress simple and graceful as herself— her pale brown hair wreathed with wild flowers, and drooping in long curls on her cheek—the tremulous glow of returning health—the fair Madonna forehead, full of purity and intellect—every feature of that face so delicately beautiful—the whole contour of the small, elegant head, and curving throat so entirely classical:—Raffaelle, could he have seen, would have made her his model, and given new grace to the canvas. Behind her, in swift pursuit, came her youngest sister, the pet of the family—a little rosy rogue, three years of age, with wild disordered curls, that absolutely gleamed with light and looked like a net for sunbeams. She was a strange bright child, at times so full of fun and frolic, and at others so thoughtful and demure. "If all who are born must die," she said to her mother one day, "I wish God would *unborn* me, for I don't want to die." At another time, after some one had told her that it was God who clothed the sky with clouds, she seemed for a few moments absorbed in thought, and then exclaimed—"Mamma! is God the *mantua-maker* of the sky?"

At the door we were met by the rest of the family, and ushered into a small parlour, most tastefully adorned with natural flowers. After partaking of a delicious repast, consisting of new milk, eggs, bread and butter, pies, honey, and a cake made of Indian meal, called by the good housewives of New England "journey-cake," we adjourned for the evening to the spacious barn, where, by the brilliant moonlight, the children amused themselves with the swing, and the rest of the party with singing and conversation. Our number was soon increased by the arrival of some village friends. But the evening air grew cool, and we were about to return to the house, when some one proposed a dance.

"Ah, but we have no instrument," said another.

Hardly had she finished speaking, ere an inspiring waltz was heard from some invisible flute! It was surely in the air! Was Prospero alive? Had Ariel come again? And the low melodious laugh, which followed our exclamations of wonder, and which sounded directly over our heads, did not lessen the delusion. But the pleasant tune went on; and so enlivening were the notes, that several sprang from their seats, and joined in the graceful dance, while others searched in vain for the enchanter. At last a slight rustle betrayed his hiding-place. "The loft! the loft!" they cried. There was a sudden rush towards the ladder leading to the hay-loft, and several gentlemen ascended. Then there was a playful struggle, renewed laughter, and they reappeared at the head of the ladder, dragging forward our Ariel with his flute in his hand—a romantic youth, who loved solitude, and often sought it in the cool and quiet loft. At our request, he continued his music, and a merry country dance ended the amusements of the day.

Early the next morning seats were arranged in the large hay-cart for a trip to Mantasket beach, about three miles distant, and seven miles in length. All the most romantic of the party, among whom was myself, were eager for a seat in this rather ricketty vehicle; the rest were contented with the more rational carry-all. I did not envy those in the latter, for they were not half so gay as we. A poet, a painter, a lawyer, and an editor, were our attendant beaux, and many a jeu-d'esprit and many a

lovely sentiment was ours, as jolt-ti-ti-jolt we rattled over the rough and rocky road; talking, laughing, and occasionally joining in the chorus of the beautiful airs which poured in sweet succession from the lips of a dark-eyed, rose-lipped girl, who seemed to sing because she could not help it, she was so happy. A glorious creature she was, all genius and enthusiasm, with a soul as full of fire as her eyes, and a voice so rich, and sweet, and wild! I never heard any one sing with such pathos and expression. She was a wit withal. I will give a single instance of her quickness at repartee. She had long been tormented by the importunate attentions of a certain oddity, whose devotion was the more provoking, as she could never discover whether he was in jest or earnest. The youth affected great originality in his remarks, and once at a party, offering her his arm, he asked—

"Will you vibrate, Miss L.?"

"I have no objection."

"And to what favoured quarter of the apartment would your vibrations tend?"

"Wherever yours do not."

He was silenced for a moment, but soon renewed the attack.

"Well, and how do you flourish now-a-days?"

"I leave all flourishes to you, Mr. W."

"You look fatigued."

"I am weary of this stupid world."

"Can you give me a definition of stupidity?"

"Yes."

"And what is it?"

"Mr. W——."

There was a stare of surprise, and another pause.

"Miss L., will you favour me with a new idea?"

"I think I saw a primer on the table; suppose you should look there for one."

But to return to the hay-cart. Our poet was another original. He had a deal of sly humour, which no muscles but his own could resist: and his conversation was a constant flow of playful wit, or most exalted sentiment. In feature, he resembled a portrait I have seen of Dr. Johnson; and I believe under that demure and almost stupid expression he concealed nearly as much strength of thought and ready play of humour. I never could quite understand him. He was either the most sincere and simple and unsophisticated, or the most artful, of human beings; but of this I am quite sure, that he always acted according to his own notions of right and wrong, without caring for or paying any regard to the opinions of the world. Once when visiting the city of Charlestown, in South Carolina, a lady invited him to sit in her pew the following Sunday. She went to church, expecting to meet him there; but prayers commenced, and he had not yet made his appearance. Happening, however, to turn her head, while kneeling with the rest of the congregation, she saw to her dismay her new acquaintance walking gravely up the aisle, with his great clumsy country-made shoes in his hand, and his large feet clothed in hose of coarse blue woollen yarn! Reader, the lady did not scream! Was not her self-command worthy of an Indian chief? Another of the party contributed much to our gaiety, a younger sister of my friend, about seventeen years of age, whose childish artlessness was a constant source of amusement to her family. She always acted from impulse; but they were the prettiest impulses in the world: for she was a sweet affectionate creature, with a warm heart, a bright face, and a voice like an Eolian harp. She loved a country life, and when allowed to visit Hingham, was always wild with joy. She used to say, she did hope Heaven was "all *country*." Her mind, which was naturally rich, would have been a paradise with proper cultivation; it was neglected, and the weeds half choked the flowers; but with all its faults, it was still a garden of Eden to her lover, for he seemed to glory in it. She was full of a lovely and glowing enthusiasm, which no experience seemed likely to subdue. I remember once, in attempting to describe a picture of a lake by moonlight, she at once conveyed an idea of its peculiar loveliness to my mind, by exclaiming—

"Oh! it was so thrillingly beautiful, that as soon as I saw it I began to whisper!"

We were almost sorry when the beach appeared, our drive had been so pleasant. But we were soon quite as happily engaged in gathering shells and watching the distant sails. We here noticed a very beautiful phenomenon, which I have since been told is a common one. We saw the shadow of a ship inverted in the clouds. There was something so unearthly in the delicate softness of the outline, that you might have dreamed an angel, looking down from Heaven, had seen the winged wanderer of the sea, and, charmed with its majestic

beauty, had drawn its likeness there. It reminded me of an idea, which I think I have heard a Swedenborgian express, that the things of earth will have their likeness in Heaven, only softer and purer and more beautiful. I have read somewhere of a man, who, standing on the summit of the Pic du Midi, saw a monstrous figure in the clouds imitating his movements, which proved to be his own shadow; and I thought how ludicrous at first must have seemed to him the sight of a giant returning his bow from the sky, as if the man in the moon had made his appearance in good earnest at last.

After a lunch, which we had brought with us and spread upon a large flat rock, taking our wine from the snow-white hollow shells with which the place abounds, we amused ourselves with scribbling on the beach, and many a sweet and many a silly verse did the restless waves erase. Two only of these impromptu effusions still linger in my memory. Some one had written the name of a favourite bard in the sand, and another, indignant at the sacrilege, inscribed the following beneath it:

What!—write the Poet's name in sand!
A name that rings throughout our land,
Linked with bewildering music, such
As tremble to a seraph's touch!
See, the next wave, in reckless play,
Will wash the hallowed word away.
Oh, rather let it live, impressed
In yonder granite's changeless breast.
Nay, even that to time must yield;
Where, then, may we that word engrave?
Oh! be our hearts its shrine, its shield!
'Twill there defy Oblivion's wave!

The other was composed on seeing a child at play with the waves:

They come! they come! the laughing waves;
And each thy pathway lightly laves,
And at thine eager feet flings down
His crown of foam—his dazzling crown!
But thou dost gaze in sad amaze,
And wonder where the gems have fled,
That seemed to wreathe with starry rays,
Before he came, his shining head.
Ah, thus the hours of after life,
To thee, are all with glory rife;
And thus thou'lt sigh, as now dismayed,
To see that treacherous glory fade.

We returned in time to see the sun set from the summit of Turkey Hill, a somewhat lofty eminence near the house, commanding a prospect of great beauty and variety. No language can describe the glowing splendour of the scene, as we reached the highest point of the hill. The rich woods—the calm and verdant vale—the winding, gleaming stream—the distant heights—the heaving sea—and, fairer than them all, the graceful drapery of the landscape, the gorgeous ever-changing clouds, paling gradually from the glowing gold and purple to the violet and rose! I never felt so much the want of words in describing scenery as when viewing one of those magnificent sunsets, which are, I believe, peculiar to New England.

In the evening, we were invited to a ball at the hotel, where the beaux and belles of the village were all assembled before eight o'clock, and where on a floor, elastic as Hope, as my friend poetically observed, we tripped it merrily till midnight, and then walked home through the woods by the light of the full harvest-moon!

"Ah!" said Miss L., as we reached the door of the cottage, "it seems, sometimes, as if I could hear old Time himself sighing as he goes by to leave such scenes behind."

THE HINDOO WIDOW.

I WAS one day walking through the principal street of Poonah, the metropolis of the Mahratta empire. This capital of one of the most extensive principalities of the East is a small dirty city, with contracted streets and a very dense population, not exceeding in size an ordinary market-town in England. I had just turned an angle formed by the projecting wing of a large house which abutted beyond the general line of the street, here not more than fifteen feet wide, when I saw an elephant approaching with considerable speed. The mahoot was seated upon its neck either asleep or heedless of anything that was passing, being absorbed in that apathetic indifference so rife among the menial Hindoos, who are generally the most bestially selfish of human beings. Reciprocal good-will is not found among their calendar of social virtues.

The elephant advanced rapidly, and I had scarcely placed myself against the wall of a house opposite to that which I have just mentioned, when a beautiful little girl, under six years old, attired only in the clothing with which nature had provided her, ran from the court that opened into

the street just as the elephant had reached the spot. In another moment she must have been crushed to death beneath the ponderous limbs of the gigantic animal. The mahoot made no attempt to arrest the progress of his huge charge, but gazed with perfect apathy upon the apparently inevitable destruction of one of the most lovely children eye had ever gazed upon. I was almost overpowered by the intensity of my feelings, but the sudden impulse of terror lest the child should be killed before my eyes so stimulated my whole frame, that with a frantic bound I reached the spot where the little creature stood in an agony of terror, and, seizing her by the arms just as the colossal beast was raising its leg to strike her to the earth, escaped with her into the court whence she had issued to encounter so signal a peril.

I was so overcome by the excitement of the rescue I had thus happily accomplished, and the consequent reaction, that I could scarcely speak. I placed my interesting burthen on the ground, who sprang into the arms of a tall, handsome Hindoo, and buried her little head in his bosom. The tear started into his eye and stole down his dark cheek as he pressed the beautiful child to his heart, and for an instant indulged in a transport of sacred joy. He was her father, and had witnessed the almost miraculous escape of his only daughter through my agency. I did not interrupt the tender silence which for a considerable interval followed the paternal embrace. He at length muttered something like a prayer, as he again strained the object of his parental solicitude affectionately to his bosom. At length he released her from his arms, and approached the spot where I was standing. "Son of a fair mother," said he, extending his small yet exquisitely-turned hand, and fixing his bland but expressive eyes upon mine, "you have done me a signal service, and one which I should be willing to repay with a better gratitude than bare words, if the proud stranger of the West may condescend to accept such a tribute at the hand of one whom he calls an idolater. I am a Brahmin, to whom, as you know, a contact with one of your nation is a personal defilement only to be expurgated by many lustrations and severe penances. You have, however, done me a service, and I will dare the utmost penalties imposed by the Shastras to requite the obligation by which your generous exposure of your life to save that of my child has bound me to you."

"Nay," I replied, "I have performed but an act of common humanity, which the religion I profess to follow teaches me to be a duty incumbent upon every rational being."

"Yet how few perform such duties!"

"None but bad men shrink from the performance of them."

"Then I fear, if this be the test of goodness, the large majority of men are bad."

"I trust not. In my country no person of common feeling would have acted otherwise than I have done. I deserve no encomiums for a deed which it would have been the grossest violation of manliness to have shrunk from."

"It shall not be forgotten. Will you enter the roof of the idolater? Perhaps some of those prejudices entertained by your countrymen may be subdued upon a nearer communion with the Hindoo. I would wish you to form your future conclusions from your own experience, and not upon those rumours in which some truth is obscured by much falsehood."

I was struck with the frank air of the Brahmin. He appeared a man who had not numbered more than two-and-thirty years. His figure was extremely slight, and his limbs delicate almost to effeminacy, yet they were beautifully rounded, and there was an easy buoyancy and elasticity of motion which gave evidence of more vigour than the small limbs and slender body at first sight seemed to indicate. His countenance was remarkably handsome, every feature harmonising with the exact but miniature proportions of his frame. His eyes were brightened by the vivid feelings which continually enlivened them with an expression of eloquent and fervid emotion, while the compression of his small delicate mouth showed a decision and firmness, which, as I subsequently discovered, was a prominent feature of his character. He pressed me to enter his house. I confess I felt much flattered by the tone of confidence with which he treated me, in spite of the severe and indomitable prejudices of his caste. He looked upon me as the saviour of his child's life, and that child the object of the deepest paternal affection. He did not shrink from me as I approached so near as almost to touch him, but, placing his hand upon his forehead, laid it upon mine as a solemn

token of the gratitude he felt for the service I had done him in stepping between him and the acutest misery.

Having assured him how gratified I felt that he should entertain towards me feelings so different from those which the rigid prejudices of caste universally imposed upon his race, I entered his house. It was a large gloomy mansion, without symmetry or comfort. Though the Brahmin was a man of great wealth, there was little within it that betokened the elegance of eastern luxury, save a few gorgeous articles from the manufactories of Cashmere, Persia, and Bagdad, such as shawls, carpets, and tissues. My generous host, having seated himself upon a splendid Persian rug, invited me to throw myself upon another of the same fabric, at a short distance from him. Having called for his hookah, he ordered one to be brought to me, which was done by his attendants with evident reluctance. I knew that it would be destroyed after my departure, for no Hindoo of character would use it after it had been polluted by the mouth of a Christian. The man who stood behind eyed me with a look of such malignity, as convinced me that he would much rather see me dead before him than smoking a chillam which he had been obliged to prepare for me at his master's bidding: still he dared not rebel against authority, as he was a man of inferior race, and his situation in the house of an opulent master worth retaining. It was nevertheless amusing to remark the silent scorn which the depressed eye and upturned mouth expressed as he turned his head from me after he had placed the hookah at my feet.

My host and I conversed upon commonplace matters, and when I had finished my chillam I took my leave, extremely gratified with his intelligence and urbanity. He solicited my return when I should have a leisure hour to spare, and expressed his determination to visit me at my bungalo, about two miles beyond the walls of the city, if I had no objection to receive him. I replied that, on the contrary, it would afford me the greatest satisfaction to have him for my guest, and pressed him to promise me an early visit.

When I reached my home I could not help reflecting gravely upon my adventure of the morning. How apt are we, I thought, to form false conclusions, by judging of communities in masses, and attributing to the worthy few the vices of the corrupt many. I had been accustomed to look upon Brahmins, without distinction, as a race of sensual tyrants, whose hearts were steeled by a fierce and implacable bigotry against the finest sympathies of our nature. The vices of the Brahmins generally are so grossly conspicuous and so specific, that the casual observer is apt to look upon the whole class as radically vicious; but a residence of some years in India has shown me that there are some brilliant exceptions to the general rule, and the father of the child whom I had so happily rescued from impending destruction was one of them, although without neither his prejudices nor his infirmities. He was considered by the more rigid of his tribe, as I afterwards ascertained, a person of lax principles; and probably nothing but the great influence which his wealth gave him over his poorer brethren, saved him from the reproach of alienation from their sacred body: but in India Mammon is one of the most potent of their idols, and has unquestionably the largest number of adorers.

My new friend was one of the ministers at the Mahratta court, and high in the Peishwa's confidence. He was considered a perfect oracle in matters of legislation; I was therefore the more flattered by the confidence which he, from this time, reposed in me;—this too, was the more complimentary, as I was the first European with whom he ever held anything like social communion.

The day after the event had occurred which brought us acquainted with each other, I received a visit from the Brahmin at my bungalo, to which I gave him an earnest and cordial welcome. From this time we frequently interchanged visits, and, within a few weeks after our acquaintance, he informed me that he was about to marry his daughter to a man advanced in years, but of great wealth and political importance. The intended bridegroom was sixty-three years old, the bride six. I ventured to ask him if such extreme disparity was not likely to produce great conjugal misery.

"Not in the least," he replied, "age commands respect; wealth and talent more than countervail the mere fugitive advantages of youth and a comely person. Women were born to be subservient, and it would be an act of folly to consult their choice when it might be likely to interfere with a higher order of creatures."

"In my country," I said, "women have

nobler privileges than among you. We never degrade them by reducing them to a level below our own, and they are consequently a far superior race to the beautiful sirens in this fine country, who are the mere tools of your pleasure, and the slaves of your caprice."

"If women were not an inferior order of beings, why was the burden imposed upon them of bearing children, and nursing the helpless infants which they are doomed to bring into the world?"

"This argues no inferiority; on the contrary, to my mind, it is a distinction for which they ought to be especially honoured. The less woman is held in reverence, depend upon it the more man is degraded. It is they of the weaker sex who keep up the balance of society, and elevate us rational beings to our proper level above the brutes."

He did not reply; it was, however, evident from the grave aspect of his features, that my arguments had little weight in convincing him that men became depraved in proportion as women were degraded, which is the case in India to a lamentable extent. He turned from the subject with an evident desire to dismiss it, and asked me if I felt disposed to be present at the marriage of his child. I cheerfully accepted the invitation, and he withdrew.

The next day, being at the Brahmin's house, I had an opportunity of seeing the intended husband of his beautiful daughter. The creature was unsightly to the last degree. His countenance presented a dark tawny surface of deep lines, out of which the withered features protruded without form or expression, save a sinister glare of the eyes, that forced the beholder to think the heart lodged in the breast below insensible to a single feeling that could ennoble humanity. The bridge of the nose was broken down, and showed a hideous chasm between the point of that deformed feature and the low projecting forehead. I was shocked to think that so beautiful an infant should be allied by a covenant so solemn as marriage to a creature thus deformed, whom it was clear she must loathe for the rest of her days, as it was sufficiently notorious that his moral organisation was no less the reverse of beautiful than his physical: he was, however, a man of wealth, and extreme influence amongst his tribe; and this was considered as more than countervailing the possession of mere bodily graces, which he affected to despise, purely because he could not command them.

I was shocked to see how little a fond father thought of sacrificing the happiness of a daughter, whom he literally adored, to the sordid interests of worldly policy. But so it was. The parent, with all his natural penetration, could not perceive the moral enormity of uniting a mere infant to an aged debauchee, so completely was his mind "sickli'ed o'er" by the monstrous prejudices in which he had been reared. The certainty of his daughter's future misery had probably never for an instant entered his thoughts, being no doubt fully persuaded that the advantage of such an alliance would be a sufficient repayment for the sacrifice. The poor infant gambolled at her father's feet, utterly unconscious of the wretchedness in store for her. The brilliant beaming of her full black eye, and her rich clear laugh, eloquently told how little she calculated any thing but joy in the future, if such calculations ever intruded upon her tender thoughts. I sighed as I witnessed her little sports at her father's side, and thought how near a few days would bring her to the termination of her young freedom. It is quite melancholy to see how little the commonest comforts of the other sex are considered in almost every country throughout the East. The women are respected neither by their husbands, their children, nor their relations, nor are they improved by respect or kindly feeling among themselves. They are generally brought up in the most barbarous ignorance, and, with few exceptions, are mere domestic drudges. Many among them are eminently beautiful, but the moral deformity by which that beauty is so frequently accompanied, is a painful subject of contemplation to an enlightened mind.

The sixth day from the present was fixed for the young Brahminee's union with a man old enough to be her great grandfather. He entered the apartment before I had concluded my visit, and eyed me with a scowl of sinister dissatisfaction. He, however, did not condescend to take the slightest notice of my presence, but placed himself at as great a distance from me as the room would permit. I was so perfectly disgusted at his personal deformity, that I felt not the slightest wish to be honoured with a more flattering propinquity.

The wedding-day at length arrived, and I was present at the ceremony, though of

course I did not partake in any part of it. On my arrival at the house of the young bride's father, I found an immense number of guests and of people in attendance. As the families were both wealthy, the marriage was conducted with great splendour. There was a lavish prodigality in every thing which perfectly amazed me, as the Hindoos almost universally have an unconquerable love of money; but their desire to be thought munificent at their wedding-feasts overbears every other prepossession, and they frequently encounter ruin rather than abate a rupee in keeping up the customary splendour upon these momentous occasions.

Shortly after my arrival, the infantine bride and her aged bridegroom appeared, the former glittering with jewels, the latter arrayed in a plain white tunic and yellow turban. They were both placed under an alcove supported by columns of sun-dried brick, covered with chunam, which had the texture and polish of the finest marble. This alcove was erected before the principal entrance of the house, forming a kind of low portico to the building. These ornamented buildings frequently extend along the whole front in the form of a colonnade, forming a convenient shelter for the inferior orders who may come on business with the lord of the mansion, and to whom the prejudices of caste would deny admittance.

Upon the present occasion the portico was splendidly decorated, large mirrors being suspended from the columns, and rich Persian carpets spread upon the ground before it and on either side. Flowers of the most brilliant hues were wreathed round the pillars, the grateful perfumes of which were diffused through the chamber that opened upon the colonnade, by the large fans employed by numerous domestics to cool the assembled guests. A number of attendants provided with chowdies, composed of the tail of the yak, or Thibet ox, were waving them to and fro over the heads of the principal persons invited, to prevent the annoyance of flies and mosquitoes.

Under the pandal or alcove was placed a small ugly brazen image, representing Vighneswara, the god of obstacles. His influence is extremely dreaded by the Hindoos, and therefore he is held in great reverence, terror being with them a strong stimulus to devotion. This deity is so monstrously hideous, that his worshippers assert no goddess has ever had the courage to consent to a union with him; for the gods of their mythology marry as freely as themselves, and are not particular in restricting themselves to one wife. Notwithstanding this, his superstitious votaries offer him the most abject homage when a marriage is celebrated, lest he should throw any impediment in the way of their happiness, the surly deity being extremely addicted to the fiercest resentment.

The happy pair, as they were rather problematically termed, were seated in the centre of the alcove upon a mound of fresh earth, raised about two feet, with their faces towards the east. A plate of copper was then produced, upon which was placed a lamp, made from a paste formed of the flour of rice ground exceedingly fine and mixed with Gangetic water, obtained at immense cost. Several married women then advanced, and performed before the bride and bridegroom the ceremony of the Arati. The lamp upon the copper plate being supplied with cocoa-nut oil, was lighted, the married women taking hold of the plate upon which it rested, and raising it to a level with the bride's head, in that position described several circles with the plate and burning lamp, directing their eyes with a fixed unmeaning stare upon the infant Brahminee, who was the especial object of this silly mummery. After this had been repeated several times, the lamp was removed, and the upper receptacle filled with water coloured with ochre, or some mixture which rendered it of a deep opaque red. With this similar circles were described as before, the betrothed fair maintaining all the while a profound and reverential silence.

"The intention of this ceremony is to avert fascination by the eye, and to prevent the accidents which arise out of I know not what evil impressions occasioned by the jealous look of certain persons. The credulity of the Hindoos respecting this sort of injury is carried to excess; and it is for that reason that the ceremony of the Arati, which is considered to have the virtue of preventing the effect of those glances, is so common and so universal among the Hindoos, and especially among persons of high rank, who, being more observed and having more enemies than private individuals, are more exposed to the evil influence of malevolent or jealous looks. When such persons, therefore, appear in public, the first

thing that is done on their return home is to perform the ceremony of the Arati, as an antidote to the ill-designed looks which may have been cast upon them. For the same reason princes have the same ceremony repeated several times a day.

"The gods themselves are not considered out of the reach of malicious glances of the eye; and, therefore, when they are carried in processions in the streets, or in any other way exposed to public veneration, the ceremony of the Arati is always celebrated when they are taken back to their places, to efface the evil they may have sustained by such wicked looks. The girls who daily attend at the temples of the idols to chant hymns in their praise, never fail at the conclusion to light the lamp of rice-paste, and to go through the ceremony of the Arati, elevating it to the idols' heads, and whirling it in the accustomed circles*."

After the ceremony of the Arati had been performed before the old bridegroom and his infant bride, a general invitation was given to all the gods by an officiating Brahmin, in order to render them propitious upon this occasion, and that they might ratify by their presence the solemn covenant about to be made. So soon as the invitation had been proclaimed aloud by the functionary, all the idols of their daily worship were brought into the presence of the plighted couple, where they were supplicated to remain until the whole affair, which lasted five entire days, should terminate. Several mantras, which are certain forms of prayer, were then made to the superior deities for a blessing upon the objects of so much absurd form.

A particular sacrifice was next offered to Brahma, who has no temple raised nor any regular worship offered to him in any part of India. On the second day, after some trifling ceremonies, the bridegroom, in the presence of his guests, expressed a desire to make a pilgrimage to Casi the Splendid †, and wash himself in the waters of the sacred river at a particular ghaut in that venerated city. Having proclaimed his determination aloud, and furnished himself with a suitable viaticum which was already prepared in anticipation of this pious intention, he habited himself in the garb of a travelling pilgrim, and affected to set out upon his holy journey, preceded by tomtoms, trumpets, cymbals, and every description of musical instrument calculated to strain sensitive ears. He was accompanied by several of his nearest relations, who raised shouts of approbation at his thus proceeding to consummate so devout a determination. No sooner, however, had he reached the city gates, than he was met by the father of his bride, who, upon ascertaining his intention, detained him for some minutes in conversation, and then seduced him from his pious purpose, by making him a final offer of his daughter, if he would return and forego his intended pilgrimage. He, of course, readily accepted the conditions, and accompanied his future father-in-law back to his expectant but by no means impatient bride. Upon reaching the alcove, where the child to whom he was to be united sat a perfectly indifferent spectator of what was passing around her, he placed himself once more beside her.

When the aged Brahmin had resumed his seat at her side, the father of the girl fastened upon the right wrist of his future son-in-law and on the left of his daughter a small piece of saffron. This was done with great ceremony, accompanied by several solemn gesticulations and invocations to some superior divinity. The bridegroom now turned his face towards the east, and the bride's father, looking stedfastly into his eyes, declared that he saw the almighty Vishnoo before him. Immediately he prepared and offered a sacrifice to the incarnate godhead. The withered representative of deity was then made to put both his feet in a new dish filled with cow-dung; after which they were solemnly washed with water and milk alternately by his father-in-law, who uttered or rather chanted appropriate mantras during the whole ceremony. When this was concluded, my friend the Brahmin called upon such a number of gods in succession, that I thought he never would have come to the end of his invocation; he next named seven famous planets, five celebrated Hindoo virgins, seven sacred mountains, the woods, the sea, the eight cardinal points, the fourteen worlds, the year, the seasons, the month, the day, the minute, with sundry other particulars far too numerous and minute for a dozen memories.

He now took his daughter's hand, put it into that of her infirm partner, and poured them both well with Gangetic water, as a testimony of veneration for the great Vishnoo. This was the symbol of resigning his daughter to the authority of her future

* Dubois. † Benares.

husband; it, in short, constitutes them man and wife.

"This ceremony," says the Abbe Dubois, "which appears to be the foundation of marriage, is succeeded by another but little less in importance. All married women in India wear at their necks a small ornament of gold called tahli, which is the sign of their being actually in the state of marriage. When they become widows, this ornament is removed with great form. There is engraved upon it the figure of Vighneswara, the god of obstacles, Lakshmi, or some other divinity in estimation with the caste; and it is fastened by a short string dyed with saffron, composed of one hundred and eight threads of great fineness. Before tying it round the neck of the bride, she is made to sit down by the side of her husband; and, after some slight preliminary ceremonies, ten Brahmins make a partition with a curtain of silk, which they extend from one to another between them and the wedded pair, while the rest are reciting the mantras and invoking Brahma with Saraswati, Vishnoo with Lakshmi, Siva with Parrati, and several more; always coupling each god with his consort. The ornament is now brought in to be fastened to the neck of the bride. It is presented upon a salver, neatly decked and garnished with sweet-smelling flowers. Incense is offered to it, and it is presented to the assistants, each of whom touches it, and invokes blessings upon it. The bride then turning towards the east, the bridegroom takes the tahli, and, reciting a mantra aloud, binds it round her neck."

Upon the present occasion this ceremony was performed with the usual formalities, and the couple formally pronounced to be man and wife. The marriage ceremony being now in fact complete, the sacrifice of the Homan was made by the bridegroom. This can be offered by a Brahmin only, and is so highly venerated by the Hindoos, that the Brahmins are extremely proud of the exclusive privilege of offering it. It consists merely of kindling a fire of some consecrated wood, upon which boiled rice saturated with ghee or clarified butter is cast at intervals.

This sacrifice is constantly made among the superior castes. In the present instance, so soon as it had been offered by the happy husband, he took his wife by the hand, and led her thrice round the fire, which he had excited to a vigorous blaze by the quantity of ghee cast into it. He next placed his right hand on one of her ankles, which he drew towards a small stone in his left. At this stage of the proceedings, the father-in-law is supposed to signify his final and solemn ratification of the marriage, the principal ceremonies of which had now been gone through. I was heartily tired of these minute and ostentatious ceremonials, but being determined to witness the entire process of a Hindoo wedding, I attended during the whole five days. The remaining part of the ceremony will be better understood by a quotation from the Abbe Dubois.

"On the evening of the third day, when the constellations appear, the Purohita or astrologer points out to the view of the new married pair a very small star, close to the middle one in the tail of ursa major, and directs them both to pay it obeisance; for it is Arundhati, he says, the wife of Vasistha, one of the seven famous penitents.

"Next day, before dinner, the bride rubs the legs of her husband with saffron water, and then he rubs her in the same manner. I know not the meaning of this ceremony, or indeed whether it has any. Ceremonies of some kind the Brahmins must have; and they appear to have found nothing more serious than this to fill up the present interval.

"While the assembled guests are dining the bridegroom and bride also partake, and eat together from the same plate. This is a token of the closest union; and two persons, the most intimately connected, cannot show a more evident token of their connection than this. Well may the woman now continue to eat what her husband leaves, and after he has done; for they will never sit down again to a meal together. That is never permitted but at the wedding-feast.

"On the last day a ceremony is practised remarkable for its simplicity. When the husband offers the sacrifice of the Homan, and when, in the usual form, he is casting into the fire the boiled rice sprinkled with melted butter, the bride approaches and does the same on her part with rice that has been parched. This is the only instance that I know where a woman may take a part in this sacrifice, which is the most sacred and solemn of all excepting the Yajna.

"All these ceremonies, with many others which it would be tedious to detail, being concluded, a procession is made through the streets of the village. It commonly takes place in the night by the light of torches

and fire-works. The new married pair are seated in one palankeen with their faces towards each other. They are both splendidly dressed, but the bride in particular is generally covered with jewels and precious stones, partly the gifts of her father and father-in-law, but the greater part is borrowed for the occasion.

"The procession moves slowly, and their relations and friends come out of their houses as it passes, the women hailing the new married parties with the ceremony of the Arati, and the men with presents of silver, fruits, sugar, and betel. Those who receive such presents are obliged, under the like circumstances, to repay them in their turn. I have sometimes seen these marriage processions truly magnificent, though in a style extremely remote from ours.

"Thus ends the solemnity of marriage among the Hindoos. The pomp which attends their elevation to this state, shows the importance they attach to it, and also the respect they entertain, or at least once entertained, for those sacred ties which inseparably unite the husband and the wife."

I have been thus minute in describing a Hindoo wedding, in order that the English reader may form some idea of the various and complicated ceremonies by which the marriage rite is solemnised among this superstitious race.

As the bride was so young, she still continued at her father's house, where I had occasional opportunities of seeing her during the four years subsequently. She grew in beauty as she advanced towards the dawning of her womanhood, and was the admiration of all who knew her. She was scarcely ever seen by her aged husband during the period of separation. Her home was a happy one, as she was doted on by her father, whose affection she returned in spite of the sacrifice he had compelled her to make.

At length the period arrived when this beautiful girl was claimed by her husband, with whom she was forced henceforth to live, with the prospect of consummate wretchedness before her. She was now only in her twelfth year, but, although so young, her form had already developed the roundness of that early maturity so remarkable among the Hindoos. From this time I never saw her for three years, and then by mere chance, as she was one day returning home, towards evening, accompanied by a female attendant. She did not recognise me, or at least she manifested no sign of recognition. Her figure was now tall, and even majestic, though she was only in the fifteenth year of her age, and her husband was seventy. I frequently used to see her father, but he never mentioned his daughter; and when I once or twice accidentally alluded to her, he immediately turned the conversation, as if the subject were not agreeable to him. I believe he saw her but seldom, although the son and the father-in-law frequently met: for in Hindostan so absolute is the right of the husband over the liberty of his wife, that her parents have no longer the slightest influence over her, after she has once resigned it into the keeping of another.

The venerable Brahmin continued to be my frequent visiter, and always manifested towards me a singular partiality—nay, he even relaxed considerably from the rigid requisitions of his caste, in favour of one to whom he never failed to acknowledge himself bound by a debt, from the obligation of which he should be relieved only by death. He often and freely discoursed with me upon the superstitions of his order, and admitted the absurdity of many of the rites which distinguished their temple worship, but he vindicated them upon the feeble and oft repeated argument of expediency, stating that it was necessary to hold the many in the trammels of superstition, in order to render them obedient to the few. When I repelled the fallacy of such doctrines, he only smiled; but his conviction of their truth did not in the least abate. He, however, was not a servile follower of the doctrines he maintained.

About a year after the period of which I am now speaking, my friend the Brahmin sickened of small-pox. This terrible disease occasionally commits frightful ravages in India. Whole families are occasionally cut off, and the native doctors know not how to treat this awful malady. Villages are frequently depopulated, and there remain in them not sufficient of the living to perform the last offices of respect for the dead. The small-pox raged within the walls of Poonah, and swept off a great number of inhabitants from the neighbouring hamlets. My poor friend lay without hope of recovery. I went to see him. The native attendants, who did not venture to approach him, were astonished at my daring. I soon perceived there was no hope for him.

The pustules ran one into the other, and his face was frightfully disfigured. It was just at the breaking up of the monsoon, that the visitation befel him.

On the night the disease was at its height a dreadful hurricane swept over the city. The thunder rolled in such tremendous peals above the metropolis of an idolatrous and superstitious people, as to confound the timid and startle even the brave. It seemed like the menaces of Omnipotence proclaiming preliminary tidings of woe to a wicked and perverse generation. The lightning absolutely burst from the skies in floods of flame, and the entire horizon appeared to be one lurid zone of fire. The rain boomed from the clouds with a force that ploughed up the ground every where to the depth of several inches. The storm was of a description the most sublimely terrible that can be expressed.

The sick man was unconscious of what was passing around him. He was raving in a paroxysm of delirium, the prelude of that fatal issue which too soon succeeded. I was at his side but a short time previously to his last moments. The struggle, though not long, must have been awful. He was one mass of disease from head to foot, blind, and scarcely able to articulate a word. I was compelled by his relatives to quit his bed-side the instant he became unconscious of my presence, as they considered my being near him an impediment to the repose of his soul. I had not long quitted him before his death was announced.

On that very evening, not above two hours before the soul of my friend quitted its earthly tabernacle, the old Brahmin who had married his daughter, was standing at the door of his own house gazing at the conflicting elements, and muttering a mantra to the god of his besotted idolatry for the recovery of his father-in-law. The prayer was heard, but not accepted. It did not ascend as a welcome oblation to Heaven: but while his lips were still pronouncing the unholy aspiration, a flash of lightning struck him to the earth, and he rolled a blackened corse before his own threshold.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

MADAME MALIBRAN DE BERIOT.

BY AGNES S. TAYLOR.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness. TWELFTH NIGHT.

THE death of Madame Malibran de Beriot has thrown over the musical world a gloom which will not speedily dissipate. Great and gifted as this extraordinary woman was —excelling in the several branches of her art to a degree of superiority that left every competitor at an immeasurable distance—full of the highest order of intellect, of the highest order of poetry—noble in mind as she was beautiful in person—beaming with pathos and sensibility, with that subduing melancholy and tenderness so frequently idiosyncratic in highly excitable minds—the delight, the pride, the ornament, of an admiring circle of most devoted friends—her loss, admitted by all to be a public calamity, is still more deeply deplored by those who, having participated in her friendship, could know and appreciate her worth, and the full extent of their present bereavement. She was indeed a wonderful creature!—one of those bright and beauteous visions which appear before us for an instant with intense splendour, and then, like the transient blaze of a dazzling meteor, disappear for ever, leaving the darkness it had illumined still more black and impenetrable. The universal enthusiasm which Madame Malibran de Beriot kindled during her lifetime, in every country throughout Europe, is a proof that by the powers of her genius, she commanded every branch of the art she professed, and was equally skilled in the distinct style of each country in which it is cultivated.

The Italians, so exclusive in their notions of music, and who, though degenerate in the art that was cradled among them, still possess the most beautiful taste in melody as well as the true language of song, were subdued by the genius of Madame Malibran de Beriot: to the vapid and sickly compositions of Donizetti, Mercadante, Bellini, Pacini, and Persiani, she imparted an energy, and a beauty of effect that recalled the palmy days of the Italian opera, when the genius of operatic music delighted to hover over the land of song, dwelling at times in its marble halls, or roaming through its purple plains and its

richly tinted groves. Until the arrival of this marvellous singer at Milan, four or five years ago, the full power of effect that can be given to dramatic music had never been witnessed at La Scala, and therefore was not looked forward to as possible, much less probable: indeed, such was the ignorance on the subject of a Milanese audience, that they considered their opera beyond all improvement. But when the admirable Malibran, after much difficulty and opposition, in which her great powers of mind were called into full action—after overcoming prejudices which none but herself could have opposed successfully—brought to bear the new resources she had introduced, and the admirable orchestra she had herself formed—when she displayed to the wonder-stricken Milanese those resources of the musical drama of which they had never before dreamt—the admiration and enthusiasm of every true lover of music, indeed of the whole Milanese population, was as great as the envy of her rivals in the vocal art, and the hatred of those old and inveterate foes to all progress, whose ignorance and incapacity are exposed by every step taken in an advance towards perfection.

Among the Germans, the great genius of Madame Malibran de Beriot was most duly estimated; and it was acknowledged by the most fastidious of the German critics, all of whom, with reference to music, are as exclusive and as prejudiced as the Italians, that none besides could do such justice to the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and the other great German composers,—and that every other singer sank infinitely beneath her. And indeed those who, unbiassed by any prejudices, have heard this marvellously gifted woman give forth the inspirations of these great musicians, both secular and ecclesiastic, have always been electrified with the truth, the power, the poetry, and the absorbing pathos of her style, whether employed in floridly delineating the bursts of passion of the dramatic muse, or in giving, with the most unadorned simplicity, the sublime grandeur of those strains uttered in praise and worship of the Most High.

In France, where I believe Madame Malibran de Beriot was born, (though her parents being Spaniards, she was considered a native of Spain,) she was looked up to almost as an impersonation of the genius of song. The French are an enthusiastic people; and if they are sometimes misled by false glitter and exaggeration, none are more quick in detecting and rendering homage to real talent. Madame Malibran, after her return from America—after having been sold and bartered for by a harsh and misguided father, and betrayed and deceived by the man to whom she was sacrificed—made her *debût* at Paris as a dramatic singer, and though then scarcely more than twenty years of age, and far from having reached the perfection to which she has since attained, produced an effect equally novel and startling, for it seemed likely to lead to a complete revolution in dramatic singing. Sontag was then at the zenith of her reputation: but the renown acquired by her beautiful voice, great execution, and highly finished style, gradually subsided before the influence of a higher, more intellectual, and more energetic genius, that of Maria Garcia, who has since filled the world with her fame, and whose name will remain to posterity as the most incomparable mistress of song, when the hand of time shall have eradicated all physical traces of her powers, and the great grand-children of those who heard her unrivalled strains shall slumber under the cold sod.

In England principally was Maria Garcia educated; and she is indebted in a considerable degree to England for the great reputation which has raised a sympathy for her loss never before excited by any of her predecessors in the walk of the profession which she selected to pursue—that of th e musical drama. As an actress, her name has been coupled with all that is great and good in the drama of this country;—as a singer, her name has been coupled with none other, for no one else ever was or ever could be placed on the same line. Her education in England, her speaking our language, and her being conversant with English music, from her having studied it from early childhood, so as to be able when only sixteen years of age to undertake, at our country festivals, and execute in perfection, those parts in which our first-rate vocalists often failed, gave her a claim upon the public of this country even before her successful *debût* at Paris, and opened that road to her of which she availed herself, by attaching herself to one of our great national theatres rather than to the Italian opera.

English music has a very bad name in Italy, Germany, and France; and English musicians are treated, in those countries,

with just the degree of contempt that would indicate the opinion that nothing good in this most attractive of arts could proceed from one born and bred in our foggy climate. The devotion, however, of Madame Malibran de Beriot to the English stage produced a sort of revolution in this feeling; and for the last two years English music, from the best specimens, I admit, of our best masters, has been finding its way through the continent, where a relish has been gradually acquiring for those songs to which Madame Malibran, by singing them, has affixed a merit that never could be detected in them before. The lamented woman whose loss we now deplore, has therefore not only delighted us with her own unrivalled powers of song, but has spread far and wide a relish for our music: and we may now find at Paris and Vienna, and perhaps also in Italy, notwithstanding its exclusiveness, translations and adaptations from the operas of Balfe and John Barnett, and some others of our modern dramatic composers.

Before Madame Malibran was engaged at Drury Lane theatre, she had always been received by the audiences of the King's theatre, and those at the different country festivals, with an enthusiasm scarcely compatible with the generally entertained notion that the English have no taste or feeling for music, and are cold and contemptuous in their expressions of approbation or dislike with reference to those who woo the spirit of song.

But the truth must be told: since Madame Malibran de Beriot has come among us, and hearing her has been placed within the means of the humbler classes, a very rapid stride has been made in the public taste. Good music is now beginning to be appreciated, and we may consider that she has caused the change: therefore, we are bound to cherish her memory.

During the last three or four years, the eagerness to hear her has been so great, that people have flocked to town from all parts of the country for that purpose. She has been followed in England, and was so up to the hour of her death, as the loadstar of her art; every body would hear her, every one would become spell-bound under the thrilling notes she sent forth, and the enthusiasm of every one was strained to the utmost. In short, in a country, said to be unmusical, she produced an effect certainly not exceeded, if equalled, in any of the other countries she favoured with her unrivalled performances. To the extraordinary excitement raised by the exquisite poetry of her mind so beautifully expressed in her voice, her attitude, her enunciation, her very look, may be applied what Oberon says to Puck, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

> Thou rememberest
> Since once I sat upon a promontory
> And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
> Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
> That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
> And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
> To hear the sea-maid's music*.

The singing of Madame Malibran de Beriot was, like Paganini's violin-playing, unique of its kind, and it placed her upon an eminence whence she could look down upon the most gifted and most skilful of her contemporaries. There was in her voice and manner a warmth of effect, a *laisser-aller*, an outpouring of mind and feeling, which showed that her power was not the effect of art, but of natural and highly excited passion. The art was the vehicle of its expression—nothing more; and she had studied this art with such intensity, and had rendered herself so complete a mistress of all its intricacies and resources, that they had become identic with herself, forming part of her physical nature, so that she never had occasion to occupy her mind about them. Thus, then, was she able to yield to her feelings, being always sure of the means of expressing them. And this is the great secret of her extraordinary success. On no occasion did she prepare a cadence or any other embellishment beforehand, but trusted solely to the impulse of the moment, to the feeling excited by the poetry, to the actual passion produced by the music, by the audience, and by other exciting causes. The consequence of this was, that all her cadences and embellishments were bursts of passion, constituting the highest order of intellectual poetry; they were all spontaneous, and, therefore, their effect was electrical. No one could account for the siren's power, yet all felt it, and all yielded to it, whether they understood the art or not; because passion and poetry, when bursting from a heart warmed by superior intellect, are always felt and appreciated by excitable minds, even when unlearned. The appreciation perhaps is imperfect, but the thrill is raised, that creeping shudder which vibrates through the body and acts upon the heart, filling it

* Act II., Scene 2.

with a glow of delight, the exclusive gift, I admit, of the enthusiastic.

Madame Malibran de Beriot has been accused of using, during the last two years of her life, a redundancy of ornament, incompatible with good taste. I apprehend that if this charge were inquired into by unprejudiced persons, it would be found groundless. It may be easily conceived, that some warmth of feeling and of imagination is necessary to enable a person to appreciate such warmth in another; and, therefore, Madame Malibran could not be understood except by such as possessed a portion of the same kind of poetry as that by which she was herself excited.

The same thing applies to all the fine arts, and is therefore not confined to music. Art is said to be a representation of nature, embellished by the imagination of the artist; and this power of embellishment is termed genius. Nature, as it really exists, would scarcely bear representing, because no one spécimen is perfect, though some points of perfection may be found in each specimen, and these points put together may form a "faultless monster," which, when displayed either in poetry or painting, or on the stage, or by any of the sister arts, may interest or disgust, according to the degree of genius evident in the display; but in order to feel or appreciate the degree of genius, it is necessary that the mind should be kindled by a spark from the same source of light, otherwise that which is sublime would appear ridiculous. Madame de Beriot was fully sensible of this; and, unable to bear the fetters of conventional compliance with the opinions of those whose minds could not soar high enough to catch a glimpse of the fountain of her inspirations, she contented herself with yielding to the outpourings of her own soul, and singing for those by whom she could be duly appreciated—and these constituted the major part of her audiences, which is an overpowering argument in favour of the change she has wrought in the musical taste of the British people.

But let us turn to Madame Malibran's singing of church music. This style, whence all florid ornament ought to be exploded, was one of her greatest triumphs. No one could give to Handel's songs the power which she imparted to them. Every person who has heard her sing "He was despised and rejected," must retain an everlasting remembrance of the effect produced. In singing this song, she has often drawn tears from eyes that had forgotten to weep—she has opened fountains that appeared to be dried up for ever. Here no ornament was introduced—no dragging from note to note, but the intervals were taken without *portamenti*, and the words and music expressed in the simplest manner. Yet never did this wonderful woman act more powerfully upon her audience than when she sang thus—never did she impart more dignity, more grandeur, more sublimity, to her strains, and never did she look more eminently beautiful.

In "Miriam the Prophetess," she really seemed under inspiration. And who can forget (after having once heard it) the "O Salutaris Hostia" by Cherubini, which has since been so well sung by Mrs. Alfred Shaw—this lady having caught the most striking excellences of her great model?

No person knew so well as Madame Malibran how to draw the line of distinction between the two styles of singing. In England, or rather in London, there is a set of singers who devote themselves especially to church music (or, more properly speaking, to ancient music, which bears the same character as church music). These individuals never attempt secular pieces unless written in the old style: still, many of them have lost sight of the true character of ecclesiastical music, to introduce the dragging or *portamenti* peculiar and necessary to the expression of passion, without considering that in sacred music no human passions exist except those of awe, veneration, humility, repentance, religious exultation, and similar feelings; and that these can be expressed only by music of the most simple and searching kind, free from those things which relate only to the wanderings and weaknesses of human nature, unconnected with the greatness of the Divinity. Madame Malibran well understood the distinction, and brought all the energies of her mind to bear upon church music. In her manner of expressing it, awe, veneration, and hope, blended with the most beautiful enthusiasm, beamed from her countenance and thrilled in her voice; and if ever the mind could be elevated towards its Creator by music, it was when Madame Malibran sang one of Handel's songs, or took a part in a mass.

Into Madame Malibran's powers as an actress it is not my province to inquire, having neither knowledge nor experience sufficient to venture to give an opinion on acting. I can only express convictions

which may be wrong, and shall therefore abstain from saying anything. I leave this question in the hands of those critics who understand the matter.

Before I conclude, I must say a few words respecting Madame Malibran's private life, an acquaintance with which has been confined to a limited circle of friends. In all the duties of a wife and a mother, in all the kindly feelings of a friend, no one was better skilled than this incomparable woman. She was all heart; and the constant study of her life, when not suffering under the state of absolute exhaustion to which she was often reduced from the fatigue attendant on her professional exertions, was the comfort and pleasure of her husband and friends. No one was more liberal or kinder to young persons endeavouring to raise themselves in the same profession; and nothing could be more soothing and encouraging than her kind attentions and advice, which she always sincerely bestowed, appearing to take a delight, as indeed she did, in the success of those young aspirants to fame with whom she was acquainted.

No woman has been more cruelly and unjustly calumniated than Madame Malibran, for no woman ever deserved it less. She has been accused, on account of her celebrity, by those who delight in detecting spots in the sun; but I rejoice to say, that all these calumnies seem to have proceeded from the other sex, as I have never had occasion to speak of her to a woman who does not think her an honour to womankind.

> And I your wyll for to fulfyll
> In this wyll not refuse,
> Trusting to shewe, in wordis fewe,
> That men have an yll use
> (To their own shame) women to blame,
> And causeless them accuse;
> Therfore to you I answer nowe
> All women to excuse.*

The pertinacity with which it has been asserted that Madame Malibran made a too free use of ardent spirits—in a word, that she was in the habit of drinking to intoxication, is the more atrocious, because there never was the slightest foundation for such a report. And yet, I have heard men so lost to shame as to declare that they have seen her in a state of inebriation. It is well known how she contradicted this report shortly before her death; and all her friends can testify how false it was. Every other report against her was equally unfounded; and now she has sung the song of the swan, and left us her mortal remains, it behoves us to crush those abominable calumnies, which, during her life-time, were propagated from envy of her incomparable genius and the success to which it led.

* The Nut-browne Maid.

THE VICTIM OF POWER.

A COPTIC LEGEND.

BY W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D.

Few Eastern travellers have bestowed any attention on the native Christians of Egypt. It was not until Champollion started the theory that the Coptic language might be available in explaining the hieroglyphic inscriptions, that any attention was directed to the literature of a people which had preserved originality of character under revolutions as countless as they were complete. Christianity in Egypt was, as it is well known, blended into anomalous harmony with the wild imaginings and dreamy metaphysics of the remote East. It has since been further corrupted by contact not merely with Mohammedanism, but with the visionary creeds superadded to that religion by the Fatimite Khaliphs. In the superstitions and traditions of the Copts, we find a strange mixture of inconsistent creeds, mixed together into monstrous forms. Their notions of magic are both extravagant and original: they hold that the acquisition of supernatural power is both innocent and laudable, but that the unfortunate possessor is doomed to a life of misery and disappointment, and that he will be denied rest in the grave. These views of spiritual power seemed not to have reached Europe in the middle ages. Independent of any interest the story itself may possess, we think that our readers will be gratified with a specimen of a new form of superstitious tradition, derived from the native legends of an almost unknown people.

"The cities of tombs in Upper Egypt stand for the most part on the limits of the desert, in the narrow debatable ground between the desert and the cultivated land,

marking the limits that divide life from death, fertility from barrenness, the wonders of human exertion from the silence of utter desolation. In many, we might say in most, places, the sands have forced their way over the ancient barriers, and silence and sterility form apt accompaniments to the proudest palaces erected in honour of the skeleton conqueror. Here, where physical life no longer exists, spiritual agencies are supposed to be most active; here the Gins, the Afrites, the rebellious intelligences that control the elementary powers of nature, are believed to congregate; and here are taught the unholy spells whereby ambitious man purchases a brief tenure of superhuman power, by the sacrifice of his immortal soul. Even Solomon, the wisest man that ever yet lived, was corrupted by his intercourse with these infidel spirits, and sank into the impiety of his own slaves. Let not those of feebler minds hope that they can resist the seduction under which David's son fell. From the hour that these potent beings were driven from their palaces of heaven for refusing to worship Adam, they have been deadly enemies of mankind; the obedience they yield to the magician is slow and reluctant; and, when they assume the aspect of cheerful obedience, they design destruction. Thousands have learned this bitter truth by sad experience, but the love of power is an inextinguishable passion; men will ever be found eager to learn the unholy spell, and the impious charm that raises them high above their fellows, but finally precipitates them into the lowest abyss of misery. I, even I, whose sigil would command respect in the inmost halls of Eblis, I, Al Amín Biamréh, whose name would arrest the spirits of air in their most rapid flight, have derived nothing from superhuman power but superhuman misery: behind me there is nought but regret; around me there is nought but sorrow; before me there is nought but despair. The blackness of darkness covers equally the past, the present, and the future. I am the servant of my own servants, the slave of my own slaves; those who obey me rule me; those who tremble like the aspen at my presence triumph over me in secret; they know that I am doomed to dwell with them for ever, and they revel in anticipation of the moment when reproaches shall pay for the pangs of servitude.

"My father was a resident in Cairo; he was in his secret soul a Christian, but the bigotry of the Fatimite Sultans rendered it necessary that his faith should be kept a profound secret. Twice every year he undertook a journey to the remote deserts, where a few Christian anchorites had found shelter from persecution, and preserved the light of our holy religion, daily instructing those who encountered the perils of a difficult journey to receive instruction in the faith of their fathers, and to enjoy the privilege of assembling themselves together for worship. But ere these wilds had received the hermits, they had afforded shelter to the magicians driven from Alexandria by the exertions of the pious Athanasius. Their mystic characters might be seen graven on many of the rocks, their unholy volumes were preserved in several cells. I was just entering my sixteenth year, when my father took me with him into the desert, that I might be initiated into the faith. Nothing remarkable occurred on our journey through the cultivated country, but, on the second morning after our entrance into the desert, there arose a furious hurricane, which, in an instant, raised around our caravan clouds of dust so dense, that no man could see his nearest neighbour, whilst the fine particles of sand entering the nose and mouth completely checked respiration. Our active leader hurriedly disposed the camels and baggage as a rampart against the drift, and, feeling his way from one to another, advised us to lie under their shelter with our faces close to the earth. But he failed to profit by his own instructions: through some fatal mistake, he advanced beyond the line, and the sandy deluge gave him death and a tomb together. In less than an hour the violence of the storm abated, the sands sank by their own gravity, and the air was relieved from its burthen. We rose exhausted from the ground, and proceeded literally to disinter our companions and beasts of burthen. Many of both had perished; sand heaps piled over their bodies stood motionless as the Egyptian pyramids, declaring with eloquent silence that the struggle below was over. Discord was soon added to the calamities of our diminished troop. The driving desert had effaced every track and hidden every land-mark; our experienced guide "slept the sleep that knows no waking;" the survivors, with obstinacy and vehemence directly proportioned to their ignorance, recommended as many different courses as there were points of the

compass. In the heat of their disputes swords were drawn; and on the very spot where so recently Death had triumphed by the dread powers of nature, a scene of violence was acted that shewed human passions to be as energetic instruments of destruction as the whirlwind, the tempest, or the earthquake. In this contest my father fell severely wounded; I dragged him from the press, and placed him on one of the best camels. Whilst passion blinded the combatants, it was easy to secure a second for myself. I goaded both to the utmost exertion of their strength, and, before any notice could be taken of my proceedings, I was far from the field of battle, without having the remotest notion to what point I was steering my course.

"Exhausted from weariness and loss of blood, my father seemed long insensible to my rashness; but when the distant voices of our former companions could no longer be heard, and the eye could discern nought around but a sandy ocean, he made a faint effort at exertion, and summoned me to his side.

"'Fate, or rather Providence, my Al Amín,' he said, 'has directed thee to steer a course which will soon lead thee to a place of safety, but my life fast approaches its close: ere yon sun, now beginning to decline from its meridian, shall sink beneath the horizon, my spirit shall have departed from this frail tenement of clay. Listen to my last words, and reply not. Weep not over my corpse, but when the last spark of life is extinct, loose from my neck three small cases you will find suspended there, and bind them round your own. Remove not the covering of any as you value life. Exactly at sunset fix your eyes on the departing luminary, and you will see the bright disc nearly divided by a pyramidal dark figure; that is the rock of Ghizeh, to which, after you have buried me in the sand, you must direct your course. At no great distance from this spot you will meet some coarse rocks scarcely perceptible above the surface; compare them with this tablet, and you will find marks by which to shape your course.'

"He drew from beneath his robe a small tablet, on which several strange characters were traced, mingled with figures of men and animals. He particularly directed my attention to the figure of a beetle, and continued—

"'When you reach the rocks, diligently search for the characters given on these tablets, and continue your journey in the direction to which the beetle's head points. You will finally arrive at a beetle of gigantic size carved in the rock. Strike it three times with the hilt of your dagger, signing yourself with the sign of the cross. Wait patiently beneath his shadow until He comes, and give Him the cases.'

"'And who is he?' I exclaimed.

"'You add a pang, my son, to my last agony, by forcing me to pronounce a name that I never expected to breathe into human fears—he is Macarius.'

"I shuddered instinctively at the mention of one whose wondrous feats of magic filled all Egypt with awe, and yet I felt also a thrill of pleasure at the thought of beholding a wizard whose acquaintance had been vainly sought by the most potent monarchs of the earth. My father, who was now sinking fast, resumed his address in a feeble voice.

"'Tell him I have procured what he desired with fearful risk and at awful cost; bid him remember the secret cave and the silent water. Should he be inclined to befriend you, obey all his commands save one—but that one, O my beloved child, spurn with indignation. Never, oh never, I implore of you, as you value happiness here or hereafter, never consent to'....

"My sire had raised his voice in earnestness to a pitch beyond his strength, a gush of blood from the throat choked his utterance, and he never spoke again. But during the few brief moments that life continued, he gazed upon me with looks of imploring anxiety, which I vainly laboured to interpret. In later years I knew their meaning but too well. He died about two hours before sunset. After having secured the cases and tablet, I scraped a shallow tomb for him in the sand, and hastily covered up his beloved form. When the sun touched the horizon, I saw, as he had predicted, a dark mass obscure the centre of the disc, and, impatient to fulfil my father's last injunctions, I urged the camels in the direction of that object. As night descended, I marked out my course by the stars, for I had been instructed in the science of astronomy by Al Makín, whose fame was known throughout the East. Fatigue at length forced me to stop. Compelling the camels to kneel down, I slept beside them. My slumbers were agitated by terrific dreams; imagination pre-

sented no visible images to my mind; I had the feelings of anguish, remorse, and shame, accompanied by a glimmering sense of unpardonable crime and a consciousness of being watched by my father's anxious eye. I awoke unrefreshed; the camels, whose legs I had fastened, had contrived to stand up; they were shivering with some terror, such as these sagacious animals show when they discover the lion's foot-prints in the sand, or hear his roar in the distance: their hair stood on end, and their eyes glistened with unearthly fire. It was broad day. Having soothed the beasts, and made a frugal repast from my small store of dates and parched corn, I pursued my journey, and about noon reached a place where small whitish rocks, rising above the sand, gave the desert the appearance of an ocean that had been suddenly petrified when its waters were curled with a gentle breeze. I soon discovered the marks depicted on my father's tablet, and followed the course of the beetle's head until sunset. The country became more rugged and rocky as I advanced, and the pyramidal cliffs of Ghizeh, rising more and more above the horizon, assumed a variety of fantastic shapes in the pale light of evening. Fatigued by my journey, I lay down to rest under the shade of a rock, and my slumbers, as on the preceding night, were disturbed by dark imaginings and inexplicable presages of approaching ill. About midnight I had a strange consciousness of being in company with spiritual existences whose forms were invisible to human eyes. A melodious voice seemed to say, 'He slumbers in innocence and in ignorance, but ere long he will wake to danger and to glory. Our master has traced the lines of his countenance, and seen thereon high promise of endurance and daring. He has sworn that he shall be ours.' A second voice answered, 'I have traced the workings of his soul: curiosity and ambition are strong within him; he is eager to search the stores of hidden knowledge, to grasp the rod of boundless power;—he must be ours, a weaker than Macarius would win his soul.'

"Morning rose, and I resumed my toilsome journey. Ere the sun attained the zenith, I stood beneath the shade of the rocks of Ghizeh, and beheld the gigantic beetle carved from a solid block of black marble, which ancient traditions describe as the mysterious sigil of Jannes and Jambres, who resisted Moses. I approached it with awe, for many a nursery tale had described to me this altar-stone of the rebellious spirits who combined to rival the miracles of the omnipotent. I struck the marble three times with my dagger-hilt, but forgot to make the sacred sign that my father had commanded. The strokes sounded like the clear music of a bell, and were prolonged to melody by the distant echoes. At the third blow, I beheld with horror the pedestal of the statue parting asunder, and heard the jarring creak of some ponderous machinery. While I stood stupified with amazement, the portals, for such they were, opened wide and revealed to me a figure such as I had never before seen. The stranger was exceedingly tall and attenuated to the very extremity of maceration; his head was bare and bald, his features were noble though sharp, his eyes were dark but brilliant as the brightest stars of evening, a long white beard floated over his anchorite robe, which was figured with mystic characters from top to bottom.

"'Hail to Al Amín!' he exclaimed, 'thou hast done well to hasten thy obedience —thy father's precepts have been strictly obeyed. Give me the cases entrusted to thy charge.'

"This direct reference to my father's death, and the last words he had spoken, when no human witness was present, completed my astonishment. I should have sunk to the earth, had not Macarius grasped my arm, and dragged me into the cavern.

"'Come with me,' he said, 'your camels will be well cared for, I will receive your father's gift only in the hall of power.'

"No sooner had I passed the portals than they closed behind us, and we were involved in darkness. I found myself hurried forward by some resistless power up winding staircases, and through long tortuous galleries of unknown extent, Macarius still retaining me in his grasp. The rapidity of the motion almost took away my breath, and terror absorbed all my senses. My guide tried to calm my fears, telling me that we were near our place of destination, and promising the most magnificent rewards as the price of my services. We soon entered a gallery wider than any we had passed, at the extremity of which light was visible. Our motion here was slower, and I had time to observe the vast extent of the gallery, the beauty of its fretted roof, which became more manifest as we ap-

proached the light, and the richness of the marbles that adorned its sides. We at length reached its extremity, and entered a hall whose wondrous magnificence transcends all powers of description. The walls were thick set with gems of incredible size and brilliancy, diffusing each a glare of light that illuminated without dazzling. The roof was so lofty that it might almost have been mistaken for the azure canopy of heaven, the floor was tesselated with the richest marbles, and in the centre of the apartment was the black statue of the beetle, erected on a pedestal of pure rock crystal.

"Neither Macarius nor myself spoke for several minutes; at length he made a sign that I should give him the cases. I did so, telling him that my father had purchased them at a fearful price. As I spoke, peals of demoniac laughter echoed round the walls of the vast hall, and were repeated through all the distant galleries. Macarius visibly shuddered, but soon suppressing his emotion, he turned to me, and said—

"'Son, thou art now in the halls of Jannes and Jambres, the great magicians to whom the material world, the elementary spirits, and even the superior intelligences, were subject. From the first hour of thy birth I have known thee, and have known also that thou art destined to become a lord over those who rarely have bowed to a human master. I sought and won the friendship of thy father, not for his sake, but thine. I have long possessed the secret knowledge that bestows mystic power, but my life, already protracted to double the length usually allotted to humanity, is fast drawing to a close. The reins are slipping from my hand; the spirits that are my slaves, mock me with hollow obedience, for they know that my tenure of power is brief. I have sought you for my associate while I live, and my successor when I die.'

"Macarius then entered into a long account of all the advantages that would result from my acceding to his proposal. Riches beyond those of Jemshid, power greater than had been wielded by Iskander or Solomon, knowledge surpassing that of the most renowned sages,—these boons and much more were promised; and, as a foretaste of performance, he desired me to name the person and scene I was most anxious to behold. Involuntarily I uttered the name of the companion of my childhood, my cousin Miriam. Scarcely had I spoken, when the crystal displayed the fields over which I had so often sported in childhood. Beneath a well-known palm-tree Miriam was sitting, fondling a gazelle that I had once bestowed upon her. While I looked, one of the licentious soldiers of Al Hakem approached and seized her. I saw his brutal violence, I witnessed her faint struggles, and in madness exclaimed—

"'Save her, save her—let my soul purchase her security!'

"Macarius pronounced some mysterious words—instantly a dark figure seemed to rise from the earth—the vile ravisher was in the grasp of an Afrite, helpless as a falcon in the clutch of an eagle. The spirit dashed him with violence to the earth, and Miriam was borne in safety to her father's dwelling.

"'Son,' said Macarius, 'you have witnessed a portion of the power that Fate places at your disposal. Do you hesitate to seize the sceptre which Solomon wielded?'

"In the tumult of joy and admiration I answered I know not what. The first rites of initiation were performed; their horrors must not be repeated to human ears. When the dread ceremonial closed, and I stood before the beetle with the mystic wand of power, the Gins, the Afrites, and the Ghoules hasted to pay me homage, whilst a chorus of demoniac voices through the long galleries and distant cells shouted with loud acclaim—'He is ours!'

"Macarius was the guide of my magic studies. Intoxicated with the thirst of power and knowledge, I laboured so sedulously that I very soon surpassed my master. Far from feeling envy, he seemed to rejoice in my success, and as I advanced in the secret science, gradually laid aside the practice of the magic arts. Three years after I had joined him, he began visibly to sink under the decay of nature, without appearing to suffer from any definite illness. One morning he came to my bed-side as day was breaking, and in a feeble voice besought me to arise. I obeyed. Using his magic power, he commanded that we should be instantly transported to the ruined hermitage of Saint Simeon, which borders on the western extremity of the Thebaid. The words of the spell were not completed, when we found ourselves in the desert that skirts the ancient city of the Pharaohs, whose wondrous ruins have been the theme of admiration for two thousand years that are past, and will continue objects of wonder to countless succeeding

generations. The hermitage was a rude grotto. Near it stood a broken cross, and around it were many frail memorials of the Christian dead. Macarius, after surveying the landscape for a few moments, addressed me—

" ' Al Amín, I have come hither to die; no eyes but thine must witness the parting of the wizard's spirit. From this sacred spot the demons are banished, save when controlled by the most powerful spell. I would not that those who have felt my strength should witness my weakness, and I am eager that my bones should be protected from mockery and insult. I am going to give directions for my funeral. Wilt thou swear to obey me?'

" I made the required promise, and he continued—

" ' Precisely at noon, observe where the extreme point of the shadow of yon cross falls. It will touch a square stone secured by many a sigil and token, all of which are controlled by my signet ring. When I am dead draw that ring from my finger, and at noon open the cavern. Watch by my body until the shadow of the cross passes away; then lay me in that tomb. Look not in if you can avoid it, but, if an involuntary glance reveals any sight of terror, repeat to yourself the dread incommunicable name. And now, son of my adoption, farewell! I have wielded superhuman power without abusing it. You know, however, that a severe penalty is attached to the possession of the secret lore: my soul must be a companion of the wandering intelligences, and must for ages be excluded from the beatific vision. It will often hover around thee, pupil of my heart. Thou knowest the spell that will give thee high converse with the gifted dead; in thy worst need, and at thy utmost extremity, summon me to thine aid; no Gin or Afrite will serve thee more cheerfully, but spare me, my beloved Amín, spare this weary spirit, until thou art in the crisis of fate, and all other means of extrication have failed.'

" His voice faltered, his form sank, and in a few hours he expired. Obedient to his precepts I watched the shadow of the cross, and, precisely at noon, laid my master's signet on a large flat stone touched by the shade. It rose slowly, as it moved on a hinge, and disclosed a tomb of moderate depth, where four skeletons were already deposited. In less than an hour the shadow of the cross had traversed the length of the tomb, and I bore the body to its destination. I could not avoid casting a glance into the cell about to receive the cold remains of my master, but I shuddered to see it occupied by the stern inquisitors of death, the dread Moukír and Nekír who dispense the justice of the grave. At a signal from them, the four skeletons arose and took the body from my failing grasp in their bony arms. Their dry bones rattled on the marble as they made room for their companion. I stood petrified with horror. Moukír at length spoke, a shade of compassion seeming for a moment to relax the stern severity of his features.

" ' Away, Al Amín, away!—no son of Adam can look upon us, and live!'

" I whispered the incommunicable name to my soul, the tomb closed with a crash like thunder, and I was alone in the desert of the Thebaid.

" It was night before I summoned my familiars to restore me to the excavated halls of Ghizeh. Deprived of my companion, I devoted myself to study with redoubled zeal. Knowledge and power far greater than Macarius had possessed were mine. I conversed with the superior intelligences, the very princes of Ginnistan, as an equal; earth's most secret treasures, even to the mighty emerald on which its foundations are laid, were at my disposal. I commanded the winds, I controlled the whirlwinds—ocean's flood paused at my word—the grave yielded up the ancient sages at my spell. But I was not happy. A chilling sense of loneliness followed me every where. I conversed with spiritual beings, but I felt that I was not of their order; no companionship existed between us. I experienced the truth of Zerdusht's aphorism, ' humanity can cling only to humanity.'

" One evening, while indulging in these thoughts in the hall of power, the recollection of my careless childhood came over me. I wished to see my ancient home. The thought had scarcely been formed, when it appeared before me in the crystal. It had been sadly altered. A Moorish soldier was the master of my paternal mansion. I saw him issuing his mandates in my halls. My mother—I have not heretofore named her, for in sooth I scarcely knew her. She and my father had no congeniality of soul; there was Jewish blood in her veins, and she had much of the crouching spirit that in the later days has

marked the descendants of Israel. My mother was the wife of the Moor—I saw it by her every motion and gesture, and I raved with anger. The Moor left the apartment, and I instantly commanded that I should be transported to her presence.

" In the twinkling of an eye I was in my father's halls. My mother shrieked faintly, as she turned and saw me.

" ' Dost thou not know me, O my mother?' I exclaimed, ' I am Al Amín.'

" She paused for some time in uncertainty, but, fearing that I might have come to claim the inheritance of my father, she at once adopted the resolution of treating me as an impostor. She loaded me with reproaches.

" ' The vile magician,' she said, ' to whom it was my misfortune once to be wed, was swept away by the demons of the desert, and his impious son shared his fate. The officers of the Khaliph having discovered their crimes, would have confiscated their estates, had not my dear new husband, Osmyn, interfered. He taught me the true faith of Islam, and—'

" ' Wretched apostate!' I exclaimed, ' say no more; no slave of Mohammed shall occupy my father's halls'—

" I had not time to say more. The enraged woman shrieked loudly for help. Osmyn, accompanied by a troop of his slaves, entered the apartment, and she denounced me to them as a wretch that had forced his way into her apartment. All rushed upon me with uplifted weapons, but Osmyn restrained their blind rage, declaring I should be reserved for a more ignominious death. I was seized, fettered, and thrown into a dungeon. By a single word I could have scattered my enemies, and quitted Cairo in triumph, but I was anxious to see how far my father's widow would carry her hypocrisy, and I submitted to the indignities with patience.

" As I lay that night on the damp floor of my cell, I was roused by approaching footsteps. The door of the dungeon opened, and my mother drew near.

" ' Wretched youth,' she said, ' I would willingly save thee from the tortures of the pale with which Osmyn vows to punish thee to-morrow. I will aid thy escape, if thou wilt swear never to visit Cairo, never to disclose the secret of thy birth, never to claim thy paternal inheritance. Refuse—and the stake is thy portion. Swear, and thy chains shall this instant be unlocked.'

" I asked some question respecting my father. She reviled his memory, and cursed his name. My anger was roused.

" ' Peace!' I exclaimed, ' let not the tongue of an apostate blight the fair fame of the honoured dead. Peace, ere I forget the ties of nature, and pronounce a spell that will bind thee to endless misery. Thou threatenest me, little knowing my power. I need but stamp my foot, and this house, riven to its foundations, would open me a free passage. I need but speak one word, to bind thee here in my place with adamantine fetters which no human art could solve. But I pity and spare thee; live to repent; and now, farewell.'

" I muttered a charm, and was instantly in the hall of power at Ghizeh.

" Weeks passed away before I again sought a view in the crystal. At length curiosity to learn my mother's fate, induced me to consult this faithful mirror. I saw her extended on a wretched bed in a miserable hovel;—she was manifestly dying. A lovely woman supported her fainting head, and gave cooling draughts to her parched lips. I had some difficulty in recognising my cousin Miriam. The playful girl that had joined in my youthful sports, had grown into an enchanting creature of life and light, whose elastic tread and airy step seemed scarcely to belong to humanity. Magic was once more invoked to my aid, and I stood by my mother's side. A scream from Miriam first revealed my presence, and her terrors did not quite subside when she learned my name. My mother, whose life was ebbing fast, told me that Osmyn, suspecting her of conniving at my escape, had brutally struck her with his dagger, and turned her out of doors. She would have perished in the street but for the aid of Miriam, who had procured her this humble lodging. She spoke with some regret of her injustice to me: but when I besought her to repent of her apostasy, she turned towards me and reproached me for having sold myself to demon-worship and magic. I attempted to reply, but her death-agony came on before I could make her understand my explanation.

" Another ear drank in my words;—Miriam hung upon my words with intense eagerness, but at the same time with a sorrowing despair which I vainly tried to dissipate.

" ' Look there,' she said, pointing to my mother's corpse, from which the spirit had

just parted, 'look there at the first result of this boasted power which you have purchased at a price too dreadful to be named. Can you acquit yourself of the guilt of a mother's death? Had it not been for the magic power you wielded in coming and departing, she might still have been the wife of Osmyn. You know not yet all the consequences of your conduct. I feel in my inmost soul some presentiment of approaching evil. I fear that some great calamity impends over you and over me: it will be a just punishment for my having continued to love you, even after I knew of your having sold yourself to the spirits that walk in darkness.'

"Long and earnestly I laboured to persuade Miriam that my magic skill was simply the result of superior knowledge, and that I owed no allegiance to the Evil Intelligences. She was at length partially appeased; but when I offered her supernatural aid to avert any coming evil, she shrunk back with horror. My powers of persuasion finally induced her to accept a ring.

"'Press the stone of this circlet,' said I, 'whenever you wish for my presence, and I will be instantly at your side; but remember, that I am already doomed by Osmyn and the Kaliph to destruction; summon me not, therefore, save when you are alone, except the danger be imminent and pressing.'

"The sound of approaching footsteps warned me to depart; my kiss was hot on her cheeks, and the modest flush that mantled over her countenance had not spread its last tinge, when I was again in the halls of Ghizeh.

"My second series of adventures in Cairo must be deferred till another evening."

ON GALLERIES IN GENERAL, AND ON THE LADIES' GALLERY IN PARTICULAR.

I AM not about to wax eloquent or magniloquent—a very different style of thing—on the subject of galleries of art. For in that case I should be obliged to say much of the master-pieces and mistress-pieces of all the collections of all the countries on the face of the earth. Add to which, I should be anticipating a paper which will appear with much more effect in the pages of the Court Magazine, when the national gallery now erecting, or being erected (for both expressions are battled for by the pedants), shall be thrown open to the British public. On the present occasion, I propose to limit myself to two sorts of galleries, each erected for the enjoyment of dramatic representation—the one theatrical, the other parliamentary. In both are enthroned in awful state the dispensers of renown for the mimic and the actual stage of life. Conceiving the former to be far the more important theatre, I shall give it and its critics precedence.

My strong conviction is, that the frequenters of the gallery of a play-house, familiarly denominated "gods," form, in this country at least, the dramatic taste of the public. And a slight circumstance occurs to my recollection, which I witnessed in Paris, in consequence whereof, I think the Gallic deities no less theatrically omnipotent than our own.

Victor Hugo had announced a new play, "Marie Stuart," for representation at the *Porte St. Martin*, and I, among others, attended to witness the affair. The house was crowded in every part, and the gods were in especial high glee. Their chief amusement, for some time, consisted in tearing up the play-bills, and showering the fragments on the heads of the persons below.

Now as a large proportion of the audience consisted of ladies, the addition to their head-gear had an odd, though not a very pleasing effect. I was insensibly reminded of the orange-peel contributions of my own beloved countrymen; but the circumstance which soon succeeded was, if possible, more conclusive as to the resemblance between the two classes—the "Cockneys" of London and "Muscadins" of Paris.

The evening being, as I have said, set apart for the first representation of a play by, perhaps, the most popular author in Paris, the persons assembled were generally anxious that the performance should begin as soon as possible. Not so, however, my friends the gods. They were celestially pleased to insist on the "Marseillaise."

The fiddlers—a class of whom it may be said that suffering is the badge of all their tribe—were forced to comply, the gods themselves giving the words of the spirit-stirring song. This, however, did not content them. They insisted on every one in the theatre rising from his seat; and, accordingly, in more than obedience to this high behest, the entire assembly joined heart and soul in the *refrain*.

Is not this just the course pursued by our own celestials, when seized with a fancy for "Rule Britannia" or "God save the King?" I very well remember when the late King George the Fourth, of magnificent memory, cast an absolutely imploring look to the supernal powers, when, after having *encored* "God save the King," they paid the same tribute to the many-versed beauty of "Rule Britannia." His Majesty was a man to whom standing upright was a more ponderous business than it probably is to Lord Westmoreland; and great as was his taste for music, he was evidently bored to desperation at the decision of those above. But what was to be done? They would own no divided sovereignty, and the king was obliged to bow to the pleasure of the gods.

I repeat, that in France as in England, the gods govern the stage, and form the public taste. Preposterous as this may appear to some exquisites, I, who have taken the trouble of watching the effect of really good acting on the audiences of this metropolis, am perfectly convinced of the fact that the best and most unerring, because by far the most attentive and unsophisticated, persons at a play, are those in the gallery. Never, or very rarely, do you see them chatting, ogling, yawning, or evincing any indifference during the most interesting portions of the performance, as I am sorry to say is often done by their superiors in rank and information. These latter are, it is true, comparatively sated with an amusement, which the former but seldom enjoy, and, far the greater part, go to the theatre from any consideration rather than that of admiration for the entertainments. Still it has always struck me as unaccountable to see a party of accomplished ladies and gentlemen listening with indifference—or rather not listening at all—to the glorious poetry of Shakspeare's plays. This, I repeat, is never, or rarely, chargeable on the gallery folk. Between the acts they are obstreperous enough in their merriment. But nowhere is an interruption to the business of the scene so promptly resented and checked as among them; and this, evidently, because the hearts of the people are stirred.

Often have I watched from the topmost tier of boxes the intense expression of the rising rows of human faces in the gallery, and seen the silent testimony there borne to the dramatic powers of the poet. Here is no attempt, no wish, to conceal or control emotions. The streaming tears flow on in unrestrained sympathy with the sorrows of the scene; or laughter equally unchecked shews the heart that "watches and receives" vagaries of the comic muse. Hence the vehement and inspiriting nature of the applause from this portion of the auditory. As Wordsworth has it—"Not an inch of their bodies is free from delight." Any lukewarm approbation is impossible to them. The "strong necessity of loving" the beautiful is upon them; and, in their uncontrollable delight, they, unknowing what they do, confer the well-won wreath of popular favour, which rewards the artist as nothing else on earth can reward him for his toils and exertions.

Let no man deem this an exaggerated picture till he shall have given himself the trouble of judging. Few are likely to do this, wherefore I shall probably continue in a distinguished minority of "one,"—in which solitary state I must be content to vegetate as best I may. Indeed, I by no means expected to make converts to my opinions, by glorifying the gallery gods, in the Corinthian columns of the Court Magazine. Still it appeared to me, that, from the very circumstance of your elegant readers being somewhat unconscious of the possibility of the fact as I have stated it, I might perhaps act as a sort of pioneer to what I conceived would be a more just, as it undoubtedly would be a more generous, estimate of the humbler classes in this matter of theatrical taste, than is at present generally entertained. And with this humble announcement, I leave the question of Play-house galleries, for the purpose of proceeding to some rather slight than profound disquisition on the question of the galleries of the two Houses of Parliament; particularly of the proposed, but now refused, yet indubitably to be conceded, accommodations for the ladies, claimed by Mr. Grantley Berkeley, and resisted by my Lord John Russell.

In the present decline of the British drama, and advance of the British senate, as a public exhibition, it is perhaps an error on my part to distinguish the former performances under the head "theatrical." Indeed, I have only done so for the sake of perspicuity—a great merit in all writers, and especially so in myself, who, to say the truth, am apt to get involved in literary embarrassments of the most inextricable and execrable order.

Well, good reader, here we are seated in the strangers' gallery; but, before we say anything of ourselves, let us pay our respects to those gentlemen in the gallery opposite, who are as infallible in their judgments in this place of amusement, as are the gods of the play-houses themselves.

Various are the designations by which this influential class have at different times been distinguished, mostly in approbation, yet not unfrequently in anger—the latter sentiment being, by the way, far the more sincere. They have been termed the "Fourth Estate"—very complimentary this; "gentlemen of the press," scarcely less so; "rascally reporters," by Mr. O'Connell; and "suck-mugs," by Mr. Cobbett. But it should be observed, that if all men were to be judged by Mr. O'Connell's compliments, some of the best of us would hardly "escape a whipping;" and of the late Mr. Cobbett, it is but truth to say, that the vehemence of his expressions far outran the true state of his feelings. That fine English yeoman, as well as the Irish member spoken of, both thought themselves un-reported or mis-reported, and vented their rage in strong vituperation of the reporters, as a body. In this or any similar censure in kind, whatever its degree, I can by no means concur. And I venture to affirm, that, were a balance struck between those members who are bound to bless, and those who have a right to blame the reporters, the gentlemen of the "Fourth Estate" would come gloriously out of the comparison.

And observe for a moment who are they who, for the most part, complain of not being fully reported? With all possible respect for every gentleman in the House of Commons, I am bound to declare, that they are those about whom the public, justly or unjustly, I pretend not to say, care nothing whatever. Where so many members speak throughout one short evening, the duty of selection is imperative upon the reporters; and this duty they, from long practice, perform with a tact which appears intuitive. If, in so doing, they misapprehend any observation of a member prominently before the House and the country, he will, if the mistake have only reference to turns of expression, never notice it. If it relate to a matter of fact, or is important to the understanding of an argument, he will mildly rectify it, usually premising the correction with a compliment to the general accuracy of the report in which the particular mistake occurs. But let the slightest error be committed in the account given of the oratorical efforts of the respectable gentlemen who speak for the astonishment of their female relatives, or of a constituency carping at a silent member, —mercy on us, what a hubbub! They denounce such conduct as downright persecution, breach of privilege, &c., and declare that either they must be properly reported, or strangers shall be excluded altogether; or, as a last resource, that the House must employ reporters of its own to take down every word that is spoken. Poor gentlemen, why propose a course so purely suicidal? Be assured that though, for want of your orations, your grandmammas should be left to peruse the papers and the fashionable novels, your sisters, wives, and daughters reduced to music and the arts, and your constituents abandoned to the resources of their own eloquence, urban or rural,—still, all these calamities would fall far short of that which the voluminous evidence you would fain bring against yourselves must of necessity entail. The House of Commons is the fairest assembly in the world. Every man worth hearing is sure of being heard, and every man so heard is sure of being reported.

On one point, however, the reporters are, I conceive, in some degree obnoxious to the charge of being partial dispensers of renown. I allude to the insertion of those magic words—"*hear! hear!*" "*cheers*," "*loud laughter*," "*groans*," "*oh! oh!*" &c. &c. It has often occurred to me to be present at a very animated debate in which the principal speakers on both sides have distinguished themselves by spirited appeals and powerful reasoning, yet, when taking up the papers on the following morning, I have found few cheers for the Tory speakers in the Whig journals, and as few for the Whig speakers in the Tory journals. This is not, I think, so much

the case latterly; but it ought to be reformed altogether. It is an ungenerous practice. Of late they have adopted a sort of *juste milieu*, by saying "*Opposition cheers*," and "*Ministerial cheers*;" but I do not think so meanly of either side—nor have I ever witnessed anything to justify me in so doing—as to say that a truly eloquent or statesmanlike oration would be unappreciated or unapplauded by members of the opposite party to that to which the speaker belonged. Indeed, from what has met my own observation, I should say decidedly that the reverse was the fact.

In taking leave of the Reporters' Gallery, I may observe, in reference to the observations with which I set out, that were each member to report himself, after the fashion of Mr. Sheil and some others, we should soon have the tables turned, and those who grumble now would be the first to insist on the restoration of the *ancien regime* in the literary ascendency of the "*Fourth Estate*."

I now come to the Strangers' Gallery, which may be despatched in few words. I would chiefly remark on an innovation of the last session, of which I may say that it savours somewhat strongly of "nibbling at cheese-parings." I allude to the alteration of the mode of admission to the Strangers' Gallery. Formerly you were admitted either by a member's order or on payment of a half-crown fee to the door-keeper. Very few of the gallery loungers cared to trouble a member for a written order, when the payment of so small a sum—far less than an evening's amusement at the playhouse must cost him—unclosed the door. It is needless to observe, that, by this course, members of the House of Commons, to whom franking is quite adequate for all *boreing* purposes, were spared much of the additional plague of writing orders of admission to the gallery. Now, however, there is no escape for them. The respectable portion of their constituents, whom delicacy would have restrained from troubling their representatives, are left to choose between that and staying away from the debates altogether; and the consequence has been apparent during the past session. Those who had previously paid with pleasure for the entrance, and came to *hear* in a great degree, were replaced by an assemblage of persons who never would or perhaps could have paid, and who manifestly came merely to *see*. And what was the effect of this change? Why, that, place yourself where you would, your neighbours on the one side or other, and frequently on both, plagued you incessantly with inquiries about Sir Robert Peel's hat, Sir Luke Hay's wig, Mr. Spring Rice's pantaloons, and Lord Stanley's watch-chain. This, laughable as it may appear upon paper, is most vexatious in actual occurrence. But do I then say that the poorer class of voters should be deprived the pleasure of witnessing the proceedings in parliament? By no means. But I think that they, since the recent alteration, avail themselves so largely of the members' privilege, that, by their loquacity, and neglect of the forms implied, if not prescribed, in the place to which they are admitted, have virtually excluded many persons, and render the gallery very unattractive to others who have not been wholly deterred from attending.

The present gallery is much more commodious than was that in the old House of Commons; but it is to be hoped that in the new houses of parliament we shall have these matters of public accommodation more properly cared for than they have yet been. And this consideration brings me naturally to the question of erecting a gallery for the ladies in the new House of Commons.

I am aware that I have great authorities, such as those of Sir Robert Peel and other distinguished gentlemen, against me on this point; but, with becoming respect for their judgment and experience, I advocate the admission of the ladies to witness the debates on this plain and simple ground, viz., that inasmuch as any wish of theirs can be gratified without detriment to themselves or to the community, it is our bounden duty to gratify it. Let us, then, examine how far the concession of this claim on the part of our fair countrywomen can be regarded as detrimental to themselves or to the community. I apprehend, in no degree whatever.

It was, I believe, Sir John Hobhouse who resisted Mr. Grantley Berkeley's motion, during the last session, on both of the above grounds—its injurious tendency as regarded the female character, and, by implication, as regarded the relations of social life. The Right Hon. Baronet said that, once admit the ladies to hear the debates, and you would have political squabbles transferred from the House of Commons to the drawing-room, and the heats and personalities of public discussion

would be found to disturb the hitherto peaceful current of private life. This I deny on the authority of experience. It is in the recollection of all of us that a few years ago, when the sea of political agitation rose "mountains high," peeresses were in the habit of crowding round the usher's box in such numbers, that it was found necessary to construct a gallery for their express accommodation. Who ever heard of any injury resulting from this? They were, as all well-bred persons will always be, as agreeable at their own homes as if there were no such matter as politics in the world. A little raillery or so there might be, there indeed was, and is likely to be to the end of the chapter. But this is surely not a matter for reprehension. And what mighty magic, one would be glad to learn, is there in the proceedings of the Houses of Parliament to effect a revolution in the womanly character, and, thereby, through the whole frame of society? As the experiment has been tried in the Lords, I will limit myself to the question as it relates to the Commons. I know of nothing that any lady has to learn from being present at the debates, of which she is not perfectly cognizant already. Assuredly no lady, out of her teens, can be ignorant of the fact that the strife of politics is composed of two great parties contending for place and power; that these two parties consist, for the greater part, of rather common-place, though very worthy gentlemen, led on by a few politicians of great eloquence, public talents, or peculiar skill. The said ladies know perfectly well that a great hubbub now and then arises, which, were they to witness it, would probably occasion them no more interest than a squabble in the boxes of the theatre. And, by the way, I may here allude to a very just remark which has been urged on this point. It is, that the presence of the ladies would have a tendency to restrain and moderate those asperities which of late years have so lamentably increased in the Lower House of Parliament. I, for one, am decidedly of this opinion. I cannot conceive that in such a presence the very whirlwind of passion would "o'erstep the modesty of nature." Of one thing I am quite certain, that no gentleman—and, thank Heaven, the great majority of the House of Commons consists as yet of gentlemen—no gentleman could either be guilty in his own person, or permit in any other, conduct such as has recently occurred, I shall not say where, if British ladies were looking on. And it is on all accounts expedient that parliamentary debates should be brought to this tone. What, in the name of taste and decency, does or can any argument, or oration, gain in weight or eloquence, by bandying about such outrageous language as I have been alluding to? Quite distinct, nay, essentially opposed to this, remain all the resources of the genius of political warfare—energy, dignity, impassioned enthusiasm, humour, raillery, whatever adorns and vivifies enlightened discussion; and will any one say that, if the presence of the gentler and more graceful sex could be in the smallest degree instrumental in bringing about so desirable a consummation, this of itself would not be a conclusive reason for providing a suitable place for their accommodation? Most unquestionably it would.

But, say some "sage, grave men," there can be no earthly use in admitting ladies to a scene, where the topics discussed are beyond the range of their ideas, and therefore to them incomprehensible. My worthy fellow-wearers of the nameless raiment, you really run too fast. You, Sir, are a member of the House of Commons, or an admirer of political oratory, or a frequenter of Parliament, from whatever motive. Well, Sir, permit me to ask you whether, in that numerous assemblage of gentlemen, you do not meet, I will not say how many out of every ten, inferior in intellectual energy and moral courage to an equal number of educated women of the same rank of life? You will probably reply, that though this be true, the education of the women has not been of a character to render political matters comprehensible to them. Again, I say, not so fast. We, who advocate their admission to the Parliamentary debates, don't wish to make them members of the House of Commons, though the constituencies would very likely be gainers by that. We don't intend to quarter them on Committees, or to insist on their following a public measure through all its practical details, to the puzzlement of their pretty heads. Nothing of the kind. All we contend for is, that there should be free ingress and egress for them to attend in the British Senate on those great occasions, possible only in a free country like our own, when the foremost intellects of our time are brought into generous rivalry, and when that most noble and elevating of all

the arts—oratory—is employed on either side for the advancement of national, nay, of European interests.

Is this not a pure gratification, entirely within the scope of the enjoyment and appreciation of our countrywomen? Are we to be told that they are incapable of comprehending the leading principles of the form of government under which their life is cast?—that the various appeals to justice, to humanity, to the spirit of enlightened freedom, are beyond the sphere of the feminine heart and mind? If so monstrous a proposition is to be maintained, let it be done boldly—but let it not be meanly insinuated. Let the champions of this despicable doctrine stand forward, and it will not be difficult to prove, to their confusion, that, whenever the force of circumstances has placed woman under the necessity of drawing on the resources of her own courage and intellectual power, she has rarely been unequal to the emergency.

Then let us scout with utter scorn the notion that senatorial eloquence is a matter beyond the understanding of the sex. I have no wish to see them transformed into politicians, nor to withdraw them from the exercise of those gentler cares, and the enjoyment of the more refined delights, for which Nature has manifestly intended them: but to this the subjugation and enslavement of their understandings is in no degree necessary; and to me it appears that there is no more certain proof of a narrow intellect in man than a disposition to undervalue the intellectual character in woman. I am aware that many very smart and singularly clever things may be said on this head, by gentlemen fancying themselves witty. To this sort of firing I can submit most cheerfully. The style of jesting alluded to, like parodies on Scripture, has a certain facility which detracts from the distinction to which, for aught I know, it might be otherwise entitled. For the rest, one clever sparkling "she" would be enough to demolish a whole legion of such small wits; and to that adequate castigation I commit them, with the judicial imploration—"The Lord have mercy on their miserable souls!"

I have run to an unreasonable length in this gossiping speculation; yet I cannot break off without mentioning a very markworthy reason offered in support of the admission of ladies to the House of Commons' debates. It is, that they feel an anxiety to be present when their male relatives and friends find occasion to address the House on subjects of general or of local interest. Nothing can be more natural than such an anxiety on their part. How far the gratification of their wishes in this respect may enhance their admiration of their brothers, husbands, lovers, or friends, is another question. Still women are very merciful critics where their feelings are interested—judging, in fact, with their hearts rather than with their heads. Be this as it may, I repeat that their wish to listen to the eloquence of "the family" is most natural, and one which ought to be complied with by the considerate courtesy of the Commons; and I am inclined to think that the "assembly" itself would gain by the spur which such "bright presence" would give to the youthful aspirant after senatorial honours. It can scarcely be doubted that any honourable and youthful gentleman's maiden speech would be more carefully prepared and delivered were he in the sympathising presence of a maiden sister, or even of a maiden aunt, but, above all of the maiden of his love. For my part, when I enter the House of Commons, as I one day propose to myself the pleasure of doing, in order to afford my beloved country an opportunity of rewarding a passive and pliant patriotism, I hope the day will have arrived when waving plumes will nod encouraging welcome from a yet unconstructed gallery; and that we shall enter the arena in the presence of

> Store of ladies, whose bright eyes
> Rain influence, and adjudge the prize.

In which hope, and also in the fervent aspiration after a speedy and prosperous matrimonial connexion to reward me for my advocacy of the cause of the ladies in this matter, I have the honour to remain

Their devoted admirer,
And very humble servant,
RODERICK RANDOM.

PLAIN SAILING ON SHORE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE INVISIBLE GENTLEMAN."

(*Concluded from our last Number.*)

THE heart-cheering interview of the early morn, by which our ardent young seaman doubted not that his future happiness through life was secured, had elevated and braced his spirits into a degree of elasticity and firmness that he imagined nothing could subdue.

Like most lovers of his age, and, more particularly, of his profession, he was utterly guiltless of all money calculations, and had ever been accustomed to look on the anxious amassers of riches with pity or contempt. Therefore, though he was surprised to hear that his quondam guardian, instead of being, as he imagined, "rolling in wealth," was in pecuniary difficulties, it at first seemed to him an affair of no very great importance; and he even contrived to draw therefrom a pleasant inference, namely, that the old gentleman would now be deprived of what might otherwise be his chief objection to Clara's choice.

"At all events," thought he, "we shall *now* be on a footing of something like equality; and if he should give himself any airs, I'll speak my mind to him plainly, and make him ashamed of himself."

But it is not in the nature of a truly generous mind to enjoy satisfaction from the misfortunes of any one; and Charles Egmont had parted from his friend but a few minutes ere he thought of the old merchant with kindlier feelings.

"No," said he, "I will not seek an interview with him at present. He may have been betrayed, by strong temptation, into the commission of improper acts: but, till they are proved, I will hope to the contrary. If he can but uphold his character, all may be well. As for the money, let it go, though I sincerely pity him, knowing the value in which he holds it. Poor fellow!—after so long and prosperous a voyage through life, to be wrecked at last. No wonder that his temper is soured. So I forgive him what has passed between us, with all my heart; and, when we do meet, shall endeavour to restrain myself, and recollect that he is Clara's father. But as for old Smith, she must not be annoyed by *him* any more, so I'll go and send him adrift at once."

Mr. Michael Smith, the acting, and now principal partner in the firm of "Brown, Smith and Co.," was a regular plodding merchant, whose course through life had been marked only by the various changes of his daily seat in the same set of counting houses. There he had in youth occupied a high stool as junior clerk, and there he might yet be found on one of similar form: though, as head of "the concern," when any person wished to speak with him, he had an inner sort of sanctum, fitted up with morocco chairs, &c. after the fashion of a library. He was rather short, rather stout, and rather rubicund, with a round quiet cast of countenance not altogether unprepossessing, and his age might be somewhat like sixty. In mercantile transactions no man could be more at his ease, more decided, or more straightforward, for therein he was "at home;" not so, however, did he feel himself in what he called "company." His every attitude and look and word were then matters of perplexity and study to him, and consequently he cut but a very indifferent, and sometimes a very ridiculous, figure. It was in vain that he argued within himself that he had money, and therefore was *entitled* to feel at his ease; he could not feel so. The fact is, that he was "rusted" by seclusion from society, and had commenced what he oddly enough called "enjoying himself," at too late a period.

"Is Mr. Smith within?" inquired a fine dashing-looking young man, in a blue frock coat.

"I believe you'll find him in that counting-house, Sir," replied a junior clerk, pointing to a door with his pen.

"Very well," observed Captain Egmont, making his way into the next room, where he repeated his question to three persons, sitting busily engaged at their posts.

"My name is Smith, Sir," said one, stooping to look over his spectacles, and so displaying a degree of baldness which made our hero feel indignant that such a piece of antiquity should have been apportioned for

Clara. "My name is Smith," repeated the merchant, without moving from his stool; "pray what is your business, Sir?"

"Mr. Michael Smith, Sir?" inquired Charles.

"Yes, Michael," was the reply. "What is your business?"

"Simply, a little private conversation, when you are quite at leisure."

"Oh, ah! certainly," said Mr. Smith. "In two minutes! Mr. Moss, show the gentleman into my private counting-house. You'll find the paper there, Sir. Be with you directly."

Charles occupied himself, unwittingly, in walking to and fro in the said apartment as though on board a ship, till the appearance of the merchant, who came forward smiling, bowing, and rubbing his hands, and requesting his visiter to be seated. Then he threw himself back into a huge cushioned arm-chair, and pointed to another that stood opposite; then rubbed his hands again, wriggled himself forward on his seat, crossed his legs, and appeared altogether at a loss as to what kind of posture most befitted the present occasion, inasmuch as the appearance of the person before him was not exactly that of a regular man of business.

Our hero calmly took his seat, and, in reply to his host's inquiring looks, said—"My business with you, Mr. Smith, is of a nature that would make me appear a very impertinent fellow, if I were not to begin by assuring you that I feel myself not only called upon, but fully entitled, to act. I regret that what I have to say may give you pain; but it is better that you should know the truth, to which I fear you have hitherto somewhat wilfully closed your eyes. You are acquainted with Miss Clara Desborough?"

"Eh, what?" exclaimed Mr. Smith, with a look of bewildered alarm. "Miss Clara? Surely—surely nothing has happened to her? Tell me, tell me, Sir! Bless my heart! I wouldn't, for all I have in the world, that she should come to any harm."

"No more would I," said the captain: and, in an instant, the merchant rose in his estimation full fifty per cent.; for he somewhat proudly felt it impossible to be jealous of such a person, and lovers, under similar circumstances, are apt to give to those who speak highly of their beloved credit for more than ordinary discernment.

"Tell me, Sir," gasped the still excited Mr. Smith, "tell me, I beg of you, is Miss Desborough unwell?"

"My dear Sir," replied our hero, "I confess that I came with unjust prepossessions against you; but, from what I have already seen, I'm sure that, as we say, your heart is in the right place."

"I hope so, I hope so," said Mr. Smith, hurriedly. "But the young lady—what of her?"

"I'll tell you," replied Charles. "She has suffered a good deal lately; and, to speak plainly, you have been the cause of her sufferings."

"I! I!" exclaimed the merchant—"what can I have done? I'm sure I never—why, there isn't anything I wouldn't do to serve her."

"We shall see," observed Charles Egmont, calmly, for he felt that he was about to "commence the action," and was resolved "not to throw a shot away." "Miss Desborough, Sir," he continued, "has a high respect for you; but, if you take her age and other circumstances into consideration, you can scarcely feel surprised that her wishes, relative to her future course of life, should not exactly agree with those indicated by her father. Money has always been his idol, and, in a pecuniary point of view, no doubt—"

"Sir, Sir," stuttered the astonished merchant, "I don't understand this." And starting upon his legs hastily, he began pacing about the room, uttering divers incoherent ejaculations, which all terminated by his stopping short before his visiter, and, with a most ludicrous assumption of offended dignity, stammering, "Sir, may I ask—have the pleasure—of knowing to whom I am speaking?"

"Certainly, Sir," was the reply. "There is my card. Mr. Desborough was my guardian; and that you may understand all the bearings of the case, Clara, that is, Miss Desborough, and I have been acquainted from our childhood. Perhaps you can guess the rest."

While he was speaking, Mr. Smith retreated into his arm-chair, and crouched down with his elbows upon his knees, and his hands supporting his forehead. Evidently, he was under the influence of some powerful internal struggle.

"I am truly sorry," continued our hero, "that it has been my duty to say what has caused you pain; but you must allow,

Sir, that, under existing circumstances, it is better even for you that your eyes should be opened. I scorn to say anything that may seem like triumph over another; but, suppose, Sir—imagine that the young lady had been so far wrought upon by her father's entreaties and threats—and believe me she has undergone both and more—suppose that she had resigned herself, as a sacrifice to your accumulated wealth—aye, that you had *bought* her, for that is the plain truth—then, Sir, you would have consigned her to misery for life, for her heart, her affections, never could have been yours."

A long silent pause succeeded, and then Mr. Smith started from his recumbent position and sate erect, rubbing his forehead for several seconds, as though to awaken himself from a reverie.

"Ah!" he exclaimed abruptly, "a fool, an old fool, I was. Buy her! No, never. Flattered myself that time, better acquaintance—never heard of any engagement—was told not. Been deceived there. Poor dear girl! Dare say she'd have told me. Eh? What's that? Oh, the card!" and taking it from the table, he fumbled for his spectacles.

While he was speaking and thus engaged, our hero, notwithstanding certain kindly emotions at the good man's sufferings, could scarcely refrain from smiling at the strange attitudes and contortions into which he occasionally threw himself. Singular, however, as they were, what followed appeared still more extraordinary; for, immediately the merchant had deciphered the card, he threw himself back in his seat, rubbed his forehead, scratched his head, looked over his spectacles at his visiter, then at the card again, and altogether seemed as perplexed as though some prize enigma were given him to guess at.

"Egmont, Egmont, Egmont," he grumbled at length, pulling his under lip violently between his fore-finger and thumb. "Name, sure enough. Terrible work, hunting after Browns. No use. Never any relations to each other, none of 'em. Egmont, though, some chance."

And having run over these and other incoherent semi-sentences, Mr. Smith suddenly appeared restored to his calm business-like demeanour. Sitting erect in his chair, he placed the card upon the table, and his spectacles thereon; and then turning to our hero, as if utterly forgetful of what had just passed between them, or that there was such a person as Clara Desborough in existence, he said, demurely—

"Your name, Sir, is one that we do not meet with every day. Will you allow me to ask you a few questions?"

"Most assuredly," replied our wondering seaman.

"What I have to endeavour to ascertain," said Mr. Smith, "is a matter of considerable importance—I do not mean to you: that is not at all probable—but to a particular friend of mine."

"If I can render you any assistance," observed Charles, "I shall really feel great pleasure, more particularly as I have been the cause of—"

"Phoo! phoo!" exclaimed the merchant, interrupting him, "no more of that. We are on business, now. You have relations of your own name—uncles, cousins?"

"None!" replied Charles. "My father was an only child."

"Humph!" said Mr. Smith, "that's bad. Ah! we never shall find her. I needn't ask you any more questions, Sir. Heigho!"

"I am sorry that I cannot assist you in your inquiries," said our hero. "My family story is soon told. My father I never knew, as he fell in the service of his country before I was born."

"The devil he did!" literally roared the merchant.

"Sir!" exclaimed the indignant young officer, rising.

"Stop, stop," cried Mr. Smith, "where, where? Tell me where?"

"In Canada," replied Charles, moving towards the door.

"Oh, oh! Bless my heart!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, catching his visiter by the arm. "You don't know what you're about—no more do I hardly. After so many years, all labour in vain—do, do sit down. There, there, that's right;" and he literally thrust the young man back into his chair, and then, standing before him as if to prevent his escape, continued—"If it should be so! No, it can't. Yes, it may. Tell me, my dear fellow, what was his christian name?"

"The same as my own, Charles," was the reply.

"Hurra!" shouted Mr. Smith. "That's right. And your mother's?"

"Mary," replied Charles.

"Mary, Mary!" exclaimed Mr. Smith. "Right enough, to be sure; but hang all

the Marys! they've led us astray almost as often as the John Browns."

"If that is the case," observed our sailor, somewhat annoyed at the continuance of a farce which he had been given to understand could not be of any consequence to himself, and wishing to cut it short by affording all the information in his power at once—"if that is the case, I am sorry to add another to your list; for my dear mother's name was Mary Brown before she married my father, and also after his death, when as I have been informed, her circumstances induced her to unite herself to a most worthy man of the name of John Brown."

"Oh mercy, I think I shall go mad!" exclaimed Mr. Smith. "But, my dear fellow, don't let us be in a hurry. There are so many John Browns. Tell me, where did he live when he married your mother?"

"At Quebec," was the reply.

"And from thence he very shortly after sailed for—where?" inquired the now panting merchant.

"To New York," replied Charles: "but he did not remain there long, before he embarked for Jamaica, where he purchased an estate, on which we all lived till he fell a victim to the yellow fever; and my poor dear mother survived him only long enough to dispose of his effects, and send the produce to England, where she intended to have spent her latter days. I was but seven years old when she died, and I was consigned to the care of Mr. and Mrs. Desborough. And now, Sir, you know as much of my family affairs as I do myself."

"And a pretty deal more, perhaps," said Mr. Smith. "We lost him at New York. Got laughed at too, for inquiring. Millions of John Browns there, too. Wish your mother was alive. Sad cut that'll be. Never knew she had a child, though. Son, too—that's something. Well, well, must break it by degrees. Heigho! Success never comes without a drawback. Was as happy as a prince just now. I say, young gentleman, that is, Captain Egmont, keep yourself disengaged for to-morrow, that's a dear fellow! I shall probably have something of very great importance to you to communicate, and—yes, that will settle every doubt; if you can find any letters or papers in your mother's hand-writing, bring them with you."

"It is singular," replied Charles; "but this morning I rose very early, and not having for four years past slept at home, as I have been used to call Mr. Desborough's, I unlocked a—"

Here he was interrupted by the entrance of a clerk, who whispered something into the ear of Mr. Smith, who thereupon fixed his eye upon his visiter, and seemed lost in thought.

"Let me not intrude on your time," said Charles. "Mine is not precious. I will wait."

"No," said Mr. Smith, thoughtfully, "you must stay. Yes. It is better so. Wait for me here; and, in a minute or two, I shall return with the best friend I ever had in the world, the real head of our concern, another of the John Browns, to whom I will not introduce you—but, no matter, I wish you to see him. Don't say a word of what we've been talking about, mind. Mum's the word." And, taking three or four long strides to the door, he whisked himself out of the room.

"A precious mess-mate for Clara," said Charles to himself. "Well, there will be no heart-breaking nor pop-gun firing in this affair, that's clear. Confound the fellow!—he might, for common decency's sake, have shown a little more regret at such a loss. But no; the moment he got scent of another John Brown, about ship, off in chase, and Clara lost sight of in a moment. By George, he's mad!—and his mania is John Brown hunting."

Here the door opened, and Mr. Smith re-entered, accompanied by a fine, tall, greyheaded gentleman, somewhat his senior.

There was something in the stranger's appearance that operated favourably upon our hero, who rose and bowed respectfully. "A young friend of mine, Sir," said Mr. Smith—"a young sailor, Sir, one of His Majesty's R. N.'s, as they call 'em. He was just going, Sir: just called in to ask how I was. Send him about his business in a minute, Sir, if you've anything particular to say to me. His time of no value—just told me so."

"Pray, Sir, be seated," said Mr. John Brown to our hero, "I shall not trespass upon your conversation many minutes." Then taking a chair, he turned to Mr. Smith, and continued—"I merely called to ask if it will be perfectly convenient to you to give me a dinner and a bed to-night."

"I shall be delighted, Sir," replied Mr.

Smith, rubbing his hands; "and perhaps, Sir," he added, deferentially, after a pause, "perhaps, if I might make so bold, you will permit—you will not object to my young friend's making one of us."

"I shall be most happy," replied Mr. Brown; "it's a noble service the royal navy of England. Aye, my young friend, I see by your look that you feel it to be so. You may be forgiven for a little pride on that score." Then, turning to his partner, he continued, "Pray, Smith, did you read the Gazette account of that last naval action?"

"Why, no, Sir," replied Mr. Smith, "I saw the particulars in the papers, but I seldom read anything in the Gazette besides the 'Whereases.'"

"Well, then," observed Mr. Brown, "do read it over *carefully*, and you'll find a name there not quite so common as ours. You'll know what I mean when you see it."

"You may rely on it," said Smith, looking mysterious.

"It is a subject on which I have long ceased to be sanguine," resumed Mr. Brown, with a deep sigh.

"We should never despair," observed Mr. Smith, who had drawn a pleasant and not incorrect inference from a certain uneasiness of manner about his young rival, when the said Gazette was named.

"Perhaps not," said his partner, gravely; "but now, a word about business—how are you off for money?"

"Flush," was the laconic reply.

"Well, then," continued the elder merchant, "see what's due to me for interest, and let me have a check for it to-morrow morning. That will make so much less to sell out of the stocks. I must make up ten thousand for our friend Desborough, though I wonder he should have written to me at Ripley, when he must know that I have entirely retired from active business, and leave all to you. However, we know all's safe in that quarter, so it's of little consequence."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Smith, "may have too many eggs in one basket, though. Very odd he never told me. Slept at his house t'other night, too. I'll just go and look at our account with 'em, if you please. Know it's heavy. Very strange," and rising with alacrity, he withdrew.

"Smith's a worthy fellow," observed the old merchant, "but he's got that about him, my young friend, which belongs not to your age or profession. He is sometimes over cautious. In the present case, for instance, we are speaking of a gentleman of undoubted integrity and great wealth."

Charles was here unable to repress some indications of the inward disgust he felt at his guardian's conduct. "No," thought he, "this must not be, I should be an abettor in this nefarious business. Downright robbery of perhaps all this fine old fellow has got to support him in his age. Secrecy indeed! No, no; if William Desborough was here, he would prevent it, and so will I, by —!"

The old gentleman sate silently wondering at his young companion's evident discomposure, and was beginning to feel some alarm, when his wonder was excited to perfect astonishment, as he heard himself addressed in a tone of deep feeling, as follows:—

"Mr. Desborough, Sir, was my guardian, and the interest I feel in the welfare of his family is far—far more than I can express. I was an orphan in childhood, Sir, and Mrs. Desborough was as a mother, a kind, beloved mother to me, and I was to her ever as a son. She taught me principles of rectitude and abhorrence of all untruth and deceit; and oh!—if her spirit were here, surely would she smile upon me, when, to save her husband from crime, and a kind-hearted and aged man from ruin, I tell you that you must keep your property in your own hands."

Here he paused, as from exhaustion; but, observing that the old man remained silent and earnestly gazing at him, as though expecting to hear more, he soon recovered himself, and, in a firmer tone, proceeded: "I can tell you no more, Sir. A promise of secrecy was required of me before I was made acquainted with the state of his affairs. Let it suffice that you are warned; and, if I may make a request, it is that you will not mention by whose advice you decline this loan. You hesitate? Well, Sir, proclaim it where you will."

"My noble youth!" exclaimed the old gentleman, while tears stood in his eyes, as he grasped our seaman's hand across the table, "I was not thinking of the money, but of you. Indeed, I will do anything you require of me—anything—everything; for (besides the deep obligation under which you have placed me) when you were speaking just now so earnestly, methought I saw a resemblance to one—but, no matter—the

memory of the past will come over us as cloudy dreams in our latter days. However, no more of that. In whatever course I may be induced, after reflection, to act in this matter, rest assured that your name shall never be mentioned nor hinted at: but, apropos, you will please to recollect that it is yet unknown to me."

"My name is Egmont, Sir," replied Charles.

"Egmont!" exclaimed the old man, turning pale.

"Charles Egmont," said our hero, taking out his card-case, in order to make the matter more clear. But the ceremony was altogether useless, for before he could extricate one of his newly-engraven addresses, both case and cards were knocked out of his hands and scattered upon the floor, as the old gentleman fell upon his neck, and, embracing him, gasped and sobbed, "It was no dream! It is—you are—her son! I knew it! I saw it! My heart told me! My own flesh and blood! I feel it! Oh, thank God! my old heart is warm once more within me! Yes, let us thank God, my dear boy, for I trust we shall both have reason to thank him all our lives for this blessed moment!"—and, forthwith, the old gentleman relaxed his grasp from our hero's neck, and sank down upon his knees, gently forcing his "dear boy" to do the same; and in that unusual posture (for a counting-house) they were found by Mr. Smith, when he entered with an unusual length of countenance and a lengthy paper of calculations from the ledger.

That the old gentleman's offering of thanksgiving was made with a truly grateful heart, may readily be conceived; but our seaman was, for a moment, at a loss, till he recollected that by his "plain-sailing and dashing at once into the enemy's port," he had won a prize of no small value in the warfare of life—he had gained a friend.

The history of old Mr. John Brown may be told in few words. His father was an attorney in the city of Bristol, "a harsh and rigid man," who wished to bring his son up to his own profession, to which, however, the son manifested an aversion that "grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength." So, at last, as some say, in consequence of certain transactions in the office, against which the young man protested, they parted, and John Brown was left to make his own way in the world. It was a grief to him to leave his dear sister Mary, but frequent correspondence with her for some years after was a great comfort during his onward struggles with change and adversity. Then he received an humble appointment with a mercantile house at Oporto, which he left for something better at New Orleans, and so continued to rise gradually in estimation. Then he was entrusted, as supercargo, in various trading voyages, by his employers, by which he gained connections and information that paved the way to his subsequent acquisition of an ample fortune in his native land. But, while thus engaged in laying the foundation of future prosperity, his mind was often oppressed by the continued silence of his beloved sister, to whom he, nevertheless, frequently wrote, relating all his own affairs, and entreating her to relieve his anxiety. Her last letter, too, which he received at Oporto, breathed a melancholy tone, and expressed a wish that he could be at her side to counsel her on a subject of the deepest importance respecting which she scarcely knew how to act.

The fact was, that she was then undergoing the too frequent struggle between duty and affection, which terminated by her marriage with a young ensign named Charles Egmont, in preference to a favoured suitor chosen by her father. The old man vehemently swore that he would never again behold her face, nor hold any communication with her or her husband; and he kept his word. Her letters to him were returned unopened, and, from words that he let fall upon his dying bed, it is supposed that he destroyed those addressed to her by her brother. This, however, our worthy merchant would never allow himself to credit; and he endeavoured to account for the loss of his sister, by his frequent change of address, and the unfortunately common name he bore. Happily, perhaps, for the memory of his parent, this feeling was strengthened by the vain result of his inquiries after a gentleman of the same name (as related by Mr. Smith), whom his sister had married after the death of Ensign Egmont, whose course was easily traced.

Still, his sister, his only relation, was lost to him. Years had since rolled away; his wealth had accumulated far beyond his hopes, and infinitely beyond his means of enjoyment. A short period of domestic happiness he had, in the meanwhile, experienced; but now he was a widower and childless, alone in the world. Therefore

would his heart often yearn within him when he thought of her who might yet be in existence, and, perhaps, needing some of his useless wealth.

On that happy day of recognition, the uncle and nephew dined with the worthy Mr. Michael Smith, who rubbed his hands and seemed altogether so delighted, that no one would have supposed he had that morning been "cut out" from his hopes of wedded bliss. Nevertheless, he thought proper to speak upon the subject himself, with more of sincerity than apparent gallantry. "Bless my heart," he exclaimed, "what an escape I have had! Suppose Miss Clara had been persuaded by her father. Suppose I *had* been married to her! Oh dear! oh dear! Why, I'd rather have been hanged, or see my own name in the Gazette."

Charles, of course, related his tale of love to his newly-found relative, and spoke of his intended visit to the bower next morning; but the old gentleman shook his head, and said, "No, no; no more bower work. Let me tell you, old John Brown's nephew is not to be——ahem! Never mind. We will go down together in my carriage, and, as you seem to have managed matters pretty well with the young lady, you may leave the father to me."

Accordingly, on the following morning, they arrived at Mr. Desborough's door at a quarter before eight, in order to be ready for the punctual breakfast hour; but, for the first time, that meal was postponed till almost nine, as Mr. Desborough was walking to and fro, with his guest, in the lime-tree walk, apparently much excited by what was passing between them. So, although he never waited for anybody, the rest of the family waited for him; and, in the meanwhile, Charles somehow contrived to get sight of Clara, and entice her into a snug little out-of-the-way parlour, where they both had often been sent to learn their lessons, when they were "troublesome" or "naughty children." And there he now gave her a lesson on the mutability of all human prospects, to which she listened with becoming attention; and when he spoke of their own, so suddenly changed, she manifested her grateful feelings in the best manner she knew how—but how that was is a secret; therefore it must suffice to state that he was perfectly satisfied with his pupil.

The only communication he could previously find time to make to his friend William Desborough was briefly, "All's well and will be well in all quarters. You did right to tell me all. Plain-sailing for ever, my boy! So, cheer up at once, for, if you don't now, you will presently, I can tell you that;" and, with a pressure of the hand, and a countenance glowing with health, joy, and animation, he hurried away to seek somebody else.

Surely there never had been such a breakfast in that monotonous, clock-work-like establishment before! The very servants, whose faces were usually demure and unmeaning, as though carved in wood, seemed all hilarious. Mr. Desborough was all attention to his guests, and in high spirits, and uncle John Brown appeared as gay an old gentleman as one could wish to meet. Many jokes passed between the two elders, at which Clara strove to laugh. But, somehow, she could not get beyond a faint smile, which seemed very odd to her, as people generally laugh when they are happy, and she felt that she had never been happier in her life.

At length there was an end of eating, drinking, and joking; and an awful pause succeeded, "big with the fate of" Clara and of Charles. Then the poor girl's heart throbbed violently as her father broke the silence by three portentous "hems," the usual precursors of a set speech, though a glance at his countenance told her it was not now to be in his severest style. "Well, it's all out now," said he; "precious mess we'd like to have made of it. How in the world was I to know, Mister Captain, that you'd taken a liking to Clara? Never told me, eh? My business was to get her well settled, eh? Can't blame me. And you took a fancy to him, too, Clara. Never told me. Said you wasn't engaged—didn't like any body in particular, eh?"

"Indeed, indeed, papa, I didn't know till—" gasped Clara, but could proceed no farther in her explanation of her inexplicable affirmation.

"No, no, my dear young lady," said the kind-hearted old John Brown—"How should you? We have all of us many secret things in our own hearts which we know nothing about till they are turned up as it were accidentally, like diamonds from the mine. This young sailor with his anchor has hooked up your secret. Oh! you young rogue. You've a real jewel there. Take her, take her. Keep her. Love her. Don't cry, my dear girl. Why, you're making a child of me, too. Come,

Desborough, let you and me go away, and leave them together."

"May as well, suppose," grunted the father, and then added, to himself, "wouldn't have done so yesterday, though. Thought I smelt a rat. Can't deceive me easily, eh? Case altered now, though. Lucky young dog!"

"Short and sweet" was the "courtship" of our young lovers, for it terminated in less than a month; and long and happy was their after-life in the married state; and, in spite of all the mishaps that had resulted from the name, they thought proper to have their first boy christened John Brown.

To the worthy Michael Smith was entrusted the arrangement of Mr. Desborough's affairs, and a long and intricate task he had, through which we need not follow him. The result, however, was, that he "wound all up and struck a balance," but on which side the balance lay, the public was not informed.

"There has been sad work here," said he to his senior partner—"Sad work!"—(and he shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head)—"Capital connections! Ought to have made large fortune. Would too, but for confounded itch for speculation. Grasp all, lose all—dog and the shadow."

Upon this hint, Mr. Brown proposed that their firm should purchase the said capital connection, by allowing Mr. Desborough a handsome annuity for his life; but, for the first time, Michael differed from him in opinion. Such, however, doubtless from cogent arguments produced by Mr. John Brown, was the ultimate arrangement, which was accepted by old Desborough, who forthwith retired to Brighton, took his wine, and gave dinner parties as heretofore, and, whenever he met any of his city acquaintance, affected to be immensely interested in the price of stocks.

Young William Desborough, having previously taken his degree, was admitted into holy orders, and, in due time, became possessed of a living, a wife, and family.

Mr. Michael Smith for some time consoled himself with the idea that he had done with John and Mary Brown hunting. But he was mistaken, for in a lucky hour he met a widow bearing the latter name, whom he ceased not to follow and to pester with a great variety of questions, until he extracted from her a very satisfactory monosyllable in reply to one of them, and from that time, the habit of rubbing his hands together increased upon him greatly.

POWIS CASTLE.

THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF POWIS.

The town of Welshpool, in Montgomeryshire, is considerable, and derives its present appellation from a deep pool formerly on the waste, but now within the enclosure of Powis Park. In the early ages, this pool was considered unfathomable, and there is a prophecy with respect to it, that it shall some time or other overflow and deluge the town. This prophecy is still believed in Wales.

About a mile from Welsh Pool, on the right of the road to Montgomery, stands Powis Castle, a venerable pile built in the ancient style of domestic architecture, participating of the castle and mansion.

The first notice that history records of this place, is about the year 1109, when Cadwgan ap Bleddyn, one of the Welsh princes, sought an asylum at Trallyn, now Pool. The circumstance that compelled this chieftain thus to secrete himself, is somewhat curious.

In the Christmas holidays, Cadwgan ap Bleddyn invited the chieftains in his neighbourhood to a feast at his house in Dyvet. In the course of the entertainment, mead, the wine of the country, having elevated their spirits, Nest, the wife of Gerald, governor of Pembroke Castle, was spoken of in terms of admiration. The beauty and elegance of her person, it was said, exceeded those of any lady in Wales. The curiosity of Owen, the son of Cadwgan, was strongly excited to see her; and he had little doubt of obtaining admittance to the castle, as there was a degree of relationship subsisting between them. Under colour of a friendly visit, the young chieftain, with a few of his attendants, was introduced into the castle. Finding that fame had been cold in her praise, he returned home deeply enamoured of her beauty, and fired with an eager desire to possess her. On the same night, returning with a troop of his wild

Engraved by J. C. Armytage.

companions, he secretly entered the castle, and, in the confusion occasioned by setting it on fire, surrounded the chamber in which Gerald and his wife slept. Awaked by the noise, the former rushed suddenly out of bed to inquire the cause of the disturbance; but his wife, suspecting some treachery, prevented his opening the door; then, advising him to conceal himself, she pulled up a board, and, still further assisting her husband, he let himself down and effected his escape. Owen and his followers instantly broke open the door, and leaving the castle in flames, and ravaging the country, carried off Nest and her children into Powis. This adventure gave Cadwgan the greatest uneasiness. Afraid lest Henry I. might revenge on his head the atrocious action of his son, he came into Powis, and requested Owen to send back to Gerald his wife and children, as well as the plunder he had taken. The young chieftain, however, resolutely refused to restore the lady; but soon after sent back to Gerald all his children. This occurrence, with a subsequent outrage committed by the same turbulent spirit, that is to say, the murder of a bishop with all his attendants on his journey to the English court, being reported to Henry, Cadwgan was summoned to answer for the crimes of his son; but being unable to satisfy the king, his lands were taken away, and he was strictly charged on his allegiance not to enter any part of Wales until leave should be given. It was during the king's displeasure, that Cadwgan concealed himself in Powis-land. Not long, however, after these events, Henry received the Welsh prince again into favour, and gave him the territory which his late brother (who had been murdered by his nephew, Madoc ap Ririd ap Bleddyn) had possessed in Powis; and even extended his grace to his son Owen, bidding his father recal him from Ireland, whither he had flown in consequence of his late murder of the bishop

This prince, having brought his territories into some degree of order, repaired to Pool, attended by the elders of the country, where he began to erect the castle of Powis, in which he intended to reside. He had enjoyed his good fortune but a short time, when he was suddenly assaulted and slain by his nephew Madoc, who, by some singular exercise of interest, obtained a pardon from Henry I, upon payment of a fine.

Powis Castle, having been left unfinished by Cadwgan, was subsequently continued and completed by Gwynwynwyn, who succeeded his father Owen Cyveilise, in the government of this part of Powis-land.

The barony and title were afterwards conveyed to Sir John Grey of Heton, in the county of Northumberland, by his marriage with Jane, eldest daughter of Lord Edward Powis, and who thus possessed it as a moiety of the estate. He had early obtained a high commission in the army, and particularly distinguished himself during the French war, carried on in the reign of Henry V, who, for his eminent services, conferred on him titles, and made him large grants in that country. Continuing in that arduous service, the King further honoured him with the order of the Garter. The future possessors of this castle and its domains suffered various reverses of fortune, till the 29th year of the reign of Elizabeth, when Edward Grey, a natural son of Edward Grey de Powis, who had inherited by virtue of a settlement on his mother, conveyed by purchase the lordship and castle of Powis to Sir Edward Herbert, second son of the celebrated William Herbert, earl of Pembroke; the second of his name and title who flourished under four sovereigns, of different aspects, and in the most difficult times. He dying, was buried in the church of Pool, and was succeeded in the estates by his son William, who was made knight of the Bath at the coronation of James I, and by his son, Charles I, created Lord Powis.

Whether the various alterations which upon different occasions have been effected in Powis Castle, can be justly accounted improvements, is a question upon which great difference of opinion has arisen. It is undoubtedly a difficult task to modernise an ancient building, with the restriction that its general contour shall be strictly preserved. The situation of the gardens is, perhaps, not the most favourable: hanging square terraces, shelf upon shelf, but ill accord with the fine swells exhibited by the opposite lawn; and sash windows of a modern fashion hardly harmonise with the massy bastions and antique towers of the original building.

Powis Castle stands on the ridge of a rock, is constructed of red sand-stone, and the dilapidations made by time in the external walls have been repaired by a coat of red plaistering. The entrance is through an ancient gateway, between two massy

circular towers, into the area or court round which the apartments range. Several other towers are still standing, flanked with semi-circular bastions. The site is elevated and commanding, looking over a vast extent of country, the greater part of which was formerly subject to its lords. In front, two immense terraces, one above the other, form the ascent, by means of a vast flight of steps, to the house. These are ornamented with vases, statues, antique remains, &c. The edifice is kept up as a habitable mansion, though rarely visited by its noble owner. The inside has a heavy and unpleasant appearance, from the vast thickness of the walls, and the whole building brings strongly to mind the cumbersome magnificence of former times. The interior exhibits little worthy of the curious traveller's notice, excepting the principal gallery, measuring 117 feet in length by 20 in breadth. The apartments on the ground-floor are gloomy, as are also the dining and state bed-rooms; but the saloon and library are well lighted, and afford a most cheerful and delightful prospect: the view from the former comprehending the rich vale of the Severn, with the Friedden hills in the contrasted back ground. These contain some valuable antiques.

A narrow gallery, leading to the sleeping-rooms, is hung with family portraits, most of which are indifferently executed, and not interesting in point of public character. On one of the ceilings much pictorial flattery is displayed to the female part of the family, in the representation of three daughters of William, second marquis of Powis. One is depicted as Truth; Lady Throgmorton appears as Charity; Lady Mary as Minerva; and Justice is in the act of driving away Envy, Malice, and other vices. Few ladies have made a more conspicuous figure than Lady Mary. She was deeply engaged in the Mississippi scheme, and dreamed of millions; aimed at becoming royal consort to the late Pretender; failed in her plans, and, with another noble adventurer, retired to Spain in search of gold in the deceptive mines of the Asturias.

> "The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
> To just three millions stinted, modest gage!
> But nobler schemes Maria's dreams unfold,
> Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold,
> Congenial souls! whose life one avarice joins,
> And one fate buries in the Asturian mines."

In a detached building, more modern than the castle, is a collection of sixty or seventy pictures. Some of these are by the first masters, as Poussin, Claude, Bassano, Vleiger, Canaletti, Cuyp, &c. There are also a Virgin and Child, by Carlo Dolce; three owls by Rubens, and an ancient painting in fresco, from the ruined city of Pompeii. The portrait of the late Lord Clive, by Dance. In an adjoining closet is a model of an elephant, covered with a coat of mail, with two Indians upon its back, brought from India by Lord Clive.

The hanging gardens, composed of terrace upon terrace, are ascended by flights of steps cut out of the solid rock. The clipped shrubs, and the remains of water-works, discover an imitation of the wretched taste displayed at St. Germains, which one of its possessors had unfortunately too great an opportunity of copying. This was the titular Duke of Powis, the honour having been a post-abdication creation. This nobleman followed the fortunes of his royal master, James II, and died at St. Germains in 1696. All was lately, and is, perhaps, now in the style of the seventeenth century; the only pleasing consequence of which style is, that it recals the description of Jurieu's villa so admirably drawn by Pope.

The park is formed of spacious and verdant lawns, with swelling hills, well clothed with wood. The venerable oak, wide-spreading beech, and ornamental chesnut, diversify the views in rich variety, and highly contribute to render Powis Park an enviable spot to the lovers of forest scenery.

We have not heard that, of late years, any attempt has been made, on the part of the present noble owner, to arrest the hand of time, which is fast crumbling this venerable pile into dust. The buildings are in a state of dilapidation, and the gardens and grounds are neglected. If this be suffered to continue, at no very distant period the beauty and magnificence of Powis will be no more; and some moralising rustic will have to show the passing traveller the spot where Cadwgan lived and Bleddyn's royal race.

The present noble owner is the first Earl of Powis, of the new creation, and is a son of the celebrated Lord Clive, who distinguished himself so honourably in the East Indies. His Lordship married, in 1784, Lady Henrietta Antonia Herbert, daughter of Henry Arthur, and sister and heir of the last earl, on whose decease without issue in 1801, that title became extinct. His Lordship was advanced to the dignity of the Earl of Powis, in 1804.

THE COURT.

THE termination of their Majesties' sojourn for the season at Windsor, was announced to happen on the 28th ultimo; but, as this number will go to press before that period, we dare not assert that the removal of the Court to Brighton has taken place, lest we should be guilty of a similar error to that committed by the *Courier* of the 19th. That paper, in anticipation of the usual royal visit to St. James's, ventured to announce his Majesty's arrival there at one o'clock, accompanied by Sir Herbert Taylor; that the King was received by the Princesses Augusta and Sophia, and the Duchess of Gloucester; that at two his Majesty held a Court, &c. &c. As the King had omitted making his usual visit to town on that day, the paragraph in question excited much merriment in the royal circle.

We are happy to state that their Majesties continue to enjoy their usual excellent health.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1837.

The Oriental Annual. Lives of the Mogul Emperors, by the Rev. Hobart Caunter. Tilt.

THE present volume of this Annual is the commencement of a new series, containing the lives of the Mogul Emperors, and Mr. Caunter here gives those of Timur Beg and Baber. The former, better known to most readers under the name of Tamerlane, rose from a shepherd to be the conqueror of Asia. Having collected around him a band of robbers, he began to conquer upon a small scale, and success having increased his forces, he gradually found himself at the head of a considerable army, stimulated as much by religious fanaticism as by a love of plunder. This horde descended like a swarm of locusts upon Southern Asia, devastating everything they approached, marking their passage by fire and sword.

The life of Timur Beg is one of surpassing interest. This conqueror seems more like a hero of romance than a being of actual existence. His wild and spirit-kindling adventures appear rather the offspring of a vivid imagination than scenes and realities of life. The history of Timur Beg is crowded with incident, and Mr. Caunter has displayed considerable skill in compressing his materials so as to reduce them within the required space, without detracting from the interest of the whole. He has also contrived to render dry historical details as interesting as the embellishments of fiction, without swerving in the most minute degree from historical truth, and to impart to the scenes he describes all the glow and high colouring of romance, without departing from the dignity of history.

The birth of Timur was said to be attended with some remarkable circumstances, which Mr. Caunter thus relates:—

"A singular legend relative to the birth of Timur has been received with great faith by the Orientals as an imperishable testimony of the pre-eminent distinction of their favourite hero. It is said that the mother of this warlike prince appearing suddenly pregnant before her marriage, her father became so exasperated at her dishonour, that he was about to put her to death. The princess, conscious of her own purity, flung herself at the feet of her excited parent, and disclosed to him the miraculous cause of her condition. She assured him that, while she was lying on her couch, a sunbeam, piercing through an opening in the window of her apartment, over which the curtain had been left undrawn, covered her with a mantle of light, and at the same time seemed affectionately

to caress her. 'Such,' said the princess, 'is the cause of the condition in which you now behold me. The bountiful Source at once of light and of fecundity, who fills the wide world with his glories, is the parent of that child to which I shall shortly give birth.' Her father, after a proper examination of the matter, became convinced of the truth of his daughter's declaration, and gravely persuaded himself that a child, indebted for its existence to the great Author and Dispenser of all fruitfulness, must be destined to fill the world with the renown of his achievements. The story probably owed its origin to the name of Timur's father—Teragay, which signifies the source of light. Teragay was, at this time, a noble of distinguished reputation at the Court of the sovereign of Turkistan and Transoxiana, the latter country being dependent upon the former."

On the death of Timur, his descendants and feudatories waged war against each other for the different portions of his conquests. Baber, his descendant in the fifth degree, at length fixed the Timur dynasty upon the throne of an empire less extensive than Timur had conquered, but still vast—that of the Moguls.

Baber's life is a record of sufferings, vicissitudes, and courage: it shows the hero and the statesman struggling against powerful foes, defeated but never conquered, and ultimately carving out for himself, with his sword, an empire in which he was skilful enough to unite the various creeds professed by those he ruled under one liberal government. This life offers an equal interest with that of Timur.

The pictorial illustrations of this volume, by Mr. Daniell, are exquisite; and beautiful as were those of the former volumes, these may be said to be superior, from the immense interest of the subjects.

Jennings' Landscape Annual. The Tourist in Spain, by Thomas Roscoe. Jennings.

THIS Annual is quite equal to what it has been ever since it fell under the management of Mr. Roscoe, who, by his research, observation, and industry, has given it a most striking interest. Spain is a country of which very little is known in England, and the editor is doing a service to the public by illustrating its scenery, its cities, its edifices, and its history. The following is a good specimen of Mr. Roscoe's style:—

"As they were proceeding to the church of the Escurial, we fell into the train of old women and ragged urchins who composed the majority of the spectators, and strolled very devoutly among them, adapting our looks and paces to the occasion. Several honest peasants from the neighbouring hamlets had taken care to desert their field-labours to be present at this august ceremony, and the figures they cut were by no means unpicturesque. They wore a short cloak over a tight black waistcoat, and a good cloak, which the wind made very free with, over all. As these modern Abantes wear the hair long, something is found necessary to keep it in order; and accordingly every man appeared with his head in a bag of black silk netting, called *recezilla*; which, being filled with profuse and well-matted elf-locks, hung gracefully over the shoulders, moved from side to side as the owner of the bag looked this way or that. Their large round hats, more for show than use, were carried in the hand. Two or three Castilians from beyond the mountains formed a striking contrast with their neighbours, disguised in their dark-coloured frocks, strapped round the waist like a friar's sack, and gloomy-pointed *monteros*."

Sir Thomas Lawrence's Cabinet of Gems, with Biographical and Descriptive Memorials, by P. G. Patmore. 1837. Ackerman.

WE may class this beautifnl work among the larger annuals, as it appears in the same form as "The Flowers of Loveliness," and is likely to be continued, if the number is successful, as we conclude it must be. Mr. Patmore's taste and knowledge in the fine arts has long been known to the public; and his appearing as the editor of this work, and the illustrator of the beautiful drawings it contains, is a guarantee of the merit of the undertaking.

The drawings in this collection are most exquisite specimens of Sir Thomas Lawrence's genius. Few of them are as yet known to the public, as they represent members of the late President's own family, and were produced during his hours of relaxation from professional labour. The letter-press memorials are extremely interesting, and Mr. Patmore throws light upon many points of personal biography relative to this lamented artist, which were before involved in great obscurity. We call upon our readers to look at this work, and judge for themselves.

We transcribe the following interesting glance at the close of Sir Thomas's life.

"To the observant eye of friendship it was evident that Lawrence's health had been declining for many weeks, and even months, before his decease. Though he went into company freely to the very last, there was latterly a languor and lassitude of spirit, and a death-like paleness of hue, which indicated that some deep-seated malady was at work within, from which there was everything to dread. Yet it was a happy circumstance that Lawrence himself was totally unconscious of any such cause for alarm. On the contrary, he had so fully arranged his plans for his annual visit to his sister, Mrs. Bloxam, that the idea of anything preventing the fulfilment of them never entered his thoughts. The circumstances connected with this point are so affecting, and at the same time so impressively instructive, that we shal

use them as the medium for completing our biographical memorial of this distinguished man.

"Having previously fixed the day (by letter) on which he would be with Mrs. Bloxam at Rugby, he writes to her on the 17th of December, 1829, as follows:—'I am grieved to the soul that urgent circumstances keep me at this time from the comfort of seeing you; but in the *next month* I will CERTAINLY break away from all engagements to be with you.' Again, on the 19th, he writes—'No—be assured, dear love, dearest sister, that *nothing* shall detain me from you, *on* the day, and *for* the days, you mention.'

"The nature of the circumstances we are to relate are now rendered doubly touching by the fact, that though Lawrence believed *himself* to be in perfect health, he believed his dear sister to be dangerously ill; and she herself was so convinced on this latter point, that her son had sealed her last letter (by her directions) with a *black* seal, in the persuasion that when the letter reached her brother she would have ceased to live! On the 26th, Lawrence having, in the mean time, learned that she was rather better, again writes to her as follows: 'I have unfortunately made engagements that demand my attention till the 5th and 6th. On the 6th, I have sacredly pledged myself to be with you, and to that *all* circumstances shall bend.'

"In a subsequent letter he states that he will be with her to a late and simple dinner on *Friday* (8th). On Thursday, the 7th, he died!

* * * * *

"The proximate cause of Lawrence's death was a diseased action of the heart. By prompt medical aid he had been recovered once from the effects of this malady; but during the evening of the 7th of January, 1830, they suddenly came on again, when no one was near him but his faithful servant Jean. On the sudden seizure, he slipped from the arm-chair on which he was sitting, and by the time Jean had reached him he was apparently in the act of fainting. As Jean placed his arms about his master to support him, he said mildly, 'Jean, my good fellow, this is dying!' 'Oh! no, Sir,' was Jean's reply, 'it is only fainting.' But almost as soon as the latter words were uttered, he stretched himself out, and died."

Flowers of Loveliness. Twelve groups of female figures, emblematic of flowers, designed by various artists, with poetical illustrations by Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq. Ackerman.

THE talents of the artists by whom the designs are made in this work, are quite sufficient to ensure its success, exclusively of that of the poet, Mr. Haynes Bayly. When we mention the names of Uwins, J. Wood, Miss Fanny Corbaux, Mrs. Seyfforth, and Miss L. Sharpe, as those of the artists who have supplied these designs, our readers will at once admit that the work containing them deserves their attention. The fact is, that every one of these drawings is full of high merit, and particularly expressive of what it is meant to represent. To particularise is impossible, for want of space, as we cannot pass over the poet without notice. Mr. Haynes Bayly's illustrations are worthy of the reputation he enjoys, and the best thing we can do is to give a specimen of them.

"THE PRIMROSE.

"Pale primroses!—sad thoughts ye bring;
The earliest nurselings of the spring;
The first sweet trophy which the boy
After his ramble carries home,
Showing, that all may share his joy,
An evidence that Spring is come!
So young, so innocent, so fair!
Sure of a welcome every where;
Why do I say that ye have brought
A melancholy train of thought?

"Oh! are ye not a type most true
Of thoughts and feelings long gone by?
Of hope that in our youth we knew,
Ere time had taught us hope *could* die.

"Are not the flowers of youth at most,
If early found, too early lost?
Passing, ere youth itself is past;
Too delicately pure to last:
Like you, they wither one by one,
Beneath the fiercer summer's sun.

"What have we in their place?—a wreath
Of richer beauty and perfume:
But often venom lurks beneath
The fascination of its bloom.
And when *that* in its turn decays,
In life's more chill autumnal days
A sight, a sound, a breath of spring,
Will touch a chord, awakening
Thoughts of *our* Spring time!—borne away
The primrose path of youth we tread!
With whom? Our playmates! What are they?
The changed, the absent, and the dead!"

The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman, illustrated by Six Female Portraits, from highly-finished Drawings by E. Parris. By the Countess of Blessington. Longman.

As these Confessions have come to us with the Annuals, we conclude that the volume containing them may be classed among those periodicals. The portraits by Mr. Parris are very beautiful, but we must pass them over with this slight notice to make room for what we have to say concerning Lady Blessington's letter-press. This lady writes with such facility that books seem to drop from her pen as if by magic, charming every class of readers

by their grace and vivacity of style, and the spirit of observation which they evince.

The present volume purports to be the confessions or rather the reminiscences of an old gentleman, the victim once of love, now of the gout. The intention of the work may be seen in the following extract:—

"The past, with all its long-forgotten pleasures and pains, rose up to my imagination; re-called into life by those *gages d'amour*, which had survived the passions they were meant to foster; but which now so far fulfilled their original destination, as to make their donors suddenly and vividly present to my memory, as though they had been summoned into a brief existence by the magical wand of a necromancer. The loved—the changed—the dead—stood before me in their pristine charms: and I felt towards each, and all, some portion of long-vanished tenderness revive in my breast.—Beautiful sex!—soothers in our affliction, and best enliveners in our hours of happiness, all that I have known of joy on earth, I owe to your smiles, to your partiality!"

Friendship's Offering and Winter Wreath. Smith, Elder and Co.

This little Annual contains in the present number, more than the usual average of talent. The engravings are of a higher order than we have ever seen them before; the letter-press likewise bears a variety of names well known in the higher walks of literature, and among these we may mention Mr. St. John, Mr. Crofton Croker, Mr. Haynes Bayly, Barry Cornwall, L. E. L., T. K. Hervey, Dr. W. C. Taylor, and Allan Cunningham, a list quite sufficient to insure the success of the book.

Forget Me Not. Edited by Frederic Shoberl. Ackerman.

"Forget Me Not" deserves not to be forgotten. This is the parent of all the Annuals, and though now looking down upon its great-grandchildren, still preserves its original beauty, its freshness, and its well-earned reputation. The engravings are good, the letter-press excellent, and the work is got up without any sparing of expense. It deserves to find purchasers. What more need we say?

FINE ARTS.

Ariel, engraved by F. Bacon, from a Portrait by E. T. Parris. Smith and Elder.

It is currently whispered abroad that the original of this portrait is to appear at Drury Lane, in the character of Ariel, and in the very costume in which she is painted. *Nous verrons.* There is a great deal of merit in this composition, and also a slight tinge of the mannerism into which Mr. Parris sometimes falls. The engraving is beautifully done, and is a fine specimen of what British engravers can do.

VARIETIES.

CHORAL HARMONIC SOCIETY'S CONCERT FOR OCTOBER.

This concert took place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday last (25th ult.) It opened with Borberg's symphony, No. VI., which went extremely well. We remarked as very excellent Miss Tipping's "Sommo Dio," by Winter; Mr. Purday's "The White Squall," by Barker; Miss Agnes Taylor's recitative and air, "Io di l'udia," by Donizetti; and Miss Flower's cavatina, "Una voce poco fa," by Rossini. The chorus-singers distinguished themselves at this concert: the choruses, "Now seek the altars," by Beethoven, and "Let old Timotheus," were then very effectively given, and were applauded by a very numerous audience. Mr. Catchpole played a fantasia on the horn, and Miss Caddick, from Liverpool, one on the piano-forte accompanied by the band. This young lady has very great execution, and did ample justice to the mechanical difficulties with which the piece she selected abounds, the "Recollections of Ireland," by Moschelles.

J. Lucas. pinxt. J. Cochran. sculpt.

THE COURT MAGAZINE,

AND

La Belle Assemblee.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF VISCOUNTESS FORDWICH.

ANNE FLORENCE, Viscountess FORDWICH, is the eldest daughter of the Earl DE GREY, and the wife of Viscount FORDWICH, eldest son of Earl COWPER.

The family of COWPER derives from JOHN COWPER, of Strode, in the county of Sussex, who lived temp. Edward IV, and who married Joan, daughter and heiress of John Stanbridge, and relict of Stephen Brode, by whom he left, with other issue, a son

WILLIAM, whose grandson,

JOHN COWPER, Esq., was Sheriff of London in 1551, and Alderman of Bridge ward. Mr. Alderman Cowper married Elizabeth, daughter of John Ironside, Esq., and had issue five sons and four daughters. The eldest, his successor,

WILLIAM COWPER, Esq., of Ratling Court, in the county of Kent, was created a Baronet 4th March 1642. This gentleman was collector of imposts on strangers in the port of London, and did the King good service during the civil war. For his loyalty to the unfortunate Charles, he was imprisoned in Ely House, London, with John, his eldest son, who died in confinement. Sir William, however, outlived his adversity; and, residing at his Castle of Hertford, was famed for his hospitality and charity: he often visited his poor neighbours at their houses, and relieved them in private. He died 20th Dec. 1664, and was succeeded by his grandson,

Sir WILLIAM COWPER, the second Baronet, who was member for Hertford in the two last Parliaments of Charles II. He married Sarah, daughter of Sir Samuel Holled, and had two sons,

WILLIAM, his successor.

Spencer, a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, grandfather of the poet WILLIAM COWPER.

Sir William was succeeded by his elder son

Sir WILLIAM COWPER, the third Baronet. This eminent lawyer was early in life called to the Bar, where his abilities soon rendered him conspicuous; and in the reign of King William he was appointed one of his Majesty's Council. In 1695 he was elected member of Parliament for the town of Hertford, his father at the same time being chosen his colleague. His practice and reputation now rapidly increased, and on the 11th October 1705, he was constituted Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England. Bishop Burnet, speaking of this

promotion, expresses himself in the following terms: "The seals being sent for, they were given to Cowper, a gentleman of good family, of excellent parts, and of engaging deportment; very eminent in his profession, and who had many years been considered as the man who spoke best of any in the House of Commons." On the 9th Nov. 1706, Sir William was raised to the peerage by the title of BARON COWPER of Winham, in Kent, and on the 4th May of te following year he was appointed LORD CHANCELLOR of Great Britain. On the death of Queen Anne, Lord Cowper was nominated one of the Lords Justices of the Kingdom till the arrival of King George I from Hanover. A change taking place in the ministry in 1718, Lord Cowper retired from office, but before his resignation he was created Viscount Fordwich and EARL COWPER. His Lordship, in the House of Peers, strongly opposed the bill for inflicting pains and penalties on Bishop Atterbury. He has also the honour of having been the first English lawyer, who had presided in a Court of Equity, that refused those scandalous perquisites, called "New Year's Gifts," which had heretofore been received from the barristers. Ambrose Phillips alludes to this in the following lines:

> He the robe of justice wore,
> Sullied not as heretofore;
> When the magis trate was sought
> With yearly gifts. Of what avail
> Are guilty hoards? for life is frail,
> And we are judged where favour is not bought.

Earl Cowper married first, Judith, daughter and heir of Sir Robert Booth, Knight, by whom, who died 2nd April 1705, he had an only son who died young. He married secondly, Mary, daughter of John Clavering, Esq., and had two sons and two daughters. He died 10th October 1723. "England, by his death," says Smollet, "lost a worthy nobleman, who had twice discharged the office of Lord Chancellor with equal discernment and integrity. He was profoundly skilled in the laws of his country, in his apprehension quick and penetrating, in his judgment clear and determinate. He possessed a manly eloquence, his manner was agreeable, and his deportment graceful." His Lordship was succeeded by his eldest son,

WILLIAM, second Earl Cowper, born in 1709; one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to George II. This nobleman assumed the surname of Clavering before that of Cowper, in obedience to the will of his maternal uncle. By his first wife Henrietta, youngest daughter and coheiress of Henry D'Auverquerque, Earl of Grantham*, he left at his decease, in December 1764, an only son and successor,

GEORGE NASSAU, third earl, born 26th August 1738. This nobleman succeeded in 1754 to a very large estate on the death of his grandfather, the Earl of Grantham. He was a prince of the holy Roman empire, and lived almost his whole life in Italy. He married Anne, daughter of Charles Gore, Esq., of Southampton, and dying in 1789, was succeeded by his eldest son

GEORGE AUGUSTUS, fourth Earl. This nobleman dying unmarried 12th February 1799, the family honours devolved on his brother,

PETER LEOPOLD LOUIS FRANCIS, the fifth and present Earl, born 6th May 1778. His Lordship married, 21st July 1805, Amelia, daughter of Peniston, first Viscount Melbourne, by whom he has issue—

- GEORGE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, Viscount Fordwich, born 26th June, 1806.
- William, born 12th December 1811.
- Charles Spencer, born 9th June 1816.
- Emily Caroline Catherine, married 10th June 1830, to Lord Ashley, eldest son of the Earl of Shaftesbury.
- Frances Elizabeth.

The eldest son, GEORGE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, Viscount FORDWICH, espoused on the 7th October 1833, ANNE FLORENCE, eldest daughter of the Earl De Grey, the Lady whose portrait illustrates this month's Magazine, and has issue a son, born 11th June 1834. For an account of the house of De Grey, we refer the reader to the number of the Court Magazine for January in the present year.

* Henry D'Auverquerque, Earl of Grantham, a portion of whose estates have merged in the house of Cowper, was the eldest son of Henry de Nassau, Lord of Auverquerque, a distinguished soldier, who came into England with the Prince of Orange in 1688. Upon the accession of William and Mary to the throne, Henry de Nassau was naturalised by Act of Parliament, and appointed Master of the Horse. He was at the battle of the Boyne, and subsequently attended his royal master in all his campaigns against the French. At the decease of King William he returned to Holland, and was appointed by the States Velt-Marshal of the Army. In the campaign of 1708 the Lord of Auverquerque lost his life in the field, as he had always desired. He died in the camp at Rousselair, in the 67th year of his age, after a procrastinated indisposition, on the 17th October 1708, and was interred with great pomp at Auverquerque. His Lordship's wife was Isabella Van Arsens, daughter of Cornelius, Lord of Somerdyke and Placata.

THE HINDOO WIDOW.

(Concluded from our last Number.)

I WAS too well assured what would be the melancholy consequences of the old Brahmin's decease, not to feel deeply for the sad condition of the Hindoo widow. She was now in the very dawn of her beautiful womanhood, and life had only yet begun to unfold the sweetest buds of hope to a young, fervid, and elastic mind, though the chilling prospect of her husband's death, which at his advanced age could not in the ordinary course of nature be long delayed, must have often spread a blight upon her aspirations as they rose into the silent future where there is so much of human sorrow and so little of human enjoyment. It is however surprising, among the Hindoos, when young children are united to aged men, how seldom the prospect of death appears to rise to their thoughts. They never seem to contemplate the melancholy issue which a barbarous superstition has established upon such awful occasions, when they ally themselves to persons old enough to be their grandfathers, though one should imagine that the near prospect of certain immolation upon the corpses of those venerable but little venerated husbands must be ever present to their reflections. But they are the slaves of their tyrants, and the absolute subjection in which they live is no doubt the cause of their looking forward to such a frightful event as death by burning, without that alarm which would arise in a young and ardent temperament under a different condition of things. This is no doubt the reason of their apparent indifference to an event which to them is always nigh, "even at the very doors."

I had no opportunity of seeing the young widow; she was jealously excluded from the view of any but her relatives, who no doubt took the greatest pains to instil into her tender mind the great spiritual advantage which would be derived to her immortal soul in the next world by the burning of her body in this. I could not venture to approach the house without doing violence to those prejudices which, however barbarous, are with common consent respected by all Europeans in this land of impious superstition; I therefore abstained from intruding where it was evident to me that my presence would create extreme consternation.

My friend the Brahmin, father of the young widow, had likewise left a relict behind him, her mother, whom I saw on the day subsequent to her husband's death. She was calm, and expressed her resolution to die. She had fondly loved the Brahmin, who had treated her generally with much more tenderness than is common among Hindoo husbands. My presence did not discompose her, as she had been accustomed to see me frequently at the house during the life of her deceased husband. I approached her respectfully and offered my condolences. She received them with calm and solemn dignity. I had heard that she was resolved to undergo the dreadful sacrifice of cremation with the corpse of him to whom she had been so tenderly attached.

"Is it true," said I, approaching her with profound respect, "that you are determined to die?"

"Why should you ask? Is it singular even to the Christian that the Hindoo widow should desire to avail herself of that privilege which will associate her with the blessed spirits of the Swerga*?"

"But I cannot consider it a privilege to die when life is a divine gift; and so rich a boon of heaven can never be relinquished with advantage but at the express call of the giver. What the Deity bestows should be valued at its worth, and retained with a proper sense of its value, until he sees fit to take it away."

"This is not the doctrine of wise men. A life of vicissitude, vexation, and sorrow, can be of no real value to the possessor, and surely that must be an evil which keeps us from the participation of everlasting good. This world has been to me a scene of unvarying gloom and sadness. The root of bitterness has been steeped in every draught of my monotonous but unquiet

* The celestial paradise of the Hindoos.

existence, and I am now prepared with joy to avail myself of the highest privilege of my race, and join my husband in those gardens of eternal bloom where spirits never die and the springs of bliss are inexhaustible."

"But may not this be a delusion? How know you that such will be the reward of a voluntary death, which the Deity really looks upon as self-murder?"

"Son of an abominable creed, I pity thee! What can the ignorant know of such things? A darkness is upon thy understanding which no light can dispel. Thou hast been taught to take the crude speculations of fools for the irradiations of heavenly truth. Wretched man! how hast thou been deluded. Hadst thou been the child of a Hindoo mother, thou wouldst not have reasoned thus! Our Vedas—and are they not the inspirations of divine wisdom?—teach us that the widow who mingles her ashes with those of her husband, ascends in her spirit in everlasting union with him to a place where there is no death, and consequently no suffering."

"Your Vedas may indeed teach you this, but is it not possible that those oracles which you hold to be the depositories of the divine wisdom and will, may not be the infallible inspirations of Deity, but the imperfect traditions or base impositions of men?"

Her eyes flashed fire. I had struck upon the tenderest cord of her superstitious belief, and it vibrated through her whole frame. She trembled with agitation, but did not condescend to utter a word. I endeavoured to resume the argument; she motioned me from her, and would not reply. After the first silent but evident exacerbation of her anger had subsided, she relapsed into the same stern calmness in which she had from the first seemed to be absorbed, and turned from me with mute but reproachful scorn.

Immediately after the death of her husband the usual obsequies were performed; and as these are in most respects remarkable, I shall state them here in detail. When a Brahmin is at the point of death, the invariable practice among those who attend his last moments is, to prepare a square spot of ground, about six feet long and three broad, covered with cow-dung and strewed with some sacred herb. A new piece of cloth is spread over this square space, upon which the dying man is placed, and another piece of the same texture is wrapped round his loins. The ceremony of expiation is then performed, the sick Brahmin's consent being first obtained, which is done by pouring a nauseous draught into his mouth, and causing him to mutter two or three of their mantras or prayers, which are supposed to have the power of cleansing the sinner's soul from every carnal defilement. This being complete, a cow is introduced with her calf, the horns of the former being decorated with rings of gold or of brass, according to the opulence of the person for whose eternal welfare these absurd rites are solemnised, and her neck with garlands of flowers. When arrayed in this strange funereal attire, the cow is led to the couch of the sick man, who, with holy reverence, lays his right hand upon her tail, which he grasps with sacred fervour. Prayers are then offered to the great Siva or Vishnu, as it may happen, that the cow may be permitted to conduct the expiring penitent, whose sins have been just expiated, to the Hindoo paradise, by a path with which she only is familiar. The cow then becomes the property of the officiating Brahmin, he receiving her by way of fee: his right is ratified by water being poured into his right hand.

"The donation of a cow," says the Abbé Dubois*, "which is termed Godanam, is in this crisis of indispensable aid in helping the soul to arrive without accidents at the Yama Lokam, or the world of hell, which has Yama for its king and lord. In this progress they come to a river of fire, which all must pass after death. Those who have made the Godanam, or gift of the cow, to a Brahmin before they die, are met by one of those favoured creatures from the dwelling of Yama, the moment they arrive at the bank of the stream, and by her help they are enabled to cross without injury from the flames."

After the donative of the Godanam has been made, sundry presents are distributed among the assembled Brahmins, and where the family of the dying man is wealthy, these are invariably of considerable value. These presents are supposed to be really made to the gods through their vicegerents, and of course are encouraged by the latter. They are the price of the sick man's transit

* Description of the Manners, Character, and Customs of the People of India, page 287.

to a better world, when released from this by the angel of death.

"It is fitting that a Brahmin should die upon the ground, not on a bed, nor even on a mat, and the reason is this; his soul being disengaged from his body, must enter into another which will carry it to the world that is destined for it. And if he should die in his bed or on a mat, he must carry with him those moveables wherever he goes, which would be very tormenting. If on the other hand he should happen to die, by any accident, in a different way from what has been here supposed, a much more liberal distribution of presents and a longer tract of ceremonies would be required to get him extricated from the burthens attached to him. This absurd and ridiculous idea, in which the Brahmins are educated, has given rise to a malediction very common among them when they quarrel, namely, 'Mayest thou never have a friend to lay thee on the ground when thou diest*!'"

So soon as it is ascertained that the sick man is no more, all the parties present begin to howl and make most discordant lamentations for the dead. The chief functionary immediately repairs to the bath, and has his head, beard, and mustachios shaved. After this he offers the sacrifice of the Homan†. The corpse is now shaved, washed, clothed in fine linen, or, if the family be wealthy, in sumptuous apparel and decorated with jewels. It is then rubbed with sandal-wood, and the distinguishing mark of caste having been fixed on the forehead with an ochre paste, it is fastened upon a couch of state, where it remains exposed to the visits of all who may be permitted to approach it, until the necessary preparations have been made for conveying it to the funeral pile.

When the preliminary ceremonies have been completed, the Brahmin who conducts the funeral, approaches the body, and, assisted by some near relative of the deceased, strips it of the fine apparel and jewels in which it had been arrayed, and covers it with a small palampore‡. The body is now laid upon a litter formed of two long poles placed about three feet apart, with transverse bars attached by wisps of straw. The two thumbs are tied together and likewise the two great toes; the palampore being wrapped tightly round the body with a straw band.

The faces of those who die single are covered, and of such as die married exposed. The litter, adorned with garlands of flowers and valuable stuffs, is carried by four Brahmins. The principal functionary heads the procession, bearing a vessel containing consecrated fire. All the mourners follow the litter without their turbans, a plain piece of cloth being fastened round their heads by way of a mourning badge. A few inconsiderable ceremonies being performed on the way to the place where the obsequies are to be consummated, the procession proceeds very slowly, and is always followed by an immense crowd.

Having reached the spot where the last awful ceremony is to take place, a trench is dug a few inches deep, inclosing a space upon which the funeral pile is erected. It is previously consecrated with various solemn gesticulations by the officiating Brahmin, who offers up certain preliminary prayers. The inclosure being carefully sprinkled with water, and some pieces of gold money placed in different parts of it, the pile is erected within it of dry wood, well saturated with ghee§, and the body stretched at full length upon the combustible mass. A piece of dried cow-dung is then laid upon the breast of the corpse, over which the chief functionary makes the sacrifice of the Homan, then addressing certain mantras to all the orifices of the body, applies his mouth to every one of them in turn, while he mutters the prayer appointed for each. This disgusting ceremony is succeeded by others not less offensive, and the body is then considered purified from all carnal defilements.

The corpse is now entirely denuded, and a few dry sprigs of wood being spread lightly over it, the officiating Brahmin takes a pitcher of water, places it upon his shoulder, walks slowly round the pile three times, allowing the water to flow upon it through a hole in the pitcher, which he finally breaks at the head of the deceased. After this he rolls himself on the ground in token of extreme sorrow, beats his breast, and commences the most dismal wailing, in which he is joined by certain persons appointed to assist him in the solemn ceremony. Having embraced each other as a

* Dubois.

† This has been described in a preceding paper.

‡ A counterpane, generally of printed cotton.

§ Clarified butter.

public ratification of their grief, the principal functionary takes a torch and lights the pile at each corner, the crowd slowly retiring, except the four Brahmins who carried the body—these latter remaining until it is consumed.

So soon as the pile has been lighted, "the chief of the funeral flies to the bath, and plunges in without taking off his clothes. All dripping, and in the open air, he boils some rice and peas, and exposes them to the crows, which it is well known are numerous in India; upon such an occasion, however, the crows are not crows, but devils or malevolent beings under that shape, whom they wish to appease and render propitious by this offering. If they should refuse to eat, which the Hindoos say has sometimes happened, it is taken for an evil presage of the future state of the deceased; and people would thence have a right to conclude, that, so far from having been admitted into the regions of bliss, he had been kept fast, notwithstanding all the mantras and purifications of his brethren, in the Yama Lokam, or place of torment.

"The body being consumed, the four individuals who alone continued about the pile, repair to the place of assembly of the other Brahmins who have assisted at the funeral. After three times walking round the assembly, they request permission to go and purify themselves in the Ganges. This boon being granted, they formally wash themselves from the sin, as they term it, of carrying the carcass of a Brahmin.

"All present are then invited to join in the bath of death, with a particular application to him who has just been consumed. After the dreadful heat he must have undergone, the bath, they suppose, must be refreshing to him. When it is finished, some presents of money and of betel are distributed among the assistants, after presenting them with the Dasa Danam, or ten gifts, which had been previously got ready. The assembly then show themselves before the gate of the house of the deceased, into which no person can enter in its present polluted state, and, after washing their feet, they return home.

"The chief of the funeral, however, has still something more to perform. He must fill with earth a small vessel in which he sows nine sorts of grain, rice, wheat, sesamum, millet and several sorts of peas. They are well watered, to make them shoot soon and be ready for the ceremonies to which they are applied.

"But there is an intermediate ceremony to be performed not less curious. It consists in placing in the house of the deceased a small vessel filled with water, supported by a thread fixed to the ceiling or to a beam. This thread serves as a ladder for one of the Pranas or winds of the body of the deceased to descend every day to drink. It remains ten days; on each of which a handful of boiled rice is put into the dish to serve as food for the Prana.

"After the completion of all these ceremonies, and not till then, the people of the house may rest; but for that and several following days the food must be simple and unseasoned, so as to accord with the idea of sorrow *."

Such are the absurdities practised among a people highly civilised as well as highly intellectual. One would think that the force of superstition could go no further; and yet what used almost invariably to accompany the funeral of a married Brahmin, is the very climax of fatuity. In almost all cases, until within a comparatively recent period, the widow burned herself with the dead body of her deceased husband, and whenever she shrank from complying with this barbarous custom, the rest of her life was invariably passed in the most wretched alienation and bereavement. She was shunned by all her relatives, and, in fact, by the whole community of which she was a member. Her days were embittered by the scorn of all with whom she had been accustomed to associate. She became a despised alien, and almost certainly ended her life amid the severest poverty and destitution.

When a woman has declared her intention to die with her deceased husband, which declaration is often extorted from her by many cruel artifices, she cannot retract her determination. Her fate is immediately sealed. Even should she refuse to go to the pile, she would be forced thither by the unrelenting bigots of her creed. It is a prevailing notion throughout India, that if a woman who has once proclaimed her resolution to burn with her husband's body, should refuse to fulfil it, and not be forced to consummate the sacrifice, the whole country would be visited with some imme-

* Dubois.

diate and dreadful calamity. To inspire her, therefore, with that devotion necessary to move her soul to so fearful a determination, the Brahmins, in whose wisdom and infallibility she has the profoundest confidence, persuade her that the consequence of such a sacrifice will be an immediate exaltation to the Swerga, where she will be at once admitted with her husband into communion with the gods. They assure her that her name will be ever held in reverence among all pious Hindoos; they extol her heroism; and, by administering intoxicating drugs, keep up the excitement of her beguiled imagination, until the hour arrives for the act of final expurgation, which shall leave her spirit free from all sensual defilement, and plume it for its flight to heaven.

The relict of my late friend was a woman of masculine temperament; she had no apprehension either of danger or of death, and therefore her determination was taken to undergo the dreadful sacrifice of cremation. She required neither persuasion nor stimulants to bring her mind to the proper state of tension for such a trial.

Upon the day when the Brahmin's remains were to be committed to the flames, I attended among the crowd to view the melancholy spectacle. A vast number of people were assembled. The widow followed her dead husband's corpse, borne in a palankeen richly decorated, the body being placed upon a kind of car covered with flowers and rich tissues, and seated in an erect position as if it were alive, with the face exposed, the defunct being magnificently arrayed, and glittering with costly gems. The wife was also splendidly attired, having all her jewels disposed about her head, neck, arms, and ankles. Her brow was adorned with the sacred symbol of her caste, and her skin tinged with an infusion of sandal wood and saffron. Her eyes gleamed with that superstitious excitement which alone could instigate the mind of a rational being to undergo such a horrible ordeal. The palankeen upon which her limbs were languidly stretched was unclosed, so that she could be distinctly seen by the assembled multitude, who hailed her with rapturous cheers. She received these manifestations of admiration with a lofty but solemn indifference, giving neither sign of recognition nor consciousness of satisfaction. There was intense absorption, which seemed to embrace her whole spiritual being. Loud were the cries of joy and expressions of exultation at her enviable lot.

As her palankeen advanced, the women of her own caste among the crowd pressed near to her to solicit her blessing, which she occasionally gave, though it was difficult to divert her attention from the solemn thoughts by which she was apparently engrossed. The procession moved extremely slow, and as I contrived to get tolerably near, I was enabled to mark her demeanour with great distinctness. Occasionally she bent her eyes upon the crowd, and once or twice moved her head by way of acknowledging their congratulations. She likewise cast some betel leaves among the persons near her, who eagerly scrambled for them, all being desirous of possessing any thing hallowed by the touch of a person so highly exalted in spiritual dignity as the suttee. During the entire procession, which was extremely long, she preserved the same calm and solemn demeanour; nor was there the slightest expression of terror perceptible in her countenance when she reached the fatal pile, upon which her eyes were for some moments riveted. She withdrew them at length, and descended from her palankeen with a slow but unfaltering step. Not a muscle of her countenance stirred. She was surrounded by a number of relatives variously armed, in order I suppose to intimidate her, should she manifest any inclination to retract from the fatal resolution she had publicly proclaimed.

The pile was constructed of dry sandal-wood, which emits a strong perfume, and is always used on these melancholy occasions. In the centre a sort of canopy was erected, propped by four poles. Under this the body of the deceased lay, and here likewise the victim was to take her place. The poles were so fixed as to be instantly removeable so soon as the torch should be applied, when the falling mass stifles the living in the act of embracing the dead. At each corner of the structure was a large jar of ghee, intended to be poured upon the flames the instant the mass kindled.

The widow remained unmoved during the different ceremonies which preceded the fearful consummation of this sacrifice. She deliberately took off her jewels, distributed them among her favourite relations without the slightest emotion, though there was much tenderness in her manner, and, repairing to a neighbouring tank, bathed herself in her clothes, returned

dripping to the fatal spot, and declared herself ready to perform the last awful rites for which her name was to be immortalised. Advancing with a quick step towards the pyre, she walked deliberately round it three times, supported on either side by an attendant Brahmin. Her equanimity was still not in the least disturbed, and when she had completed her perambulation, she sprang upon the fatal platform, seated herself by the side of her deceased husband's corpse, and placed the head between her knees, fixing her eyes upon it with a benignant smile.

The officiating Brahmin now advanced to the head of the pile, which he consecrated by sprinkling it with water from the sacred river Ganges, at the same time uttering a mantra aloud, devoting the soul of the living and of the dead to the protection of the Divinity. The widow seemed to join in the prayer with holy fervour, and never once blenched from the cruel fate impending over her. She pressed her hand lightly on the cold damp forehead of the corpse, occasionally looking upon its unsightly lineaments which disease had sadly robbed of their once fine proportions, with a general relaxation of feature which showed that the affection she had entertained for her husband in life was not extinguished in death.

The necessary ceremonies being over, a signal was given to light the combustibles placed at each corner of the square, which was instantly done. In a moment the flames rose to the canopy, the props were suddenly struck from under it, and several heavy beams fell upon the heroic victim of the most abominable superstition that ever disgraced humanity. The crash of the falling mass drowned the shriek of death, and the last sigh of the Hindoo widow was breathed amid the flames.

While the pile was consuming, ghee was continually poured upon it by the Brahmins who had assembled to partake in the awful ceremony. The shrieks of exultation among the multitude during the consumption of the bodies were stunning. The women were, if possible, more clamorous than the men, calling the victim by her name, and screaming their congratulations upon the felicity she was at that moment securing. She, however, heard not their wild cries, for death had rendered her alike insensible to the shouts of joy or the wailings of lamentation.

After these sacrifices, it is sometimes the custom for a certain number of Brahmins to dig the bones from the ashes of the pile, and, having pounded them and diluted them with Gangetic matter, to swallow them mixed with their ordinary food. This is considered an act of expiation, by which the sins of the deceased are transferred to the Brahmins, who, from their superior sanctity, are supposed more able to bear them, having the means, which they do not fail to employ, of making in all cases an infallible piaculary offering. This act of spiritual charity, however, is never performed without a munificent donation being made by the survivors of the deceased. This puts one much in mind of the large sums spent in masses for the repose of Roman Catholic souls, who have left money enough behind them to purchase freedom from purgatory—

> A sort of Apostolic salt,
> Which popish parsons for its powers exalt,
> For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
> Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

When I got home after witnessing the melancholy sight just described, I could not overcome the extreme depression of spirits which it occasioned. It gave me such a sickening picture of human infirmity and of human depravity, that I almost thought the condition of the mute animal of the forest the more enviable. Nevertheless, a few moments' reflection brought home to my mind, with a flash of stirring conviction, how much Christianity has done to humanise mankind, and elevate the soul to the true dignity for which it was created.

I had heard that the young widow of the old Brahmin who had been struck dead with lightning refused to mingle her ashes with his upon the funeral pile. Much dissatisfaction was publicly expressed at this unholy resolution. It was rumoured that some dreadful calamity would befall the country, in consequence of the remains of a pious Brahmin being thus dishonoured. Still the youthful relict was not to be won to the purpose of her relatives, and of those sanctified impostors who presided at the shrine of Hindoo superstition. Every argument of persuasion was urged to induce the youthful creature to commit her body to the flames with the decaying body of her husband, but in vain. Her ambition was not to be excited by the promises of posthumous renown, nor were her hopes of entering paradise with the spirit of her deceased lord through a portal of fire, sufficiently strong to stimulate her to try the ordeal. It soon

became matter of general conversation among the members of her caste, that she had refused to undergo the sacrifice which was to usher her soul among the blessed in Indra's paradise.

Neither entreaties, nor reproaches, nor threats, as it afterwards appeared, had been spared in the present instance to impel the youthful widow to accompany the body of her dead partner to the pire. The funeral was delayed several days until the corpse was one frightful mass of corruption, in order to give her time to abandon her ungodly determination, as it was presumed to be; but she remained deaf to every argument and solicitation. Insidious drugs were attempted to be administered to her: she, however, suspected the intention, and would eat nothing but what was prepared by her own hands. She defied alike the threatenings of unrelieved disgrace in this world and of perpetual misery in the next.

The remains of the old Brahmin, which had continued several days uninhumed, were at length committed to the flames unaccompanied by his beautiful widow, who, as she had felt no love for him in life, was not ambitious to manifest towards him in death that respect which would have involved her own existence. The fiercest anathemas were consequently pronounced against her, and she was doomed in this world to perpetual infamy. Her head was shaved, and she was turned from the portal of her late husband's habitation with the bitterest reproaches. She was not permitted to bear about her any indication of the caste which she had been forced to relinquish; for, from the moment of her declining to be sacrificed with her husband's corpse, she was declared an alien from the community by which she had, up to this period, been acknowledged a member.

"Expulsion from caste, which is the penalty of those who are guilty of infringing the accustomed rules, or of any other offence which would bring disgrace upon the tribe if it remained unavenged, is in truth an insupportable punishment. It is a kind of civil excommunication, which debars the unhappy object of it from all intercourse whatever with his fellow creatures. He is a man, as it were, dead to the world. He is no longer in the society of men. By losing his caste, the Hindoo is bereft of friends and relations, and often of wife and children, who will rather forsake him than share in his miserable lot. No one dares to eat with him, or even to pour him out a drop of water. If he has marriageable daughters, they are shunned. No other women can be approached by his sons. Wherever he appears, he is scorned and pointed at as an outcast. If he sink under the grievous curse, his body is suffered to rot upon the place where he dies*."

I saw the youthful widow after she was discarded from her home, an outcast, and a wanderer. Although abandoned by those who should have sheltered her young and lovely frame from the assaults of penury and want—although destitute of every hope that could cheer her on her rough pilgrimage, with every thing in sad array before her to imbitter it—she still turned from me with a cold glance of repulse, as I approached to offer her the consolations with which my heart was teeming. I had long known her father, and could not therefore help entertaining an interest in the welfare of his child. I had once saved her life; this she appeared to have forgotten, or her sense of gratitude, a word unknown in the vocabulary of her native tongue, had been merged in those prejudices against strangers to her own creed, which she appeared to have imbibed from her mother, the father having been of too enlarged an understanding, and too liberal in his views, to have countenanced those prejudices in their usual excess.

I endeavoured to persuade the daughter of my late friend, in her abandonment, to relinquish the society of her countrymen, and associate herself with those who would receive her joyfully, and were not accustomed to degrade the gentler sex by any invidious distinctions. She listened to me with calmness, but turned a deaf ear to my entreaties. She saw nothing but pollution in a contact with persons of a fairer complexion than her own, which was a clear bright brown; to her mind there was a positive moral debasement in holding intercourse with any one who did not worship divinity through a deformed and filthy idol. Though her dread of death had kept her from the funeral pile, it had neither removed nor diminished her prejudices.

"But," said I, "are you not excluded from the temples of those idols, and denied a future condition of beatitude through their ministry? Are you not pronounced impious and accursed, an alien from your race? why, then, should you refuse to fly to

* Dubois.

the protection of those who are willing to receive you among them, and instruct you in a faith that leads to a far higher state of fruition than any thing offered in your unholy scriptures, which contain the mere juggles of priestcraft, and are the debased oracles of superstition?"

I soon saw that I was conveying anything but conviction to her warped though intelligent understanding. She turned from me in silence as if the subject were unworthy of debate. I again endeavoured to urge upon her the extreme folly of not withdrawing herself entirely from the influence of persons determined to persecute her through life, and drive her to the dreadful alternative of a death far more horrible than that which she had so wisely and so resolutely renounced.

"Nay, you do but waste your breath, to attempt to persuade me against the strong conviction of my own soul. I cannot pass through this distracted and turbulent state with any chance of a happier change in an everlasting futurity, but in the road which I am now treading. To pursue the path which you propose to open before my feeble spirit, would be to arrest its flight towards the region of its emancipation from the miseries of its present prison-house."

"Your words are somewhat strange: if such an emancipation is so desirable, why did you not embrace it in obedience to the laws of your religion?"

"Because I fear death, feeling that I am still able to enjoy life; and the certain, with all its train of evils, is preferable to the doubtful, where the good and evil are alike unknown. I may not ascend to the Swerga, and then the extinction of my mortal being would be anything but a boon."

"But the sacrifice which you have refused, leads, so say your holy books, to certain bliss and the community of beatified spirits."

"I believe in their immutable truth; yet my soul shrinks from undergoing the alternative. There seems to me a possibility that I may not reap the harvest, though I should sow the seed."

In spite of my most urgent arguments, I could not induce this interesting widow to quit the neighbourhood where her disgrace had been so publicly proclaimed, and seek refuge under the wings of Christianity; she treated the idea of conversion with lofty scorn; I, therefore, forbore to urge her further.

From this time I lost sight of her. After undergoing the most heartless persecution for several months, she quitted the immediate neighbourhood, and, as I was informed, retired to an obscure village about fifteen miles off. I soon ceased to think of her, though her obstinacy in despising the advice I ventured to offer her, occasionally crossed my mind with a transient misgiving. It was melancholy to reflect, that a creature so young and so beautiful, should be exposed to almost certain destruction; for she had been reared in habits of extreme luxury, and now she was cast upon the world without the commonest means of subsistence. I knew there were none of her own tribe with whom she would find sympathy, and with the lower castes she would be an object of general mockery. The respect I entertained for her father had made me anxious to rescue the daughter from that condition of temporal woe which I foresaw must infallibly overtake her, but she had repelled my offers of protection with chilling coldness, and I therefore forbore to interest myself in her future destiny.

The monsoon that followed her alienation from her tribe was of unusual mildness. The rain almost entirely failed. The consequences were appalling. The whole aspect of the country was one of awful desolation. Every thing was scorched and withered. The cattle lay in droves dead at the skirts of the jungles. Contagion strode like a colossus over the country. The noxious effluvia, exhaled from millions of carcasses, scattered the seeds of pestilence. The tanks and the wells were dried up. From the slime left at the bottom, the intense heat of the sun called up the elements of death in various shapes, and despatched them like so many messengers of mischief into the abodes of the starving population. There was no water, there was no grain, and famine, with her handmaid pestilence, stalked horridly over the land. It might have been said with truth, "there was not a house in which there was not one dead." The tiger, vulture, with other beasts and birds of prey, held carnival amid the general desolation. They glutted upon unburied carcasses. They drank of the nightly dews and battened upon carrion. But man was without the staff of life. Thousands of persons expired surrounded by the dead and dying. Whole families were cut off. The dead remained unburied in their houses, which the living were obliged to

abandon for the forests, where they perished miserably. The suffocating atmosphere that quivered in the sun's rays, as if expressing the terror universally entertained at the dreadful visitation which had come upon a presumptuous and idolatrous people—the parched and gaping earth—the blasted vegetation—the hard pale blue sky, in which the sun seemed to glow like a heated ball—the steams of corruption every where loading the encumbered air—the scenes of destruction constantly presented to the eye of the disconsolate passenger,—are matters never to be erased from the living memory.

The horrors of that season are only to be imagined, they baffle description. I saw day after day the awful havoc made by death. His footsteps were to be traced in every spot. The living principle seemed to be withdrawn from the fields, the woods, nay even from the populous city as well as from the arid wilderness, and consternation pervaded the whole country. I was an eye-witness to facts not to be forgotten. I have seen the mother breathing her last sigh in the traveller's path, with her babe clinging to her breast striving in vain to draw the maternal nutriment from that fountain which famine had dried up. I have seen the hungry father watch with frantic vigilance the oxen, fed from the granaries of those who had provided against this dreadful calamity, for the ordure which they washed, to collect the few grains that might have happened to pass whole through the animal's stomach, in order to supply a morsel to their starving families. I have seen the fanatic Hindoo die amidst the most appalling destitution, and with his expiring breath curse the charity that offered him the means of living, because those means were tendered by a hand whose touch he had been taught to consider profanation.

The fatal drought continued, and there was no immediate prospect of a diminution of the consequent horrors. The number of deaths were becoming every hour more and more frightful. The stores which had been collected for the consumption of the European population, could not be applied for the general relief of the natives but at the hazard of absolute starvation to all. There was every where "lamentation and mourning and woe." Diseases of various kinds trod upon the heels of famine, causing a general devastation, not to be conceived.

I often used to stroll abroad after the sun had gone down behind the western hills, skirting the whole horizon with a dull sickly red, a melancholy symbol of the destruction that was going on in a country so generally warmed and gladdened by his beams. I rode some miles from my home and entered a large village. I was greeted by the dull faint bay of a hungry parish dog which staggered from a hut at the entrance of the hamlet, but fell from exhaustion before it had proceeded six yards from the door. I rode slowly onward, but did not see a human creature. I entered several houses; they were deserted; not a living being remained within them, and the close sickening stench which rose from the low earthy chambers spoke the mute but too eloquent language of death. House after house presented the same aspect of desolation.

I at length entered a hovel, attracted by faint groans, which met my ear as from a person in extremity. At one end of the apartment lay a woman dead with two children beside her. I was so overcome by the suffocating exhalations, that I could scarcely remain, but was impelled by a strong impulse of sympathy to offer relief to the expiring Hindoo. I approached the part of the room where he lay. His eyes were closed, and he seemed altogether unconscious of my presence. His breath came slowly and feebly, and it was clear to me that the last pangs of nature were about to cease. I stood balancing for an instant or two whether or not I should disturb the last moment of this unhappy man. My feelings of charity prevailed, and I determined to try if there remained no chance of rescuing him from one of the most appalling of deaths. I knelt beside him, and gently took his hand. Up to this period, from the time of my entrance into the hut, he had manifested no signs of consciousness. Feeling the pressure of my fingers, he unclosed his lids languidly, and fixed his glazed eyes upon mine. For several seconds he did not move, but at length suddenly perceiving that he was in immediate contact with one whom the prejudices of that faith in which he had been reared taught him to look upon as an object from whom nothing but pollution could be received, concentering all the energies of his expiring strength, he raised himself upon his knees, sprang wildly to his feet, and fell forward dead. The excitement and effort had extinguished the last flickering spark of life.

I quitted this abode of misery with a heavy heart. As I passed onward through the village, the stench was scarcely supportable. I still advanced amid corruption, desolation, and death. It was a sight to appal the stoutest heart. I dared not venture into the habitations of the higher castes of Hindoos, knowing that my presence would be looked upon as a profanation of the domestic sanctuary, and that I should be repelled with scorn. Here and there a half-starved wretch was seen crawling through the deserted street, his grim and gaunt figure recording in a language, mute indeed but fearfully intelligible, the sufferings which he had been doomed to undergo under the visitation of protracted famine. I turned my back upon this melancholy object with a sickening heart. It was painful to behold so much extreme suffering without having the power to alleviate it. I rode slowly through the village on my return homeward, having been repulsed in my advance by the melancholy objects which met my view.

Upon turning towards an open space which appeared to have been originally enclosed as a sort of gymnasium,—the Hindoos of the lower castes, in the neighbourhood of large cities, and indeed generally throughout the country, being extremely fond of athletic exercises,—I was attracted by a female figure, which lay enveloped in a ragged palampore close by a portion of broken wall. A dog, nearly famished, was stretched at its length by her side. I was impelled by an irresistible impulse of compassion to approach her and offer her assistance, feeling that I might save one life, although it was not in my power to save many. I perceived upon my approach that her head was covered by the drapery in which her feeble body was wrapped; it therefore struck me that her soul had already secured its freedom, and that her body had become part of the clod of the valley. She did not stir until I placed my hand upon her shoulder, when I perceived a slight movement, which, however, was followed by the same deathy stillness I had first observed. I spoke to her in her native language; she feebly turned her head, and, removing the tattered muslin with which it was covered, presented to my sight the well-known features of the young Hindoo widow. They were thin and haggard. The blood had receded from her once round cheeks, and a wan tawny skin covered the hideously prominent bones. There scarcely remained any lustre in the once-beaming eyes. On placing my hand upon her wrist, the life throb of her pulse was scarcely perceptible. She fixed her eyes upon me, and a slight tremulous shudder appeared for a moment to convulse her whole frame. She however did not repel me, but shook her head as much as to say, "I am now beyond the influence of human means." I immediately ordered the servant by whom I was attended to mount my horse, ride with all speed to my residence, and order my palankeen to be instantly brought. I had with me a small bottle of Madeira wine, which I placed to the lips of the unhappy creature, who appeared to be dying; it seemed greatly to revive her. She did not refuse my assistance, but, in spite of the prejudices in which she had been reared, devoured greedily a small biscuit which I had previously soaked in the wine. She was too much exhausted to speak beyond expressing her sense of my kindness in aiding one who had been cast off by her relations, and abandoned to the most dreadful privations. Feeling the hand of death upon her, she had crawled from the village where she had lately lived to the neighbourhood of her late father's abode.

When the palankeen arrived, she consented to be taken to my bungalo, which I resigned to her, and had a tent pitched for myself in the immediate neighbourhood. By adopting a cautious regimen, the once beautiful widow was restored in a few days to comparative health. When able to endure the fatigue of conversation, she told me that since the death of her aged husband her life had been one unbroken series of troubles. Being obliged to bear the badge of her disgrace, she was scorned by all classes of Hindoos, and even the pariahs taunted her with the loss of her caste. Rejected by all as a polluted thing, she was obliged to repair to the jungles for food, and, when this resource failed her, to perform the most menial offices for her daily sustenance. She found employment of any description difficult to obtain, in consequence of the violent prejudices which her degradation had raised against her. When the famine spread, she was cut off from all hope of support; but having been thrust from the higher communities of her race, and being no longer bound by those rigid laws which impose upon them so many painful prohibitions, she did not refrain from partaking

of any food that offered, and thus her life was prolonged amid the dreadful privations which every where prevailed.

In the course of a few weeks she was perfectly restored to health, and almost to her original beauty. Her abandonment by her own kindred and race soon reconciled her to the alternative of relinquishing at once their prejudices and of renouncing that social tyranny to which she had so nearly become a martyr. From this time she employed herself in accompanying European ladies to England in the capacity of nurse for the voyage, and by going to and fro for several years, always receiving a handsome reward for her services, she has amassed more than a competency, and now lives at Calcutta, in the Black Town, mistress of a respectable domestic establishment.

GLENBOWER, OR THE BOTHERED GLEN.

Deaf to the call, or hearing, hear in vain.—DRYDEN.

A COMMON mode of travelling, about ten years ago, with those whom business or curiosity brought from Dublin to the Clonmel assizes, was to take the coach from the metropolis to the city of Kilkenny, and from thence the next morning to journey on to the capital of Tipperary by a hired outside jaunting-car. Experience has proved to me that it is by no means the most comfortable or expeditious of vehicular means of conveyance. It is, or rather was, however, accompanied with one advantage—that of affording you the opportunity of becoming acquainted with all classes and grades of society. In truth, if you wish to see life as it is in Ireland, to become acquainted with all sorts of persons, and know them as they really are, I am not aware of any better plan you can adopt than that of travelling for a few months upon one of those southern conveyances—an outside jaunting-car, I mean one of those cars that will carry you at a cheaper rate than the rail-roads, and which, under the superintendence of a Mr. Bionconi, a half-Irish, half-Italian, are to be found traversing every town and cross-road in the south, south-west, and south-east of the "emerald isle." I know that *in*, or, more properly speaking, *on* these cars, I have met the son of an English premier and a pig-jobber, a peer of Ireland and a Smithfield penny-boy, an esquire holding thousands of acres and a cow-boy, a privy-councillor and a common informer—as vast a variety of conditions, and a far greater variety of character, than can at any time be seen in an omnibus. They are a species of conveyance much more amusing than comfortable; and if it be the reader's lot, as it was mine, to rise at four o'clock in the morning, in the shivering, frost-bitten, and rain-bedewed month of March, to secure his seat in a Bionconi for Clonmel, he will then be tempted to curse his hard fate, as I did mine, when, in the year 1826, I was roused from a delicious sleep, with the pleasing assurance that "the car would be off in less than no time from the Bush inn, for the 'sizes."

I am not, I think, one of those disposed to grumble at the slight "ills that flesh is heir to," but I must own I never rose in a worse temper than upon that identical morning. It seems to be such a cruel misfortune for one's self to be torn from a rich, warm, delicious dream, in which every limb is embalmed in the down of luxurious slumber, to the cruel, heartless, chilling nakedness of the cold realities of life, and bustle, and business, and that only as a preparation for the still more annoying, disgusting, and petrifying encounters of the coming day's journey and mishaps. How I did wish either not to have been awoken, or to be able to shelter myself from a miserable dreary morning, and a drizzling rain, in the inside of a mail-coach! Unwilling to proceed, and ashamed to go back, I took my place between two unknown and unseen individuals, of whom I could know nothing but that one was invested in coarse frieze, and the other incased in a fear-nought. Vexed with every thing, with them especially, because they were near me, and most of all with myself, I took my seat, resolved upon not uttering a word until my brief journey was completed.

At the time we started it was dark as midnight. There was not a ray of light to illumine our road; and such was my horrid temper of mind, that I was wishing the driver would make a mistake, and throw us all into a ditch, it would have rendered the *rest of the passengers so unhappy*. In

this manner we jogged on for five or eight miles, with nothing to amuse the ear but the occasional heavy splashing of the horses' feet in the deep pools of water with which the way was covered, or the dull laborious groaning of the wheels as they were dragged through the slimy mud, which the road-jobber had left as a memorial of the extent and depth of his peculations and gains from the public purse. If the taciturnity of others originated in the same cause as mine, and if I could judge of them by my own feelings, I should say that, the farther we advanced, we were becoming worse tempered, and probably our evil passions would have broken forth in quarrels with each other, had not the most common of incidents in Ireland—the appearance of a beggar—turned our attention upon an individual member of the travelling party.

We had stopped to change horses in what has always appeared to me to be the metropolis of mendicants—the town of Callan, in Kilkenny—a town in which, I have been assured, the rents of many houses are made up of alms, collected by the tenants in the streets and roads of the neighbourhood. Daylight was just beginning to appear, when the vidette of the army of beggars hailed us with the usual salutation of—

"Good morning, God save and speed you, and send you all a happy journey, genteels, and—"

The long-practised whining tone of the professional pauper was here stopped by a voice loud and cheering as the trumpet, and yet modulated and distinct as the notes of a flute. All turned to see where that voice came from. It was from a little bundle of a hard-worn but still comfortable brown cloth, surmounted with a heavy travelling cap, underneath which was a snow-white night-cap, covering every part of the face but the tip of the nose, which hid itself occasionally in a large red comforter. The words uttered by him who thus interrupted the beggar were these—

"Say that over again, you old sybil."

"Troth, and its civil I always was—why not say it again, your reverence? Good morning, God save and speed you, and send you all a happy journey, genteels, and—"

"Stop there, now, you faggot of misery. Is it cursing us you wish to be this morning?"

"Cursin'—is it my betters I'd be cursin', and I fresh and fastin'?"

"Fasting you may be; but fresh!—you are only fresh for mischief."

"Troth and thrue for your honour, it's I that am; but that you may all live a thousand years, and—"

"Stop, I tell you, with your cursing."

"Cursing! why then sure, just listen to his honour. How am I cursing you, when I say that your reverence may never meet with cross, blight, nor misfortune, and—"

"Oh! you incorrigible old woman, what did any one of us poor innocent creatures of shivering travellers ever do to you, that you should be heaping imprecations upon our unoffending heads?"

"Why then, may the divil make a tumbler of my skull to sup sulphur out of if I'd—"

"Ay, go on that way as long as you like—curse yourself, if you please; but let us alone—"

"Ah then! isn't it blessing every mother's son of you I am this morning, your lordship?"

"No, you ragged remnant of misfortune, it is not. What are your blessings but conditional curses? My blessing upon you, you say, and give me a sixpence—"

"Why, then, just do, your honour."

"Not as much as would purchase half-a-farthing's worth of tobacco."

"Oh you ould thief of the world—misfortune and misery, blight and blasteration, high-hangin' and a windy day to you, and—"

"That's right; I told you you were cursing us all from the beginning; you tattered Canidia, you live by selling your blessings and bestowing your curses; there, you ill-omened harpy, is money to curse us all round. Drive on, carman—now, you Medusa of way-farers, let us hear your cracked voice as we get up the hill."

"Ah! long life and a happy death to you, counsellor; it is 'asy knowin you by your outlandish vagaries. Before I see you again, many's the poor boy that's now in throuble in Clonmel jail that you'll have cleared as clean as a whistle, and as drunk as the judge himself, by next Patrick's day. May your tongue never fail you, nor your bellows ever break; and may all the juries that you're plaidin before be as bothered as Glenbower to those that have to say a word against you, or those you wish to get out of the dock. Och! murther, if I had all the guineas *the boys* will give you between this and this day week, it's on a pillion I'd be goin' to chapel next Sunday."

Such were the last words of the mendi-

cant that reached our ears, as we drove up the hill of Callan, on our way to the extraordinary pass between the counties of Kilkenny and Tipperary, known by the designation of Glenbower, or "the Bothered Glen." It was to this place the beggar had alluded. We soon entered upon the narrow road, invested by rugged rocks, and frowned upon by steep mountains, upon which nought seemed to bloom but the wild heather, and where no sound could be heard but the savage roar of a brawling turbid stream that rushed along a deep gully by our side. While the panting horses were toiling through this dreary-looking and cheerless glen, the following story, or something like it, was told us by him who had held the colloquy with the pauper. The narrator, I should premise, was a barrister not less known than he is still admired on his circuit. I shall not further refer to him, as slight is my allusion to him, I am certain he will be recognized in it by every one acquainted with the Leinster Bar. He told this story as if an *Irish witness* were the narrator.

"A long, long time ago, there came up to this part of the country a quiet, civil, dacent, clane-looking boy, one Peter Kelly, that was as paiseable as a priest, and that 'd walk ten miles along side of a stone wall, without as much as ever askin' to take a bite out of it. Nobody could ever tell where it was that Peter Kelly came from, nor where his relations worked, nor in fact anything at all, at all, about him, only a great many people thought (for in Ireland, you see, we have so little to do, that we have no other way of devertin' ourselves but by thinkin'—and that too we think mighty troublesome sometimes), so it was in this way the people thought, as Peter Kelly had a silver watch, with a case on it, that was nearly large enough to bile a pot full of praties in, if he was run hard in the regard of cookery; but as he had this great big silver watch, and was so mighty fond of showing it, they all thought he must be come of some very grand people entirely. Indeed, I'm tould that such a watch was never seen before nor since, in this barony, 't any rate—the only fault in the world it had was, that once it was dark, Peter Kelly could never tell what o'clock it was; and if you asked at any other time, Peter was always observed to look up at the sun, before he would give a positive answer as to the time of day. Now this makes me think the watch must be really valuable, for I'm tould that the best-going watches are always set *by the sun;* the only differ is that Peter's watch set *with the sun.* Well, Peter had not only this watch, but he had a steel chain, in which there were as many links as there are weeks in the year, to which there were hangin' as many elegant brass seals as there are days in the week, with a great big key for a Sunday, I suppose. Now Peter Kelly and his watch and his keys and his seals were the talk of the parish, ay, and were even spoken of in the great town of Carrick-on-Suir, that's seven miles off, and that has the finest river in the world, for the biggest ships that ever wor to come up, and lie quiet in, if the rocks were out of it. But that wasn't all that Peter Kelly had, for he had a sister, and it's she that was the strappin' beauty. Why, I'm tould, that is, I have heard tell of her, that she had a head of hair that was like a hank of flax, it was so fine, and so yallow; and then she had eyes as soft, and a skin as fair, and a breath as sweet as a darling young white heifer; and then she had a pair of hands and arms, that put a churn-dish into them, and it's she that would knock up a pound of butter, while you'd be looking about you: besides that, she'd a pair of feet so mighty stout, that she'd walk to Carrick and back in less than three hours, and think nothin' of it, *even with her shoes on.* To be sure, the first Sunday she was seen in chapel, it was she that kicked up the commotion: there she was amongst all the rest of the women, at laste two feet over the biggest of them, and she so tall and so fair, and they so little and so yallow, that she looked for all the world like a white goose amongst a parcel of goslings. There was such talkin', and such whisperin', and such cashering amongst the men, every one of them askin' the other 'where did the beauty come from?' 'who owned her?' 'was she married?' 'had she a fortune?' and, from the real gold earrings she wore, they guessed 'she had a cow and a feather-bed by all mains;' and then for the women, there was such skittlin', and screwging, and sneering, and saying she was 'horrid tall,' and 'mighty pale,' and 'very unhealthy-lookin',' and 'it's she that 'd bang bonaker out of her husband (if she had one)', and that 'the earrings could'nt be gold, for where would the likes of her get them?' This is the way they were going on, upon both sides of the

chapel, so that I really believe there was nobody there that said prayers that day, barin' the priest, and Peter Kelly, and the girl herself; and it was 'asy seeing that not one of them heard a word the poor priest said to them, for, though he was sermonising them for an hour against fightin' in factions, the very next day there was a fair held, at which three of the *Gows* and two of the *Poleens* got completely smashed altogether in a scrimmage.

"Now, the watch, and the key, and the chain, and the seals, and the sister, worn't all that Peter Kelly had, for he was not more nor a week in the parish, when he got an elegant *take* from the 'Squire Johnston that there was, but all whose kith and kin have been broken horse and foot long since, and mighty glad they are to get anybody now to ask them to dine with him; but then there was no standing them, and now they're down, and down with them, and ——'s curse to them! for when they had money, they were bad about it, and turning up their nose at every body, and so avaricious, that they would shave a pig for its bristles. Now Peter Kelly got the greatest bargain from 'Squire Johnston that ever was got, for he had both sides of Glenbower for five shillings an acre, although every body said he paid mighty dear for the rocks, and twice its value for the heather, and an outrageous price for the flints, that were to be seen everywhere; and if you took all these away, there was nothing else left; but then, you see, five shillings an acre *sounded low*, and 'sure it's a comfort, if you have no other, to think you have a bargain.' So Peter said, as he walked up one side of the mountain, and down another, and looked at his silver watch, and whistled that he might listen to the echo; for at that time this very same Glenbower, that they now call the Bothered Glen, had the finest hearing that ever was, and beat out Killarney all to nothing. There was one tune I'm tould it was so mighty fond of, 'the Peeler and the Goat,' that if you sung it at six in the morning, Glenbower would be tuning at it all day, and may be, it's when you were going to sleep, you'd hear the latter end of your own chorus. That I have hard was considered mighty remarkable, and them sort of people that have nothin' else to do, and to come all the way from England to listen to a real old Irish tune played by a parcel of rocks that had no more sense than themselves.

"Peter Kelly went on, as I was describing to you, looking at his plate-full of a watch and whistlin' for the echo, and saying that nobody had his land so cheap as himself, and that, may be, it would turn out a great deal better than some people thought, and just the way that a body does when he wants not to let on to himself that he has shown no very great cuteness, or may be sold his good wheat for thrawneens. Some began to think, when they saw Peter Kelly walking about with no more to do than a soldier, and having his hands every place but where they ought to be, that is, at the end of a plough, or on the handle of a spade, that, when Michaelmas day came round, 'Squire Johnston might as well go whistle jigs to a milestone as ask Peter Kelly for a half-year's rent; and yet, somehow or other, the less Peter did, the better Glenbower began to look. He hadn't the place a month, when it got a smiling appearance about it: the heather alone was sickly and withered; it soon was dying away; every little point and spike upon it crumblin' into white dust, and that turnin' into a yellowish sand, and from that into a rich, deep, heavy soil, that seemed to have a cart-load of manure thrown upon every perch of it; that was soon followed in course of time by the green blades driving their rich and healthy-looking little *heads* into the air, and lettin' you know that if they only got fair play, and a fine harvest, there wasn't one of them that hadn't a hundred *ears* of the finest white wheat to show you. As the summer was coming on, Glenbower was becomin' more unlike itself: instead of what you see now, there was up to the tops of the hills on both sides of the glen nothin' but wheat-stalks bristlin' wherever you looked; there they stood as stout, as erect, and as green as an army of riflemen, with this difference, that there wasn't as much as one wild poppy to raise its red face, like a general officer, amongst them. As to weeds, if you gave a guinea for it, you could not find a nettle, a thistle, a prasha-buie, a dock, hemlock, or rush, from one end of Peter Kelly's farm to another. There it was, as clean and as vardent as his own sister, Moll Kelly's, petticoats; while even the rocks themselves had as many colours about them as her neck-handkerchief; for up their now rugged and grim-looking sides there were all sorts of creeping plants, the active scarlet-runner, and the quiet-going monthly

rose, with the sweet-smelling wall-flower, and the sweeter-scented violet, throwing themselves into every nook where there was a taste of earth to help them to live. To look at Glenbower, you would really think that it had gone out of that, and that it wasn't itself that was in it!

"Well, to be sure, if people thought Peter Kelly's sister purty, when he had a bad take of a farm, by dad! they considered she was a born angel for beauty when it was known that there never was such a crop of white wheat seen in Tipperary as Moll Kelly's brother would send into Carrick market by the September following. It would actually make a book-full of ballads, if you had all the songs that were made upon her; but she minded the bachelors that were allagonin about her no more nor if they were so many sparrows that were chirping for the oats that she was goin' to feed her hens with. There she went on, as innocent as a child, and makin' the heigth of game of them, whenever anybody asked her to marry him. There she was from mornin' till night doing nothin' but knitting worsted stockings, or mending the heels of them that Peter was always walking out of; for he was never off the foot, and yet everything about their little straw-covered cabin was as white as milk, and as neat and bright as a pin; so that, even without the brother's farm, she appeared a fortune in herself, not even takin' into account that she was such an uncommon great beauty entirely.

"At long, and at last, a snaking thief, one Tim M'Keon, that she refused to marry, and who was a sort of steward to 'Squire Johnston, came, and tould the master, that if Glenbower were to be let again, instead of five, it's thirty-five shillings, or may be three pounds an acre, would be given for it. The wind of the word was hardly out of his mouth, when off drove 'Squire Johnston to this very place, and when he saw how well and thrivin' it was, he was fit to be tied with vexation for thinkin' that any one would be able to become rich under him.

"'If I was to die by it,' said he, 'I'll drive Peter Kelly out of this, or I'll get my land out of his hand. The low beggar, to think he could have any land of mine for less than its worth!—but I see him there as usual, walkin' about and doin' nothin'. 'Pon my word, he looks as quiet and as comfortable as a gentleman in the midst of his estate. Halloa! you Kelly, Peter Kelly; I want to speak to you.'

"Peter was standing on the other side of the hill. He looked quietly at the 'squire, touched his hat, and then pulled out his large silver watch, gave a glance at the sun, and said, 'Half-past twelve o'clock, your honour;' he then turned his back, and proceeded, as leisurely as he always did, to walk up the hill-side.

"'Oh! this is too bad. The numskull is thinking of his eternal watch. Listen to me—Halloa! Peter Kelly'—(Peter Kelly turned round and looked)—'Come hither Sir; I want to speak to you.'

"Again the silver watch was dragged by its steel chain from the seemingly bottomless fob; again Peter's eye was turned to the sun, and his voice was heard coming across the glen, 'Twenty-eight minutes and twenty seconds to one o'clock.'

"'The abominable dolt! I see I must ride over to him.' The 'squire dashed down to the glen, and was soon by the side of Peter Kelly, who patiently waited his approach. 'Pray, Kelly, did you not hear me call you?'

"'I did, your honour; but you see I'm doing here not only my business, but your own; I'm makin' a livelihood for myself and your rent for you; and as I guess what has brought your honour here, I thought the best I could do was to let you know that we lose time in havin' a bad thought in our heads, and more time while tryin' to put it into action.'

"'Come, sirrah, do not presume to lecture me; will you give me two pound an acre for this land? As you seem to be so particular about time, lose not a moment in giving me an answer.

"'No, your honour, not a shilling more than five shillings an acre will ever be got from me. I have a lease of it for ninety-nine years, and God knows where both of us will be when those years are past and gone.'

"'Then, scoundrel, I will spend five hundred guineas at law, and not only break the lease, but ruin you.'

"Peter pulled forth his watch, removed the case, then looked up to the sun, and said, 'A quarter to one, your honour—more time lost in trying to do evil—when will we larn to give five minutes out of every hour to do good? Look inside that case; there are five diamonds set in it; there is not one of them but is worth more than a

thousand guineas each: see if your honour has as much ready money, for there is not one of them that will not be sold to prevent your doing the injustice you're thinkin' of. Good day, your honour, it is ten minutes to one o'clock: time is still given to you to repent.'

"'Squire Johnston before this had never been addressed by a poor man with his hat on; he had never heard any man with a ragged coat speak, except to praise him; he never thought he should have endured the insolence of an humble man meeting a threat of his with defiance. Raging with fury, he drove down the hill, and in doing so passed Peter Kelly's cottage-door—there was Moll Kelly as usual knitting stockings. The 'Squire often heard of, but never saw her before, and he, like all the rest of the people, got mad in love with her.

"'I'm 'Squire Johnston, my dear; come home and live with me, and I'll have you dressed in silks and satins, so that you won't know yourself from a lady.'

"Moll Kelly stooped down, and she pulled up a stalk of dandelion, which was now crowned with its little tuft of downy flowers—she placed it near her mouth, and with one puff the stalk was bare, except where three little threads with their weary seeds hangin' to them, clung to it.

"'It's one o'clock, and three minutes past; it's more time your losin' in thinkin' of what is bad,' answered Moll Kelly, rising from her creepeen, and shutting the door in the face of her landlord.

"'Oh! ho!' said 'Squire Johnston, 'this is a pretty piece of work, indeed, I have made with Glenbower!—a tenant's sister slams the door in my face—the tenant himself tells me he will go to law with me if I do not leave to him what turns out to be the finest farm in the county, for five shillings an acre—and what's more than that, he tells me I have time to repent—to repent of what?—of trying to take out of his hands what is my own, and which, if I knew the value of when I had it, would be a fortune. The insolent villain! With his money I know he can defeat me at law. What then, supposing he had done so, would be my revenge?—why to burn him and his house and sister together*. Why not then do that at once, which surely I would try to do at last? There is no one living within miles of Kelly's cabin. Tim M'Keon and I can start back here by twelve o'clock at night, we can put fire to the roof while they are asleep, and it's hard if the two of us, armed as we will be, shall not be able for one man and a young girl. This very night—yes, this night, we'll burn them—I'll take care, Peter Kelly, that the divil a bit of good ever you'll do!'

"'The divil a bit of good ever you'll do,' called out a loud voice, as if close at 'Squire Johnston's foot.

"He looked down, and the only thing he could see was a fairy mushroom, bursting as if with the heat of the sun, and going off with a noise that sounded like the report of a cannon. The 'Squire would have believed that his fancy deceived him, but that in a few seconds afterwards he heard the echo bawling after him as he went through the glen, 'The divil a bit of good ever you'll do;' and the same words continued pealing in his ears every two minutes as long as he was within hearing of the hills.

"'Ah! ha!' says he, 'that's a hint for me, when I come back here to-night; it's mighty low and quiet we must talk, or that infernal echo will tell upon me.'

"And now I'm coming to what I think myself is the queerest part of the story—whether it is true or not, you will yourselves be able to tell when I get to the end of it. Mind, I don't say that Peter Kelly was helped by the fairies, for I don't know what he ever did to oblige them; but then there's the puzzler, how did he come to have such a grand silver watch, full of diamonds?—how did he come to have such a fine powerful sister?—how did he come to have this wilderness of a place turned into a garden-like?—how did he come to defait the 'Squire and Tim M'Keon?—and how did Glenbower come to lose its echo, if it wasn't by the fairies?

"It was long past eleven o'clock the same night that Tim M'Keon was seen leading the way from Kilkenny into the narrow pass of Glenbower. For fear of making a noise he had neither shoes nor stockings on him, and the Squire was trotting after him in a pair of dancing-pumps, so thin that you could see the light through them, and in fact a good-sized wafer would be twice their thickness. Tim carried in one hand an iron pot full of burning turf. This it was intended all at once to throw

* The writer of this has known of a similar occurrence to take place in one of the counties in Ireland. In the first week of an assizes, a tenant obtained a verdict against his landlord—before the second week of the same assizes, the tenant's house was burned to the ground, and his wife perished in the flames.

on the roof of the cabin. In the other hand Tim held a shillelah, with a knob on its end that would puzzle a bullock if he got a blow from it. The 'Squire followed, having with him a drawn sword, and a case of loaded pistols. Tim was about three yards in advance of him, when the 'Squire called out—

" ' Tim—hist—Tim—I think I hear a noise.'

" M'Keon still continued to advance.

" ' Why, Tim, I say,' continued the 'Squire, running after him, and at length getting up beside him, ' if you go on so quick, I shall certainly lose you, for the night is as dark as pitch—'

" ' Then, your honour, we'll soon make it light enough. I wonder how Moll Kelly will appear in an illumination? Will she look so mighty fair and impudent by the burnin' of her own brother's cabin?'

" ' What's that you say, Tim? I don't very well hear you.'

" ' Eh?' said Tim.

" ' What is it you're just after saying, Tim?'

" ' Oh! I see,' replied Tim, ' it's half-past eleven, your honour.'

" ' What's this, sirrah? I did not ask you what o'clock it is, but what it is you were saying just now about Peter Kelly.'

' " Why, I thought your worship desired me to speak low, for fear of the echo; but as you want me to talk a little louder, I will do so. What I said was this, I wonder how Moll Kelly will appear in an illumination? Will she look so mighty fair and impudent by the burnin' of her own brother's cabin?'

" The voice was spoken loud enough to be re-echoed on both sides of the hills, and in an instant after there was thundering out on every side of them—'I wonder how Moll Kelly will appear in an illumination? Will she look so mighty fair and impudent by the burnin' of her own brother's cabin?' The voice came rushing down into the little nook where Peter Kelly's cabin was sheltered from the north-east wind—it at once roused Kelly and his sister from their sleep. Both started out together from the cabin—Peter bringing with him his alpeen, and the sister satisfying herself with a poker as a sufficient weapon for perplexing her enemies. They advanced to where the light seemed to be stationed, and as they did so heard the following dialogue.

" ' That I may never stir out of this, 'Squire Johnston, but I thought I almost heerd the echo of my own words that time.'

" ' Speak a little louder, Tim; I might as well try to hear a midge flying as yourself talking.'

" ' What's that you say?' cried Tim, raising his voice.

" ' Eh?'

" ' Oh!'

" ' Were you talkin'?'

" ' I can see your lips movin', 'Squire; but it seems to me that you are dumb-foundered.'

" ' Is it making game of me you are, Tim M'Keon, for you look as if you were talking to me?'

" ' Faiks, I can't make out myself what you're at. I believe we are both bothered.'

" The 'Squire became impatient; he caught hold of Tim by the collar, and, putting his mouth close up to his ear, exclaimed—' Hilloa! do you hear me now?'

" Tim caught the 'Squire in the same way, and bawled out—'Hullabaloo! to be sure I do.'

" ' Then,' screeched the 'Squire, ' hurry on, or we'll never be in time to burn Peter Kelly and his cabin.'

" ' I'm off,' screeched Tim, ' and we won't forget to give Miss Moll Kelly a singin'; but how horrid dark it is!'

" Tim had not reason to complain of this much longer, for in a moment a thump from the fist of Moll Kelly came smashing down his nose, and making twenty lights dance out of his eyes; and at the same moment a blow from Peter's alpeen, between the shoulders of the 'Squire, brought him tumbling to the ground. The 'Squire started to his feet, fired his pistols at random, and then cut about with his sword in the dark. Another blow from Peter's alpeen frittered the sword to pieces, and broke the hand that held it into one mass of cracked bones and bruised sinews.

" ' Oh, I'm killed,' cried the 'Squire, screeching in agony.

" ' And I,' said Tim M'Keon, whom one whack from Moll Kelly's poker had stretched with a broken arm and head beside his master, ' I'm worse off, for I'm murdered all out.'

" At the same instant they both appeared to recover their hearing, for on all sides their own screeches mixed with the laughter of Peter and his sister, came back to their ears, and frightened them, if possible, still more than the beating they had received.

" ' And there,' cried Moll Kelly, flinging a burning turf at Tim M'Keon, ' there's something for you to light your pipe with.' The burning turf hit him on the chin, and then fell into his breeches-pocket.

" ' And there's your own iron pot to bring home with you,' exclaimed Peter, clapping it instead of his hat on the 'Squire. ' You shan't even say we robbed you of it.'

" As if they were devils, or had at least the voices of devils, both the 'Squire and M'Keon ran through and out of the glen, filling it with such infernal yells and screeches, that the echo that was here, after repeating them for two or three times, it is thought at last got frightened at the noise, and was never heard in this place since ;— and that's the reason they call it, from that day to the present, 'the Bothered Glen.'

" As to Peter Kelly and his sister, they left the country the next day. Indeed, they had no business remaining here ; first, because the turf that was scattered about set fire to the wheat, and did not leave a stalk of it standing ; and next, because the Johnstons, Peter knew, would try to have revenge for the beating he gave the 'Squire, and he was aware that it would be mighty hard if a rich man, who was often on the Grand Jury himself, wouldn't find a way of circumventin' the poor, who have only one place fitted out for them in the Court House, and that is—*the dock.*

" Now, that this story is true may be easily known—for there is the Bothered Glen to vouch for it ; and next, we all know that the M'Keons from that day to this are, from the smasher that Tim got, and that knocked the nose off his face, always called ' Nosey M'Keons ;' and thirdly, from the strength that Moll showed in the fight, whenever a person is in a scrimmage, he always swears ' by the powers of Moll Kelly ;' and, fourthly, because when a man gets a real leatherin' so that he is not able to stir, he is said to have got ' a moll-avoguing ;' and sixthly and lastly, when a person is not merely deaf, but defeated in any plan he has in view, he is declared to be, like 'Squire Johnston and Tim M'Keon complaitly *bothered.*"

THE VICTIM OF POWER.

A COPTIC LEGEND, BY W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D.

(*Continued from our last Number.*)

" In the solitude of Ghizeh I devoted myself for several months to intense study, and tried to banish the thoughts of Miriam by indulging in fresh dreams of ambition. The effort was vain ; her image ever hovered before me, and involuntarily I demanded intelligence of her fate from my spiritual agents. At first they simply repeated, ' she lives and loves you,' but, ere long, they began to suggest doubts and fears ; Orkan, the son of a wealthy merchant from Akaba, had sought her in marriage, and, though she was repugnant to the union, her parents were resolved that it should be completed in spite of her resistance. It was midnight ; I sate in the hall of power, poring over one of Zerdusht's mighty works, when my soul felt that Miriam was touching the diamond which invited me to her aid. In another instant I was by her side.

" ' Lost Al Amín,' she exclaimed, ' lost to heaven and me ; my heart still owns thee its master ; it were deep perfidy were I to become the bride of another. Save me from a fate worse than death, and I, even I, whose bosom thy apostacy has lacerated with a cureless wound, from my soul will bless thee. To-morrow's dawn is appointed for my nuptials ; the star of to-morrow's eve shall shine upon my tomb, rather than I should meet the embrace of Orkan.'

" ' Fear nothing, Miriam,' I replied ; ' though you refuse to be mine, I will save you from others ; remain ignorant of the means, life of my soul ; talk now to me of the happy days of our childhood.'

" In my secret breast I muttered spells for delusions of the eye and deceptions of the ear ; my ministers hasted to execute my behests, while I sate down by Miriam, and endeavoured to cheer her by speaking of the days gone by.

" Orkan, though young and rich, was more avaricious than the greediest old hunks that ever hoarded wealth in Egypt. On this very night he had been making large purchases of corn in anticipation of a

famine, and was returning home with the comfortable belief that he had cheated the seller, and would soon cheat the purchasers. As he passed the house that held his Miriam, he saw a ladder against the wall; love and curiosity drove gain from his head, and he ascended the steps with a light foot, trusting that he might gain a glimpse of the female apartments. He looked through, and beheld a scene that made him almost fall to the ground with horror. Miriam, whom he had learned to regard as a model of prudence, economy, and modesty, was dancing in the midst of a group of the most expensive dames in Cairo; a banquet costly enough for the Khaliph was spread in the room; in the remote parts were groups of gamblers staking piles of gold on the hazard of a chance; while near the door stood a servant maid, selling to a Jew pedlar the very necklace which Orkan had sent her a few days before, parting with each particular pearl of which had been like giving a drop of his heart's blood. There were men, too, in the company; he recognised among them all the dissipated young men who had taken loans from him at extravagant usury; some joined in the mazy dance, others quaffed wine, not a few were in the gambling circles. The mirth of all was fast and furious; the sight almost drove Orkan distracted.

"'Wretches!' he exclaimed, 'is it thus you pollute the house of the worthy Al Kahman, my future father-in-law?'

"A shout of laughter from the revellers was the answer to the importunate interrogatory; they rushed to the grated window, threw open its lattice, which Orkan had not before perceived, and dragged him into the centre of the apartment. A bear that had overthrown a bee-hive would have experienced milder treatment from the enraged insects, than did Orkan from those whose revelry he had interrupted. A shower of slippers from the women assailed him back, front, and sides; buffets, kicks, and pushes from the men, made him perform as many gyrations as a top lashed by an eager schoolboy; he was pulled by the beard, the hair, and the ears, pinched until his flesh was spotted like a leopard's skin, while a chorus of abuse, oaths, insults and reproaches, mingled with as many bad jokes as would in these degenerate days form an admirable supplement to Joe Miller, arose, that deafened, stunned, and maddened him. After enduring half an hour's torture, compared to which the martyrdom of Saint Stephen was mere child's play, he made a desperate plunge for the window, threw himself out of the lattice on the ladder, and began to descend at a rate not quite consistent with the security of his neck. But Orkan's sufferings were not destined to terminate here; a body of the night-guardians of Cairo patrolling opposite Al Kahman's house, saw the ladder, and suspecting that it belonged to some gang of robbers, as Orkan descended, the watchmen were deluded into the belief that they beheld Al Khamus, the most accomplished thief in Cairo, and hasted forward to arrest a criminal on whose head a considerable reward had been set. Orkan had scarcely set foot on the last rung of the ladder, when he was seized by the police; two stout fellows held his collar, another kneeling down grasped his legs, whilst a fourth took his own shawl to pinion his arms. 'We have you at last, Al Khamus,' they exclaimed, in concert; 'we have you firm, imp of Satan; come and receive the rewards of your misdeeds.'

"Vainly did Orkan remonstrate with his deluded captors; vainly did he tell his name, and implore to be conducted to his own house. He was dragged to prison by the exulting watchmen, and flung, manacled and fettered, into a dank dungeon. Here my emissaries ceased their persecution; one of them, in the guise of another prisoner, appeared with him in the cell, and, by apparently human means, enabled him to escape to his own house, ere the stars of night had faded.

"Al Kahman, anxious about his daughter's marriage, had gone after nightfall to engage a priest to venture into Cairo, for such was the fanaticism of the Fatimite Khaliphs, that they denounced death against any Christian minister who appeared within the city. The priest and his patron were threading their cautious way through the obscurest quarters of Cairo, when, at the turning of a narrow street, they encountered Orkan's confidential slave apparently in that happy state of inebriety, in which three fourths of the intellect belong to Bacchus, and the other fourth is at the mercy of the first comer.

"'Ho! ho! Al Kahman!' said the slave, 'are you a hypocrite as well as my master? Do you steal, like him, into these remote districts, to whisk about with dancing girls, play games of hazard with wild spirits, and drain goblets to the health of the devil, as your patron saint?'

"'What means this?' exclaimed the

priest, of whom, by the way, some queer stories were told; 'did you not tell me that Orkan was a model of virtuous purity, and that he abhorred the vices which, since the accession of Al Hakem, have rendered Cairo the centre of all abominations?'

"'I know not now, but I soon will,' said Al Kahman. 'Hear me, slave, lead us at once to the presence of Orkan; I will be your warrant to secure you from any punishment for disturbing his orgies.'

"'Come along, then, my old boy!' hiccupped the slave, and staggering before the party, he led them down a narrow alley to a mean sequestered house, from the inmost recesses of which were heard stifled sounds, which might be expressions either of pleasure or pain. The slave rapped at the door; a single knock from the inside was the response. The slave then, stooping down, whispered certain signal words, upon which the door was opened, and the party entered. After ascending several staircases, and traversing many passages, Al Kahman came upon a scene of dissipation, such as had never even entered into his conception. A troop of dancing girls, warbling lascivious strains, exhibited all the wanton gestures that render the *almeh*, to all but the thoroughly depraved, an exhibition as disgusting as it is disgraceful. Orkan, with a half-drained goblet in his hand, was gloating over the display, and occasionally joining chorus to the worst passages of the worst songs.

"It may be remembered that, at this time, the Khaliph Al Hakem, presuming on his pretended descent from Fatima and Ali, declared himself to be the Mahdi, or Director, obscurely hinted at in the Koran as the founder of a new religion that would supersede Mohammedanism; at the same time he called for the confidence of the Christians, as being the Paraclete promised in the New Testament; while to the Jews he represented himself as the Messiah foretold by the prophets. 'When the lion preaches,' says an Arabian proverb, 'he will find beasts enough to listen;' Al Hakem could soon boast of many professed converts, and the comfortable nature of his doctrines was at least as influential as his sovereign authority. He taught that the moral law was abrogated; that all restraint of the sensual appetites and propensities was not only unnecessary, but sinful; and that the only virtue was belief in himself as Mahdí; the only vice, a rejection of his claims. Such a creed filled Cairo with every species of licentiousness. With a large and increasing party, modesty and decency were words of mockery and scorn; degrading sensualities cast aside every shade, and were exhibited in the very face of day. Still there were orgies too profligate to be borne with openly, even in these evil times, but for such the Khaliph permitted houses to be opened in remote parts of the city, and in these all the extravagances that vice in the most savage intensity of madness had devised were nightly repeated. Libations were offered to the devil, as the prince of good fellows; and if Satan could be gratified by the ardour of his worshippers, he might derive pleasure from seeing their actions far outstrip his temptations.

"In such an assembly Al Kahman suddenly found himself; he was shocked, confused, and enraged. Ere his mingled emotions permitted him to speak, the voice of his hopeful favourite met his ear—'Ho, there! room for an unbidden and unexpected guest; the virtuous Al Kahman is come among us, let us yield him honour due.'

"Instantly a frail fair one sprung from the circle, and ere the old man could utter a word of remonstrance, he was whirling with her through the mazes of the giddy dance, with a rapidity that threatened to deprive him of his breath and his senses. Shouts of laughter announced the merriment that the forced celerity, the awkward gait, and the streaming beard of Al Kahman afforded to the revellers; but when he sank upon the ground from utter exhaustion,

> At once there rose so loud a yell
> As all the fiends from heaven that fell
> Had peal'd the banner cry of hell,

rage overcame all sense of prudence. 'Dog and son of a dog!' said or rather stammered he to Orkan, 'depraved wretch! slave of Satan! is this the end of all your professions, are these the realities of your hypocritical professions? But I will have my revenge; these horrors shall be made public, and the finger of scorn shall ever point to you as the vilest miscreant that crawls upon the earth.'

"'Ho, ho!' said Orkan, 'hear how he preaches! Get him a pulpit, and let him finish the sermon to our appropriate music.

"A pile of cushions was instantly made; Al Kahman was placed on its summit, while the revellers commanded him to contribute to their amusement by a song or a sermon. In his rage, the old man said he knew not what. Suddenly the cry was

raised that he blasphemed the Khaliph; a posse of furies rushed upon him, and with one accord declared that he should be dragged to prison. He was forced down the stairs, suffering on his passage the vilest indignities, in the infliction of which Orkan was particularly conspicuous. Having reached the street, my emissaries had orders to cease from further annoyance; they permitted Al Kahman to slip through their fingers; he reached home half dead, and, only that rage kept his blood in full circulation, it is probable that the word 'half' might have been erased from the description.

"During this eventful night I had remained conversing with Miriam as calmly as if the days of our childhood had been restored. When morning approached, I deemed it necessary to withdraw; but, before my departure, I prayed her to give me some proof of her affection, adding, that she would find when day rose that she had been liberated from the persecutions of Orkan.

"'Al Amín,' she calmly answered, 'I love you, and you only, but you have sunk a gulf between us which my soul cannot pass over. I cannot share your company with gins, afrites, and fallen intelligences. With worlds, were they mine, I would purchase your restoration to innocence; for worlds, were they yours, I would not be a partner in what I believe to be your guilt. You say that I am freed from imminent and pressing danger; I believe you, and I ask not how. Fresh perils may wait me, and render it necessary that I should again seek your aid. My confidence in you is proved by my retaining your ring, —my gratitude by this gift of my hair—and my love by this kiss, the first and the last.'

"She placed a lock of her hair in my hands, imprinted a burning kiss on my forehead, and rushed from the apartment.

"Curious to see the result of my delusions, instead of returning to Ghizeh, I assumed the guise of one of the porters that continually stand in Cairo to pick up chance jobs. When day dawned, I presented myself at the gate of Orkan, as the bearer of a message from Al Kahman, to state that his presence was eagerly expected. The slave to whom I delivered the summons conveyed it to his master, and in a few minutes the enraged Orkan rushed down, followed by a troop of his slaves, each armed with heavy cudgels to take vengeance on the unfortunate messenger. I stood firm; a whispered spell blinded their eyes; Orkan and his slaves soundly trounced each other, while I stood impassive to the tempest of blows that rained around me. Wearied and wounded, they at length drove me forth from the court-yard, ordering me to tell Al Kahman that a worse fate awaited him, if he dared ever to meet his injured friend.

"The priest whom Al Kahman had brought from the country fled away at the moment his patron was seized by the dancing-girl; I assumed the form of a monk of the desert, and, pretending to have heard that my services were likely to be required for the celebration of a marriage, presented myself to Al Kahman. His house was crowded by kinsmen, and relatives, and acquaintances, hungry for the feast which forms so essential a portion of an Egyptian marriage, wondering at Al Kahman's moody silence, and speculating on the strange absence both of bride and bridegroom. When I presented myself to the master of the house, he motioned me to stand aside by an impatient wave of the hand, and then suddenly seizing my vest, made me sit near him. After a long silence, one guest more impatient than the rest exclaimed—

"'The sun is rising high in the heavens, yet Orkan comes not; is he laughing at our beards?'

"The bare supposition of an insult was sufficient to rouse the jealous wrath of my countrymen. Brows were contracted, and daggers clutched; but no one was present on whom rage could be vented. All turned to Al Kahman, and asked the cause of this strange delay.

"'My friends,' he replied, 'Orkan has joined the followers of Al Hakem—last night these eyes beheld him united with the children of Satan, in the halls where vice is virtue, and virtue vice.'

"A yell of rage burst from the multitude, but dread of Al Hakem soon rose upon their minds, and stifled their indignation. One who had been calmer and more patient than the rest said—

"'He shall not thus insult us. Last night was the anniversary of Al Hakem's pretended mission, the only portion of the year in which forbearance is enjoined on his deluded followers. We may safely make complaint to the Cadi, and he, who hates the new sect from the bottom of his heart, will gladly embrace the pretext of

the breach of the Khaliph's rule to give us vengeance.'

"While they deliberated on this proposal, officers appeared to summon Al Kahman and his household before the Cadi, at the suit of Orkan, who had made a similar discovery respecting the excepted night. Making an excuse for quitting the apartment, I assumed the form of a porter once more, and joined the crowd that followed Al Kahman to the tribunal.

"Orkan's story was first told—the reader knows it already; but, great as was the surprise with which it was heard by the accused, still greater was the astonishment of the prosecutor at its decisive refutation. Servants and neighbours clearly proved that there had been neither ball, party, nor merriment in Al Kahman's house on the preceding night; the eyes of half Cairo could testify that no window or lattice existed in the position described; the guardians of the night disproved the story of the ladder and false arrest, by showing that they were actually engaged at the hour described in capturing Al Kamus, who was robbing a house in the very opposite part of the city, and finally confirmed their account by producing the manacled robber.

"It was next the turn of Al Kahman; he related his tale very circumstantially, but to his amazement found it as easily overthrown as that of his adversary. No house such as he described existed in the part of the city to which he assigned it; the slave of Orkan, whom he asserted he had met, was proved to have been during the last week a fettered prisoner in the public gaol, on a charge of peculation; and, finally, the priest who had been seized in the outskirts declared that he had never entered the city, but had parted with Al Kahman near the northern gate. All parties were astonished, the Cadi was puzzled, Orkan and Al Kahman were insane with rage, and Miriam, though aware that the whole was the result of my enchantments, could not tell what to think of the complicated confusion. The parties were examined and re-examined, but they never varied from their first evidence. Orkan was led to the front and rear of Al Kahman's house, but he could not discover the lattice. Al Kahman, when brought to the quarter of the city where he said he had met the slave, could find no house at all similar to that where he supposed he had seen Orkan.

Grievously perplexed, the Cadi remitted the whole matter to the consideration of the Khaliph, and dismissed all the parties, after having taken security for their appearance before Al Hakem's tribunal on the following day. It would be impossible to describe the noise that this strange trial made in Cairo. By complicating my spells, I had rendered the affair a tangled web, which was likely to mesh Miriam and myself in its toils. Well aware of Al Hakem's licentiousness and cruelty, I dreaded the result of an investigation before his tribunal, and yet there were no feasible means offered by which I could meet the dangers.

"On the morrow the parties appeared before the Khaliph, and the scene of the preceding day was repeated. The portion of the evidence that seemed to impress Al Hakem most was Orkan's description of Miriam's dancing. He desired the maiden to stand forward, and demanded to know whether she could give any explanation of these inconsistent tales. Miriam, trembling with alarm for herself and me, hesitated, stammered, and, in her confusion, dropped the veil that hid her charms.

"Al Hakem, inspired by sudden passion, exclaimed—'This is the bride destined me by Heaven, whom I have so often beheld in my visions. The inexplicable tales you have related, the sufferings you have undergone, were punishments for your interfering with the spouse of the Mahdi. Ho!—guards there, convey her to my harem, and drive these brawling slaves from the tribunal.'

"The spiritless Orkan, prostrating himself, declared his ready acquiescence in the Khaliph's decision; but Al Kahman, in his despair, attempted to rescue his daughter from the armed bands that surrounded her. She was led off fainting, and nearly senseless. Al Hakem, provoked at the slightest opposition to his wrath, commanded that the unfortunate father should be thrown into the deepest dungeon of Cairo, and his property confiscated to the state.

"In the guise of a black eunuch, I accompanied Miriam to her apartment, and whispered words of consolation and courage. Thence I conveyed myself to Al Kahman's prison, and entered his dungeon in my own natural shape. He was extended on the ground in the stupor of despair. I roused him with some difficulty, and with greater made him comprehend that his nephew stood before him.

"'Al Kahman,' said I, 'listen to the son of your brother. Miriam and I love each

other; sign the contract of our union, and I will deliver you from this dungeon, convey you with your property safe to Cairo, and extricate Miriam from the power of the tyrant.'

"Dangerous as was his situation, the old man hesitated.

"'Al Amin, I will make no league with Satan; this grey head shall never bow to the evil intelligences. If your power be that of lawful magic and holy spell, such as Solomon (on whom be peace) wielded in his days of purity, then I will receive your aid, though not without reluctance; for, even at the most, sorcery is pregnant with danger.'

"'Upon my head be it!' I replied. 'That my power is of good, not of evil, you may well believe, when I advise you to pray; and tell you that your prayers will add efficacy to the spells. Sign the contract—follow without remonstrance or inquiry, those who will come to conduct you;—within a month I will join you in Bagdad.'

"He signed the deed placed before him, and I departed. While this was being done, my emissaries had loaded a train of camels with all his wealth, and a sum equivalent to the purchase-money of his house and lands was abstracted from the Royal Treasury, and added to their burden. Al Hakem, in whom the love of money was more powerful than any other passion, had come in the mean time to seize the confiscated property. The train of camels appeared to him and his attendants a troop of those dogs that infest Mohammedan cities. The loaded animals were not only permitted to go off, but their pace was accelerated by the whips of the royal guards, who complained that they had never seen such lazy dogs in their lives. To Al Hakem the treasures of my uncle appeared still intact. With extravagant delight he contemplated the bags of gold, and counted them out to the Vizier: they were carried in due state to the Palace, and piled in the Treasury. When the keeper came to survey them on the following day, he found only bags of slates, while, in place of another hoard, there was merely Al Kahman's receipt and quittance for the purchase-money of his house and estate.

"From his tribunal Al Hakem hasted to his harem, and sought the presence of Miriam. She was deaf to all his honeyed words, and made no reply to his courtly flatteries. He seized her in his arms, and tore away her veil, but what was his horror when a cat's face met his view, and whiskers stiff as the quills of a porcupine brushed his skin even through his bushy beard! The only thing that the Khaliph dreaded was a cat: his morbid antipathy to that animal was a positive disease; and when the cat-face met his view, he shrieked with horror. Miriam gently mewed in his face, and a squalling cat-chorus echoed all round the chambers. The Khaliph flung Miriam from him with mad violence; I caught her falling in my arms, and, at a word, was with her in the halls of Ghizeh. Finding that I had gained her father's consent, she yielded to my prayers for an immediate union; a monk of the desert was found to join our hands, and a few weeks of pure happiness succeeded to the agitating scenes I have described.

"But such felicity was not long to endure; the dangers in Cairo were to be renewed at Bagdad, and Al Amín was to be taught by a severer lesson that the pleasures of power must be paid for by pain and suffering.

JUDD WATSON.

Poor Tom's a-cold—KING LEAR.

SOME years ago I paid a visit to a relative, who, with his wife and a lovely family, consisting of three daughters, occupied a beautiful mansion in the environs of Eye, in Suffolk. My cousins were just budding into womanhood,—Maria, the eldest, being in her nineteenth year, Selina, her second sister, in her seventeenth, and Julia, the youngest, just sixteen. My arrival was a source of considerable gratification to them: for although they could with perfect security take their rambles round the immediate neighbourhood independently of any aid from the other sex, they had hitherto been without a male relative or friend to accompany them in their more distant excursions; and about a week after I appeared among them, my services were put in requisition for this purpose. Our first jaunt was to Framlingham Castle, to

which so many historical associations are attached. The town in which this old monument of feudal power is situated, is about twenty miles from Eye, and the intervening country is beautifully picturesque, being interspersed with towns, villages, and country seats, and in the highest state of cultivation.

Though my fair cousins have very little to do with what I have to relate, I think I may as well describe them, as I would willingly afford to the reader who accompanies me on my visit to them, as much of the enjoyment I myself experienced, as can possibly be conveyed to him through the imagination.

Maria, the elder of my cousins, was one of those bright visions which very seldom appear in the present state of society, and with the present system of female education. Though beautiful in person, her greatest beauty lay in her mind. The dark hair simply braided on each side of her forehead, the light hazel and liquid eye flashing with intense expression under the least excitement, the Roman nose, the beautiful smile displaying a set of teeth white and shining as polished ivory, the classical contour of the head, the glow of health mantling on her cheek, the graceful form neither too tall nor under size—these were some of the personal advantages she possessed; but they all sank beneath the absorbing interest excited by an examination of her powers of intellect and the extraordinary originality of mind she displayed. Gentle, amiable, and unassuming, she required to be drawn forth to be duly appreciated; but so unconscious did she seem of any superiority, that she disdained not to converse with any one who sought it, adapting her powers and knowledge to the capacity of the person she talked to, without appearing to know anything beyond. Though of an independent spirit, perhaps too much so—though abhorring flattery, and giving her opinion often too strongly against those who sought to convince her more by personal influence or the weight of authority than by argument, she was so kind, so self-denying, so devoted to the comfort of those around her, that every one, even persons of the humblest capacity, felt quite at their ease in her company, and perceived not the immeasurable distance that separated their minds from hers.

The awe with which this gentle girl inspired me during the first few days after my arrival at her father's house, is quite unaccountable. I had been accustomed to talk to, flatter, and flirt with the young ladies into whose society I had been thrown in London; and without vanity I may say that at the age of twenty-seven I had fallen in love as often, and had broken as many vows of eternal constancy, as the most successful of my contemporaries. For a whole season I had been in vogue, and as I possessed a very handsome competency, and was not quite so ignorant who my grandfather was as some of our modern peers and statesmen, many a mother had spread her snares to enchain me for life to her well-bred and accomplished daughter, who could execute a head in crayons that seemed as if it had been copied through the medium of a distorted looking-glass, or squall with a "voix éclatante," let out to its full pitch, and dreadfully out of tune, Rossini's "Una voce poco fa," or Bellini's "Son virgin vezzosa." From such a fate I had always escaped, and had never supposed myself capable of forming a lasting attachment founded upon mental and not personal attractions, until I beheld my fair cousin Maria, whom I soon loved with a devotedness of which I have since given the most unquestionable proofs.

My cousin Selina was a very amiable, a very good-tempered, a very timid, and a very pretty and elegant looking girl, with light hair, deep blue eyes, and the fairest of complexions. In form and person she was a Hebe; and in the ball-room, no fair votary of Terpsichore possessed more attractions; but she had no mental superiority over the ordinary herd of young ladies who grow up to learn to play, and sing, and draw, and talk a little about chemistry and natural philosophy until they are married, when this bait of the husband-trap is thrown aside and forgotten.

Julia, the youngest of my relative's daughters, was rather a singular girl. Ever since her childhood she had suffered from ill health: she was a tender and delicate plant, requiring much care in cultivation, and until very shortly prior to my visit, apprehensions had been entertained that tubercles were forming in her lungs. The upper part of her countenance was beautiful. With a fine expanded forehead, hazel eyes, and brown hair worn in a crop, she presented a truly interesting appearance. There was an air of patient suffering in her meek countenance truly angelic, and at

times the sagacity and acuteness of her remarks gave evidence of great powers of mind, though there were moments when her faculties appeared quite obscured, and she was incapable of exercising any powers of thought; but this invariably happened after too great bodily exertion. Like her two sisters, she was gentle, amiable, and affectionate.

Such were the three girls into whose society this visit threw me. Their father, a distant cousin of my mother's, was a very excellent man, but not over refined in his manners and conversation. He had a large fortune, but having lost his wife soon after the birth of Julia, he had determined to reside entirely in the country, where he devoted himself much to field sports, keeping a large stud and a pack of hounds. The widow of a friend of his, a very accomplished woman, had undertaken the education of his daughters, and had most faithfully performed the task. To her care had my cousins been wholly confided by their father, whom they scarcely ever saw till dinner time, and in the evening, which was usually devoted to music, of which he was very fond, and in which my cousins were great proficients. About a month before my arrival, Mrs. Wyndham, the kind instructress of my cousins, had set out for the South of France on a visit to a sister who was in a declining state of health; and she was expected to be absent during six or eight months.

As I have said before, about a week after my arrival, a plan was formed to ride over to Framlingham, and explore the old castle in that town. Accordingly, after an early breakfast, my cousins and I set out on this excursion one fine morning in July. Maria, who was one of the best horsewomen in the county, rode a blood mare of high mettle, which her father had lately purchased for her, and I accompanied her on my own favourite hunter. Selina, too timid to venture on horseback, accompanied Julia in an open landaulet kept on purpose for their use.

The country from Eye to Framlingham is like a garden, or rather it might be taken for a continuous and richly-cultivated estate laid out with the greatest taste so as to produce the most picturesque effect. It seemed the triumph of landscape gardening. But lovely as the country was, it increased in beauty as we approached Framlingham. About six miles from this latter place, we entered the parish of Monk Soham. After passing through it, we came to one of the most beautiful villages I ever beheld, called Earl Soham. I shall not stop to describe the beauties of this sweet place—the long street of straggling houses peeping up their heads amid gardens, and shrubs, and flowers, and trees—nor two rising grounds, upon each which is seated a mansion inhabited by the lords of the place—nor the beautiful church and parsonage-house, both of which appear seated in a garden—the churchyard being elegantly laid out, and containing but very few of the insignia of mortality. We stopped a moment in the middle of the village at a very neat inn, bearing the sign of the Falcon; and this is particularly impressed upon my recollection from my seeing there at the door the man I am about to introduce to the reader under the name of Judd Watson. This individual seemed about thirty-eight years of age, of a tall and athletic frame, and a noble countenance; but there was a wildness in his gaze which indicated that if not actually insane, he was on the extreme verge of insanity. Still there was a gentleness in his look and manner that completely lulled any terror his first appearance might have inspired. His dress was superior to that of the country louts around him, and there was something *distingué* in his appearance which indicated a refinement of breeding not known in this country except among the gentry. His language at times was that of a well-informed and well-educated man; but when the cloud came over his mind, he would imitate the provincialisms and pronunciation of the country people, and his ideas were as incoherent as his language was wanting in refinement. Still he was gentle and harmless. He excelled in all the sports of the field, and would undergo the severest fatigue in their pursuit. Brave, bold, and enterprising, he was ever the foremost in danger, ever ready to take the part of the oppressed, or to render assistance where he could give it. He seemed in no want of money, having always sufficient not only for his own wants, but to assist those who deserved it among the peasantry of Soham, having, notwithstanding his aberrations of intellect, sagacity enough to detect those on whom his charity would be thrown away.

Just as we had got beyond the village, after having quitted the Falcon, Maria's horse started at a boy, who had been resting by the road side, and who suddenly rose near the creature's head. On the other

side of the highway some men were digging a well, and had neglected to enclose the spot they were excavating. Maria's mare backed towards the chasm into which my cousin must inevitably have been precipitated before I could have had time to come to her assistance,—when just as the mare's hind legs were within a foot of the brink, a man sprang forward, and with an almost supernatural exertion of muscular strength dragged the animal forward, caught the fair rider in his arms, lifted her from the saddle, and placed her upon her feet on the ground. He then seized the bridle of the mare, but as the frightened creature suddenly turned round towards the pit, my cousin's deliverer overreached himself, and was dragged by the horse into the gaping chasm, then about twenty feet deep. Both horse and man were got out with some difficulty, the former with very little injury, the latter with a broken leg. As I saw the brave fellow emerge from the well, I recognised the features of the man I had seen at the Falcon, and who had interested me so much. Though suffering great torture from a compound fracture of the injured limb, there was a glow of satisfaction in his countenance, arising from the service he had done us, which indicated a feeling and noble heart. With the assistance of the men employed in digging the well, all of whom had fortunately escaped unhurt, I had Judd Watson conveyed to his cottage, which was situated at no great distance from the spot, and sent to the nearest surgeon, with a request that he would immediately follow us thither. We had scarcely laid the sufferer on his bed, when Mr. G—— appeared, and very skilfully set the limb, the bone of which was broken in two places. My cousin Maria had accompanied me to Judd Watson's, resolved to contribute all her personal exertions towards his recovery. Selina and Julia, whom we had left at some distance on the road, having ridden on before them, had proceeded to Framlingham unconscious of the accident that had befallen us.

Judd Watson's cottage was fitted up, if not with luxuries, at least with all the necessaries of refined life. It consisted of four rooms, two on each floor. An elderly female, having the appearance of a retired upper servant in some wealthy family, lived in the cottage, and appeared to pay the greatest respect and attention to Judd, who, as she informed us, had hired her to take care of him. We asked her a few questions about her master, being anxious to know something concerning him, but obtaining no satisfactory replies from her, we gave up the point.

In consequence of this accident, our journey to Framlingham was deferred to another day. From this time forth until Judd Watson's complete recovery, which did not take place till towards the end of September, Maria, who considered him the preserver of her life, and I, rode every day to Earl Soham to see him. He grew attached to our society, and at length seemed to look for it. Whilst we were with him—and we devoted three or four hours of each day to him—the cloud of insanity seemed to pass from his spirit, and the more we saw of him the more we deplored the cause that had ruined the intellect of a being formed to be an ornament to his country. His mind was highly cultivated, and, from the names of individuals he let drop in conversation as having been personally acquainted with them, I came to the conclusion that he must be not only of good family, but of high rank. I formed a thousand conjectures. "Perhaps," I thought, "he may be some noble lunatic who has escaped from a private madhouse, and remained here undiscovered for a number of years."

For several weeks after this accident, I forebore speaking to him concerning himself. Indeed Maria thought I had no right to indulge in any speculations relating to her preserver, or to force any disclosures from him except such as he might volunteer to make. Thinking, however, that by knowing who he was I might be better able to render him service, I resolved, after obtaining Maria's consent, to question him on the subject.

One day, when he was in a more than ordinarily rational mood, Maria and I being seated one on each side of his couch, I thus began—

"My friend Judd, are you a Suffolk man born?"

"I am not," he replied; "I first became a citizen of this troublesome world in the metropolis, nearly thirty-nine years ago."

"Have you long resided in this pretty village?"

About twelve years, I think; but my memory sometimes fails me so sadly, and the past rises in such fantastic and horrible pictures before me, that it is like an incubus upon my understanding. However, old

Hannah has a better memory than I, and I believe she observed to me this morning, that four days back she made the twenty-third half-yearly payment for the rent of this cottage."

"You seem to have been well educated, friend Judd, and your manners and language are evidently those of a gentleman."

"I am glad you think so," he returned, rather drily.

"Have you always borne the name of Judd Watson?" I asked.

The countenance of the invalid became flushed, then deadly pale; a convulsive twitching seemed to draw his mouth into all sorts of shapes, and a shudder to creep through his frame.

"Ask no further," he cried, in a voice almost extinct, and conveying an expression of horror; "for God's sake, ask no further. Seek not to know that which has made me the poor insane wretch I must so long have appeared to the inhabitants of this place. I am not mad now—I can speak rationally. Who I am, none shall ever know. Hannah alone possesses my secret—but it will die with her. O my young friends, your society since the fortunate accident which brought us acquainted, has been the only assuagement of my sorrows that has been afforded me for many years past. Let me enjoy it whilst I can, without its being embittered by those dreadful recollections which throw me into such a state, that I am mad, at the same time that I have the horrible consciousness of being so."

"My friend," I replied, "I will say no more to you on the subject, and entreat that you will forget it was ever mentioned."

Maria was much affected, so was I; and we left Judd Watson with increased regard for his person and regret for the misfortunes which had broken down so fine a mind as we discovered his to be. From this time the subject was never renewed. Judd recovered the use of his limb, and was soon a constant and welcome visiter at the mansion of my relative, with whom he became a great favourite. His fits of insanity were gradually less frequent; and though a certain abruptness, perhaps I may say wildness, of manner still remained, there was scarcely ever anything decidedly irrational in either his manners or his conversation.

Meanwhile, week after week passed away; the attractions of my cousin Maria kept me much longer at Eye than I had originally intended. Her father seeing my partiality, kindly insisted upon my lengthening my visit, to which he had not much difficulty in making me consent. Judd Watson now came to see us every day, and a room was always ready for him when he chose to stay all night. He would hunt and shoot with my relation, who was delighted with his knowledge in wood-craft, and in the evening, he would sing with Maria and me, or instruct Julia in drawing, in which he had genius sufficient to have raised him to high rank as an artist.

One morning I was awakened by my servant who brought me a note, which he said he was desired to put into my hands without a moment's delay. It ran thus —

"Earl Soham, 14th February, 1821.

"My Dear friend,—I am in immediate want of your assistance. Hasten to me the moment you receive this, or you will be too late.

"Yours with true regard,

"JUDD WATSON."

Fifteen minutes after the receipt of this note, I was on horseback, and in less than an hour after, my panting steed stood before Judd Watson's cottage. The door was open—I entered. Neither Judd nor Hannah was to be seen. On the dressing table lay a letter addressed to myself; with a trembling hand and a presentiment of evil, I tore open the packet and read as follows.—

"You are too late, my friend; I am again in the clutches of those who in times past first cast a dark cloud over my mind, and consigned me to hopeless captivity. I escaped from them and lived, as you know, in quiet seclusion, without troubling those who have usurped my rights, or claiming any portion of the wealth which another enjoys, although it belongs to me. Had I been able to send to you earlier, you might have rescued me. Old Hannah has, I fear, been made away with. Perhaps you may yet discover me. God bless you all!"

"JUDD WATSON."

No one at Soham could give me the slightest clue as to what had become of the unhappy writer of the above letter. I therefore rode back to * * * Hall, and communicated its contents to Maria, who urged me immediately to set out and scour the country in all directions. I thought

this a good opportunity of expressing my hopes with regard to herself, but the only reply I could obtain from her was that she would engage herself to no man until she had known him long enough to be sure that they could mutually entrust their happiness to each other's keeping. The only direct promise that I could obtain, was that she would form no other engagement. With that I was obliged to be satisfied. Having taken leave of my fair cousins and their father, I set out on my journey. During four months, I spared neither personal exertion, nor expense, to discover what had become of Judd Watson. I had advertisements inserted in all the newspapers; I employed agents in every part of the country; I visited every place where I had the remotest chance of hearing of him: but all was useless, no tidings of him could I gain.

Two years had at length elapsed since his disappearance, and I had long given up all hopes of seeing him again, when one day, being at my club, I was informed that a person wished to speak to me on a matter of urgent importance. This person proved to be old Hannah.

"Oh! Sir," said she, "I am at last come to tell you where to find my poor master, who has spent two long years in captivity, treated as a madman, and indeed rendered one—which was what the villain wished who kept him in bondage. But retribution has at length overtaken the guilty. I was myself kidnapped and sent to Holland, and there prevented from returning to my own country, till the event which has liberated my master has also set me free. If you will follow me, Sir, you shall immediately see your friend."

I assented, and Hannah leading the way I followed her to a large house in Grosvenor Square, the door of which opened at my approach, and I was ushered into an elegant library, in which, upon a sofa, reclined the lost Judd Watson, but so emaciated, and so altered in appearance, that I scarcely knew him.

"My friend," said he, holding out his hand, which I warmly pressed, "my bodily sufferings I trust are at length at an end or nearly so. You shall now know who I am. I feel that I am dying, and I quit without regret a world in which for many years past I have experienced nothing but suffering and injustice. I am the unfortunate Earl of ****, of whom you must have heard as having escaped from a madhouse in which he was confined, and for ever eluded the search of his family."

The circumstance I well remembered. The Earl's tale of his sufferings I must abridge, and state the facts in as few words as possible. He had married a lovely and amiable woman, the perfect counterpart, as he said, of my cousin Maria. He loved her with a species of idolatry seldom found in married life. She died in giving birth to a son, which, in two days, followed its mother to the grave. The shock caused by his bereavement was so great upon the mind of the inconsolable widower that it shook his intellect, and made him commit several acts which if not the result of actual madness, very nearly approached it. The next heir, an unprincipled and ambitious man, obtained a commision to inquire into the state of the Earl's mind, and in the meanwhile had him placed under restraint, which did what kind and soothing treatment would have prevented, rendered him completely insane for the time. In this state he was brought before the commissioners, whose decision was that he was insane, and his relative was appointed his guardian. He was conveyed back to his place of confinement, from whence he escaped soon after; and accompanied by Hannah, an old servant of the family, went to reside at Earl Soham, under the name of Judd Watson. Here he lived unknown during twelve years, but being at length discovered, was taken back to his place of confinement, from which he was released after the death of his relative, by a fresh inquiry into the state of his intellects, which had recovered their proper tone. But his body was broken down by suffering, and when I saw him he was a prey to a disease from which there was no hope of his recovering.

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A few weeks after this, I attended the funeral of my late friend as chief mourner, there being none of his relations present. I was executor to his will, and he bequeathed the sum of 50,000*l* to my cousin Maria. How I wooed and won this beloved being, and the extraordinary crosses which came between us and our affection, I shall relate in some future paper, provided the readers of the Court Magazine feel interested in this account of Judd Watson.

THE PERSIAN CONJUROR.—A TALE.

BY MISS DE PONTIGNY.

Some people maintain that it is better to be born lucky than rich, and there may be a degree of truth in the remark; but as it was my lot, on coming into the world, to find large estates and a handsome income awaiting me, I own that the wisdom of the assertion has always appeared to me somewhat paradoxical. I was at an early age in full possession of my fortune, and having no one either to thwart my inclinations or to give me advice, I was as arrogant and overbearing as I pleased to be. Of my personal advantages I was by no means ignorant—indeed I think I had a more lively sense of them than any one else; but however that may be, I took upon myself all the vanity of the handsomest man in the world. It is needless to say that I had a large circle of acquaintances, friends as they called themselves, although their devotion exhibited itself, so far as I could ever see, only in eating my dinners and drinking my wines; but if they sought me with interested motives, I repaid them in kind, and only cared for them so long as I found amusement in their society. It must not be thought, however, that I had a bad heart—though I sometimes acted as if I had: my errors arose more from an overweening opinion of my own merit, and too much disregard for the feelings of others. With a mind so formed it will be thought that I was not very susceptible of the softer passions; but I could flirt in a ball-room with as much ease and careless grace as may be required of a man of fashion. When I was at school, I read two or three novels that made me exceedingly sentimental for a time. My first love was the parson's daughter, who used to sit very demurely in a pew near the pulpit. She was rather a pretty girl, though with an awkward country air, and totally destitute of that *tournure* so much admired in the metropolis. But as I only caught a glimpse of her, and that rather an imperfect one, each Sunday, I had plenty of time in the interval to fill up the picture as my fancy pleased.

It matters little after all whether one's first love is a beauty or not, for two reasons: first, because this first idol is sure not to be the lasting divinity of one's life; and secondly, because a youthful imagination cannot fail to deck her out in all the glowing colours it borrows from itself. I therefore consider it needless to say that the parson's daughter was never thought of by me, beyond the boundaries of her own village. I pass over in like manner all the belles that attracted my admiration for the first few years of my residence in the metropolis, as I was never made *serious* for the length of an hour, either by the frowns or even the marriage of any of my idols. Indeed I confess to my shame that I looked upon women then as made solely to charm our eyes, and, with the vanity of our sex, I never thought their company worth seeking, either for refined conversation, or the more solid qualities of the mind.

But I hasten to introduce to my reader the person of the elegant girl who made a hitherto unknown impression on me, from the first moment I beheld her. The evening before this happened, I remember having a long dispute with a young man of my acquaintance on the merits of blondes and brunettes, and I stood up in defence of the latter with my wonted energy, declaring that on no account could I ever think of loving any woman whose hair even inclined to a light shade (though, by the bye, for the sake of historical truth, I must own that the parson's daughter could by no means be termed a brunette—but this, being retrospective, did not embarrass my conscience). "Well," said he, after having endeavoured to convince me that beauty lay more in expression than any thing else—"I will show you a cousin of mine to-morrow at the party to which we are both engaged, and perhaps I may make a convert of you."

"Is she a blonde?" said I.

He smiled. "Her hair may be called light brown rather than flaxen; but if you were to see the smile that illumines her features, and the tender expression of her

eyes, you would not think of her complexion."

"You seem warm in her praise," I returned, with a sneer of incredulity, "but *nous verrons*."

The following evening I repaired to the above-mentioned entertainment, and my curiosity was but slightly raised when my young acquaintance, pulling me by the sleeve, whispered—"There is my cousin entering the room!"

I cast a hasty glance towards the door; and that glance acknowledged Rosina to be the personification of the *beau idéal* which my fancy had sometimes conjured up in its leisure moments. Her shape and figure were faultless, and the easy grace of all her movements seemed the gift of nature rather than the effect of art. I cannot precisely characterise her by the epithet of a lively beauty, or a soft and languishing one, or a proud one, or a modest one, for she was all by turns, according to the impressions of her mind, and formed an enchanting mixture of those charms which are generally found dispersed among many.

"She is but a *blonde*, after all," said her cousin, laughing, as he saw me gazing at her regardless of any thing that was passing around me; "but if you can make up your mind to dance with her, I will introduce you to her."

Of course I joyfully accepted, and the animation of her conversation tended to heighten the impression her beauty had made. When the first quadrille was over, I sat down by her, and continued talking with her till a military man came and begged the favour of her hand for the next dance. Meanwhile, I walked round the room, eyeing several of the most beautiful women with great marks of indifference, and internally gratifying my vanity with the idea that I created great disappointment among them by not asking them to dance, and showing openly that Rosina was the only person I thought worthy of my admiration. And, indeed, I acted during the whole evening on this plan, dancing with no other than the fair cousin of my friend. When she had left the party, I was very desirous of ascertaining whether I could not be admitted as an acquaintance into her family, that I might soon again have the pleasure of seeing her, but my pride forbade my expressing such a wish. My friend kindly came to my assistance, however, volunteering to take me with him the next day, when he purposed calling on his cousin; adding, at the same time, some raillery about the impression which she seemed to have made upon me, notwithstanding my usual levity.

He was faithful to his promise on the following morning in coming to fetch me, and I had the gratification of a day-light view of *il mio ben*. How unhappy are those who are forced to give up the illusion of the night on seeing the reality of the day! But this was not my case. The toilet of the morning sat with equal grace on Rosina: the simple arrangement of her hair (that hair which on another would have been too light) displayed to advantage the contour of her face; and some slight remains of fatigue from the exertions of the preceding evening, imparted a tinge of pallor to her cheeks which rendered her still more interesting.

After this, I became a frequent visiter, and, finding means to ingratiate myself into the favour of the parents, had abundant opportunity of trying to make myself agreeable to the daughter. Some time elapsed, and it began to be whispered among the confidential friends of the family that I seemed to be received on the footing of a suitor, and to have made a great advance into the good graces of the young lady. I thought I had discovered that the parents were not averse to this, and I therefore proceeded with more confidence. In due time I was gratified with an avowal that I was the favoured lover. Charming and candid Rosina! yours was the affection of the sincerest heart that ever warmed a human form—and mine—but what name shall I give to my own inconsistency of conduct?—the tears which fill my eyes at the recollection of my thoughtless conduct, at once prove my error, and implore indulgence.

From the moment our marriage was a thing fixed, and I was no longer in doubt as to her sentiments towards me, I gradually ceased devoting all my time to Rosina, and fearing I might be accused of being sentimental, or of growing into a plodding domestic sort of man, I again frequented the gay circles I had of late neglected, the members of whom I supposed were vastly surprised and annoyed at my long disappearance. I condescended to be very charming out of mere spite, that they might see how much they had lost; and I felt persuaded that there was not a man in

the room who did not envy me, nor a woman who was not enamoured of my fascinating manners. In the round of amusements to which I now again gave myself up, I frequently met with Lady Juliana, who was reckoned the most fashionable belle of the day. She was tall and handsome, had fine teeth, fine hair, and a brilliant colour; but yet all this does not constitute a beauty, when deprived of that expression which alone distinguishes the works of nature from the productions of the painter. She was like a handsome puppet, that moved regularly a certain number of set ways, and was unable to go out of the usual routine. Yet those who have *la vogue*, as our neighbours call it, may dress, talk and act as they please—they are sure of being extolled; and the more fools they if they do not profit by people's infatuation, and be as ridiculous as they please.

As I was often seen at the same card table or dancing with Lady Juliana, some officious friend secretly told Rosina, that I seemed rather more *empressé* than I ought to be on these occasions;—while some other kind friends remarked how much better a match the former would be for me, than one who could boast neither title nor connexions. They likewise hinted that though the Earl's fortune was rather out at elbows, (which being a fact that every body was aware of, they could not pretend to conceal), he might be the means of procuring me a place that I had set my hopes if not my heart upon. I was startled at first at their impertinent meddling, and all my tenderness for Rosina rushed upon my heart with renewed force; but it was merely like a torrent that wastes its own strength by its violence, for when my indignation had subsided, I was secretly flattered by their high estimation of my merit, as I deemed it to be. Fool that I was, running headlong into the net that was spread for me! Had I not been blinded by vanity, I might have discovered that those very obsequious friends were the gambling companions of the Earl, to whom he owed enormous sums, and who hoped through my means to repair their losses; and that the alluring smiles of his daughter when she sat at the card-table, far from being directed to my person as I thought, aimed only at my purse. But it is not the first time that a faithful heart has been sacrificed at the shrine of ambition: and a man of the world, that most inconsiderate and unfeeling of animals, cares very little for the *silent* tears shed on his account, provided the public voice proclaims him to be invested with all the qualities of a gentleman; and if the reader is tempted to wonder at my severity against myself and those like me, the subsequent part of my history may instruct him why I speak so feelingly on this head, and he will pardon these occasional digressions.

Though any comparison I could make between Juliana and Rosina could but be disadvantageous to the former, yet the promised appointment and the *éclat* of rank had wonderful powers for placing a bandage over my eyes, and I already began in my own mind to think that *if* I had not been engaged to Rosina, I should certainly have aspired to Lady Juliana.

"But such an engagement *cannot* be broken," said I involuntarily aloud, as I paced my room, into which to my infinite surprise a friend had just entered, and caught these last decisive words of my soliloquy.

"Certainly not if it is a duel," said the intruder with great coolness.

"But what if it is a love affair?" said I instantly recovering my self-possession, and hiding my vexation at this unsought-for advice.

"*Oh c'est autre chose*," answered he, "nothing is simpler, nor of more frequent occurrence. I have a wonderful talent for cutting short such connexions. When I was last at Bath, I was desperately in love till—I grew tired of being so, and then I artfully induced the lady to quarrel with me of her own accord, so that I was not thought a shabby fellow."

"Very good," said I, laughing, "I shall take your advice;" and from that moment I began to think that it was less difficult than I imagined, and that I was a fool to stand in my own light. I soon found an opportunity of showing Rosina how ungrateful I was for her affection. We happened to meet at a party to which Lady Juliana had likewise been invited, and Rosina, though unwilling to give way to jealousy on slight grounds, and merely through what might be the invidious remarks of some of those kind people who delight in giving friendly warnings which we would rather be without, was determined to observe my conduct towards my new idol. Having guessed at her intentions, I

took particular pleasure in pretending at first not to see her enter (near sight of course being my excuse), and then when I did choose to see her, I merely bowed hastily, and with cold politeness, as I passed along to seize on a vacant place near Lady Juliana. While I sat playing with her fan, and saying a thousand silly things that I whispered into her ear with an air of great confidence, I never once turned my eyes towards Rosina, whose affectionate heart was wounded by my slighting her so openly, and who could no longer doubt of that truth which she would fain not have believed. She was too much occupied with her own thoughts, to perceive that she was attracting the admiration of every one else in the room; and had she possessed one-third of the vanity that I was blessed with, she might have had ample means of revenge. Yet although I was trying by every means in my power to sever the ties that existed between us, I felt half angry when I saw a very handsome officer ask her to dance the first quadrille with him. I could still be jealous, though I felt no remorse on seeing her dejected look, and the evident displeasure with which she complied. I had made sure of Lady Juliana from the beginning of the evening, and I continued showing marked attentions to her, till I was obliged to resign her to another partner. Whilst I was standing to see the dancing, resolved not to set a step but with Juliana, as I had once done for Rosina, the father of the former lady came up to me, as if he had something more important to say than is usual in a drawing-room, and led me by degrees through several rooms, till we came to the library. "Now," thought I, "we shall come to the point," and so we each took a chair, and I waited with great impatience till he should begin to unfold his purpose whatever it might be.

"You will perhaps excuse a father," said he, "for talking to you as an old friend, though I have no other claim to such an honour than the high esteem which all who know you *must* have for you."

"Very true," thought I, internally, as I bowed politely to this exordium.

"I am about," continued he, fixing his eyes stedfastly on mine, as if to read my thoughts—"I am about marrying my daughter to a young man of good family, though of no fortune, and that place to which I know you are aspiring—"

A hasty exclamation of mine interrupted him, and I still repent it did, for the turn our conversation took prevented my ever knowing what he was going to say. He stopped to give me time to speak. "I had thought, my Lord," said I, "I had thought—"

"Speak out, my young friend," he said, heartily shaking me by the hand.

"I had thought," resumed I, "that Lady Juliana had received my attentions with some favour, but I find I am mistaken. I must therefore withdraw." I was actually rising, when the Earl begged me to sit down again, saying that he was totally ignorant of his daughter's feelings towards me, but that as he always had wished to be a good father to her, he would certainly not thwart her in the most important circumstance of her life. This was a fair opening, and, without giving myself time to reflect, I cast the die hastily, as if afraid of repenting, and, before we left the library, I had become the son-in-law elect of the noble Earl, who, I will venture to say, was still more delighted than I.

When we returned to the ball-room, I found Rosina gone, and slight as this circumstance was, it seemed to rivet my fate, and prevent all possibility of turning back. It would have been evident to one less infatuated than myself, that the Earl must have given some preconcerted signal to his daughter, on our re-entering the room, by the very gracious manner with which she received all my attentions during the remainder of the evening. And it has often been hinted to me that the *young man of good family* whom her father frightened me with, never existed but in his own brain, and that my easy credulity served to amuse him and his associates for many days after. Having gone thus far, nothing now remained but to break with Rosina, and the following day I went to the house to see what could be done. She happened to be alone in the drawing-room, and I felt almost embarrassed when ushered into her presence, as I had not made up my mind how to begin the subject. I was obliged, therefore, to trust to chance. Had there been the least trace of resentment in her manner, I should have been less at a loss to bring about a quarrel; but the mild dignity with which she received me deprived me of such a resource. For a few moments we sat in silence, till it became so awkward that I determined to speak at all risks. "Rosina," said I, "you are doubtless angry with me," and I waited a moment, expecting her to

say that she was, but receiving no answer I was obliged to proceed: "You think me ungrateful—inconstant," I continued, with a pause between each word, "but you do not, I hope, trust to appearances, you cannot doubt that I love you in my heart."

"This is worse than I could have expected," said Rosina; "how can you add hypocrisy to fickleness, when all the world knows that you openly aspire to the hand of another?"

"Oh, but I love you all the same," continued I, "you will always be *la dame de mes pensées*, and you well know that even in the good old times, when lovers sighed for seven years, the gallant knights often married one fair lady, whilst another was the idol of their fancy."

"I never wish," returned Rosina, "to be the idol of any body's fancy, who can sacrifice it to rank or promotion. Belmour," added she, in a faltering tone, "no more of this,—you have now forfeited me for ever."

Why did I not follow the dictates of my better feelings, and throw myself at her feet to implore her pardon? Why?—because vanity prevailed, and, though repentant, I felt afraid of appearing to care any longer about that which I had so deservedly lost.

"Very well, Madam," said I, affecting great indifference, "no more of this, as you say. I will intrude no longer on your time, and since it is your wish not to see me again—I will trouble you no further."

I then rose, bowed politely, and left the house. From thence I repaired to a friend's, who had invited me to dine with him, and received the congratulations and toasts of the whole company, who seemed well acquainted with my engagement to Lady Juliana.

"Now's the time," said a young man, "for you to go to the old Persian."

"Oh, by all means," cried out another, "let's know what old Saami will say."

"Old Saami!" I cried—"I know no such person."

A middle-aged gentleman, who sat by me, taking pity on my ignorance, was kind enough to inform me that Saami was a Persian fortune-teller, who was lately established in town, and reckoned infallible in his predictions.

"Sir," continued he, lowering his voice with an air of mysterious credulity, and seizing one of the buttons of my coat—"Sir, he is a man such as has not his equal in the world. Profoundly versed in all sciences, acquainted with most of the European and Asiatic tongues, he can grasp at every subject and master it. Nay, they say that at his will he can call spirits from the grave, reanimate the heroes of past ages, cause the souls of living mortals to migrate into other forms, change the soul of the high-minded philosopher with that of the idiot, that of the coward with the boldest warrior's—"

Here I interrupted his panegyric, by inquiring where the wonderful man lived, which he told me, and accurately described the house. No sooner had I gained this information, than I became impatient to go and make fun of the old conjuror, and though our party ended late, I was unable to resist the temptation of calling that same night at his house. Elated with my new prospects, and flushed with the fumes of the banquet, I approached his narrow street in a tone of mind little like that of most of his votaries, and I rapped at his door in anything but a mysterious or respectful manner. After waiting a few minutes, the door was opened by a woman with a light in her hand, and having told her my errand, she instantly admitted me, and bidding me follow her, I ascended a narrow flight of stairs, till we came to a door on the second floor. This she opened and closed upon me, and I found myself in the presence of the conjuror. He was seated in an arm-chair near the fire. He was dressed in a violet robe, and a long white beard gave a venerable air to his whole appearance. Although I came with the express purpose of ridiculing him, there was something so majestic in his person, that, for the first time in my life, I felt overawed: my riotous and noisy purposes were instantly subdued; and I stood trembling with a hitherto unknown fear.

At length I faltered out, "I come to know my fate."

"Young man," said the Persian, with a most musical voice, and without even looking at me, "too much vanity has been your ruin. In punishment thereof, you shall feel the pains you have inflicted on others."

So saying, with the white staff he held in his hand he motioned me to retire. His words seemed to go through my very soul. I implored him to explain himself more distinctly, but I soon perceived that my entreaties were vain, and, by the manner in which his head sank back on his hand

after having spoken, I judged that he had determined to speak no more. A cold perspiration ran down my forehead as my hand sought the handle of the door; indeed I scarcely know what happened afterwards, for, before my guide could light me down the first flight of stairs, all objects seemed to grow dim, and I fell in a deep swoon. I cannot tell how long I remained in this state; this only I know, that when I again awoke, or rather came to life, I was a metamorphosed being; the crysalid had expanded into a butterfly, and, by some unknown power, I was changed from the most arrogant and overbearing man to the tenderest and most delicate of the fair sex, scarcely preserving a faint recollection of my past life. The scene, therefore, now opens in my boudoir, where I found myself seated before my mirror, surrounded by everything that luxury can invent and riches procure. I doubt whether our mother Eve was more surprised at finding herself in Eden, than I was when I first saw my beautiful image reflected in the glass. My skin was dazzlingly fair, and my hair of the lightest shade; I had a Grecian nose, my teeth might have set pearls at defiance, and I had besides such an air of gentleness and modesty as must have delighted all who ever beheld me. It would be endless to dwell on my alabaster arm, my little fairy foot, and the elegant fall of my shoulders; suffice it to say that I was as perfect a beauty as can ever be seen among us imperfect mortals. A box of jewels that was open before me convinced me that I must be rich, but whether married or single, or at whose house I might be, was yet a mystery to me. After casting a glance round me, and admiring a handsome shawl and a hat and feathers that lay on the sofa apparently ready for me to put on, I ventured to open the drawer of a small table, which had a key in it. Here I found some letters directed to Miss Courtly—this I concluded was my new name—which I eagerly opened from an instinctive wish to learn something of my own history. Several were only letters of invitation; at last I came to one which was directed by a woman's hand, and sealed with "Caroline;" this I opened and read.

"Dear Amanthis,—With all due respect to old guardy, I would set him and his old-fashioned notions at defiance. Do pray marry the Lieutenant, that Sir Edwin What's-his-name may burst with spite. Cousin will secretly deliver you this piece of advice.

"Yours truly,

C. M."

I was just proceeding to open another note, when the sound of footsteps caused me to drop it into the drawer, which I closed immediately with evident symptoms of alarm, and the deepest blush overspread my very forehead. The door opened and a woman entered whose countenance was none of the most agreeable; nor was her first address very courteous.

"I thought where I should find Miss Courtly," said the duenna, "always before her looking-glass."

The fact was, I was merely gazing on the mirror as I might have done on any other object, from the vacant stupor and surprise which everything occasioned me in my new state. I bore the rebuke patiently, however, for I was grown wonderfully mild.

"Your aunt is waiting for you to take an airing," continued my intruder; "will you allow me to help you to put on this shawl?"

"Most willingly," replied I, and for the first time I heard the melodious tones of my sweet voice. When I was dressed, I looked so charming, that it was impossible for me not to feel some satisfaction at the thought of our morning ride; and as I went down stairs in high spirits, my old governess who was following behind must have admired my elegant *tournure*, though perhaps the habit of seeing me had blunted the edge of that admiration in her which was so keenly felt by myself. I seemed to know by instinct which door to open when I came to the landing, and though there were three ladies in the room, I never for an instant doubted whom I was to accost as my aunt, but went up to a tall, showy-looking woman of about thirty-eight, of fashionable and elegant appearance, and embraced her with as much ease and warmth as if I had known her all my life. She then introduced me to her two friends, who were reckoned very lively and witty, but who seemed rather noisy and talkative than possessed of either of the above qualities, and too much rouged for daylight. I then glanced with an air of dislike at my guardian, who was old, had a hooked nose (for which I had always a great aversion), and a certain look of severity by no means agreeable to one of my

timid and gentle disposition. He was sitting in a corner of the sofa reading the paper, apparently little interested in anything that was passing.

After a few minutes' conversation, in which I bore my part exceedingly well, my aunt rose, and we ladies all departed, leaving the old gentleman to his own thoughts. We first paid two or three visits, or rather left our cards at as many houses, for nobody was at home. We then drove to Howell and James', to buy several articles of dress for myself, which I chose with as much taste as if I had been accustomed to such things all my life; and as we were walking out of the shop, we were accosted by a young man of fashionable appearance, though devoid of the sort of elegance that I most preferred, who was idling over some watch-ribands, none of which suited his taste, and whilst box after box was uncovered to satisfy him, his glass was turned towards all the *élégantes* who were coming in or going out. This was Sir Edwin, who, as the reader may have guessed from Caroline's letter, was paying his attentions to me. I was directly aware who he was as soon as he said to my aunt:

"You come in time to help me, madam, for I am in the greatest embarrassment possible;" and fondness for hearing himself speak, made him continue in the same affected tone, without waiting for an answer —"I cannot decide what colour to choose for my watch-riband."

"I wonder at you, Sir Edwin," said my aunt in an under voice, "you know that blue is my niece's favourite colour."

I grew scarlet with vexation and anger, and still more so when the puppy actually bought a light blue riband, and by this means cured me for ever of liking the colour. I was likewise obliged to suffer him to hand me into the coach, and was still further annoyed when my aunt asked him whether he would get in, which I believe he would have done without asking. There was an air of unbearable coxcombry about Sir Edwin's whole person; from his perfumed locks to his perfumed handkerchief, every thing seemed artificial, and the mincing affectation of his language appeared in my ideas to suit very ill with his impertinent stare and look of self-sufficiency. While I sat in one corner of the carriage, very much annoyed at his incessant gaze, the two companions of my aunt were talking with him on all manner of subjects; and I learned that we were going to the Opera to see Medea, and that this troublesome gentleman was to be our *cavalier*.

As soon as we reached our door, my aunt said—"I will send the carriage for you, as we agreed. So now, my dear, adieu till to-night. Sir Edwin will hand you out."

But as soon as the door was opened, I alighted before Sir Edwin had begun to stir, and so great was my aversion that I never turned my head to give him a parting nod. As I came up stairs I heard the voices of my governess and Mr. Ashby, who seemed engaged in some very particular conversation. The latter seemed to be scolding, but what the cause was, I could not then ascertain. I thought it better not to enter, and so I remained in my room till dinner. When I came down stairs, Mr. Ashby looked cross, and I was still cross about Sir Edwin, so we did not speak a word during the repast. The minute the table-cloth was removed, I returned to my chamber, and thinking to beguile the hours till it was time to dress, I went again to the same letter-drawer, with a feeling of curiosity to read the note I had in my hand when I was interrupted. But it was in vain I sought, and even read every note; *that one* was not to be found.

Though the circumstances were not yet clear to me, still I felt great alarm about it, and would have given all I possessed to be assured of its safety. I went on fretting about it, till it was past the hour when I should have begun to dress, and was obliged to ring for my maid in great haste. Oh, the endless delays of my new dress! I am obliged to confess that I, who had often measured a lady's vanity by the length of her toilet, might, if retributive justice had been done me, have been considered inordinately vain. The carriage had waited half an hour before I was ready to get into it, and my aunt and her friends were beginning to grow impatient, when I appeared at last.

"We were preparing to scold you," said Sir Edwin, "for not coming sooner, but your appearance is so fascinating, that—"

While he was seeking for the end of his phrase, I turned away in disgust; and yet notwithstanding these unequivocal marks of dislike, my aunt, I believe, was secretly persuaded that I was flattered by his attentions, and the puppy himself imagined my aversion was only modesty.

To the Opera, however, we went, and vastly pleased was I to turn my back on Sir Edwin when we were seated in the box. I was no proficient in music, though I had a splendid grand piano-forte, and my numerous music-books were bound in red morocco, and though an elegant harp graced one corner of the drawing-room, over which I had passed my fingers some half dozen times, just enough to make them sore, and to disgust me—but of music itself I was very fond, as almost all people of sensibility are. I therefore felt very much annoyed during the first act, that all the efforts of Pasta could not suffice to silence the impertinent puppy and the flippant ladies who were about me.

But when the second act had begun, a door opened in an opposite box to let in a young man, who took his place on one of the back seats; and, by the violent beating of my heart, and my total abstraction from the piece, which made me become as inattentive as they, though from a different reason, I perceived that this was the Lieutenant I was in love with. I therefore no longer doubted that the lost note was from him, although he did not seem to look our way, nor as if he saw me, which I attributed either to my aunt's presence, or to his displeasure at Sir Edwin's being in our box. Lieutenant Woodville was in person infinitely superior to the latter, even to the eye of an indifferent spectator, and any defect that he might have was overlooked by my partiality. I had first seen him at a review when attired in the way that best suited his face and figure, and my romantic imagination had decked him out with all the qualities belonging more to a knight errant of former days, such as I had read of in novels, than to a modern gentleman.

I certainly entertained great contempt and even aversion for the courtships of our own times. A young lady perhaps sees a gentleman for a year or more, and never dreams of love—at the end of that time this gentleman (possessed, let us suppose, of neither beauty nor any remarkably fascinating qualities,) thinks he loves her, tells her so, and after due deliberation, she finds out that she loves him too;—now, where there is no more decided choice than this, the same thing might have happened in favour of Mr. A., Mr. B., and so on down to Mr. Z., in short, in favour of any other man that might have loved her; and I always thought it rather humiliating to have my choice chalked out for me, instead of choosing for myself.

Having thus stated my opinion, no one will wonder at my falling in love with Lieutenant Woodville, without consulting either his fortune or any other circumstance. As he moved in genteel society I had frequently opportunities of seeing him; and not having the art to conceal what I felt, it had encouraged him to speak at some favourable opportunity, and me to answer on the same occasion. Of course, all this is retrospective; and I found it out by degrees, as I likewise found that I was a rich heiress, and that Mr. Ashby was invested with more power over the disposal of my hand than I was inclined to brook.

When the opera was over we did not stay for the ballet, because I complained of fatigue. The fact was, Woodville had left the house, and I was sick of Sir Edwin's company. So we went home, and, after again looking for the lost letter as fruitlessly as before, I went to bed, and concluded the first day of my new career.

The following days were very much alike, I might say the following weeks—a great deal of going out—a great deal of Sir Edwin—a great deal of Mr. Ashby's surly temper—and a sight of Woodville now and then. Before the season of amusements was over, my aunt proposed that we should remove to Cheltenham, promising me that my friend Caroline should be of the party, and that I should have no lack of diversions. Notwithstanding all she could say, I was much dissatisfied at the thought of leaving London, as Woodville was there; and the more so as I suspected there must be some concealed reason for it. I therefore opposed it strongly.

"A pretty thing," said Mr. Ashby, "if all pert young ladies had their own way!"

So saying, he quitted the room, leaving my aunt the task of persuading me into it. When she found that all her logic failed, she was obliged to let me into the secret, and by dint of questions I got from her—that the day I went to the Opera (which was the first of my new existence) I had left the key in my drawer, and my governess coming in, and probably seeing my confusion, suspected something, and to make sure of it had perused my letters while I was absent, and had selected one which I had received from Woodville, and

carried it to Mr. Ashby. He was extremely angry and charged her with neglect, and all the common-place things that are said on such occasions, as if it was her fault, poor woman, that I had made use of my eyes and given away my heart. This was, therefore, the quarrel that I had heard on the staircase in the morning: and what was the consequence of her officiousness? She was in disgrace. As she had never made herself agreeable to me, she did not excite my pity; and I was destined to be hurried the sooner into a marriageence. In order, think of without abhorr, that I could not therefore, to *cure* me as they thought, I was to pass the summer at Cheltenham, and the following winter, when I should complete my nineteenth year, I was to be united to Sir Edwin, who had been the husband indicated for me in my father's will by mutual agreement of the two families; and on this occasion Mr. Ashby was to commence the enjoyment of an annuity as a reward for his trouble in my concerns. He was therefore as anxious to conclude the match, as I was averse to it.

How Sir Edwin contrived to be taken with my attractions was always a wonder to me. I think my treatment of him sufficient to render him insensible to the charms of an angel, had I been one; but I suppose his way of thinking was very different from mine in every respect, or rather I should say I suppose he was incapable of loving any thing but himself; and a handsome wife and a large fortune being two things which might contribute to his vanity, he was glad to have them given to him without any trouble, little caring which handsome woman or which fortune it was.

To Cheltenham we therefore went, and we passed all the summer months in nearly the same amusements as in London, still persecuted by the eternal Sir Edwin, whom I could not shake off; and as he was countenanced by my aunt, who now considered him my received lover, I could not help giving him my arm at the morning promenades, and often my hand in the quadrilles in the evening. What vexed me most was to see that every body set us down for lovers, as if it was quite impossible that I might be the victim of his detested attentions; and whenever we were seen together, I either saw a smile pass between two ladies, or heard a whisper concerning our *long attachment*, whilst some added very knowingly that I thought more of the *Baronetcy* than of Sir Edwin's *person*. In short, I believe it is of very little use to be blameless and undesigning, for one is sure to get credit for the contrary by the offices of other people, and one's most meaningless actions are often twisted into the most far-fetched combinations of artifice.

Although I was heartily tired of the life I was leading, I dreaded the approach of winter, as that was to decide my fate; and I bore the separation from Woodville and the presence of Sir Edwin with more patience from that circumstance. But winter came at last, notwithstanding all my wishes to the contrary, and with it we returned to town. It would be scarcely possible for me to express the horror I felt at seeing the preparations that were going on for our intended nuptials. Mr. Ashby was, of course, inflexible; and my aunt thought it such a good match, that she considered it her duty to persuade me into acquiescence. All her friends thought the same, of course; and I stood alone both in my opinion and my resources.

But there is a point when even the gentlest and most timid beings are roused into action, and such was the case with me; though accustomed all my life to let myself be guided by those about me, I felt that this was a stretch beyond their power, and resolved to risk any thing rather than submit to such a fate. It had been the wish of my aunt, since we had been in town, to prevent my seeing my lover; but this was no easy matter for her to manage, not knowing his person nor even his name, as his letter was only signed with his initials; and to prohibit my speaking to, or being spoken to by all the Mr. W.'s in the world, would have been too difficult an undertaking. I knew that I had once described his person to her, but that was precisely a safeguard against her finding him out, for the picture was so flattered that she could never have recognised Woodville from my sketch. She therefore could have no objection when she saw me speaking to a young man, who, in the eyes of impartial judges, had nothing more to recommend him than thousands of others, while I was secretly forming a plot to overturn her designs.

Though in the course of my acquaintance with Woodville I had not found him equal to the being I was willing to imagine him

to be, and had even occasionally thought him somewhat cold in his expressions; yet since my return to town I forgot all recollections of that kind, and again fancied him the impassioned lover I wished him to be. If there was an air of *nonchalance* about him, I tried to fancy it the languishing look of hopeless love: and the alarm that he betrayed when I acquainted him with the intentions of my family about Sir Edwin, convinced me how sincere he was. As we could only speak to one another while dancing, or in a corner of a room, always exposed to being overheard, we could not arrange any plan but imperfectly; but to run away we were both determined. My youth and inexperience must plead my excuse, when I acquaint my reader that I agreed to meet Woodville at his lodgings, from whence we were to proceed on our journey northwards. The time we fixed for the execution of this fine scheme, was a night on which my aunt was to take me to a ball at a new acquaintance's; because my person being unknown to the servants, my escape might be the easier.

The day came, and, so far from being afraid, I felt more courage as the hour approached, and looked forward with delight to the moment when I should meet Woodville in security, and, as I hoped, out of reach of those who wished to separate us. After having danced several quadrilles, I pretended to be rather fatigued, and walked into another room to rid myself of the solicitations of the gentlemen who were persecuting me to favour them with my hand. From thence I reached the staircase, which I descended, and, struggling to conceal my agitation, directed one of the servants to fetch me a hackney-coach, saying, that as I felt indisposed I was desirous of staying no longer. Accordingly I waited in the most mortal anxiety till one was procured, and for the first time in my life getting into a vehicle of this kind with more satisfaction than I had ever done into my aunt's carriage, I ordered the coachman to drive to —— street. When I arrived there, a very decent servant opened the door, and civilly told me that the Lieutenant had two friends with him, and proposed that I should avoid observation, by walking into a little back-parlour. To this I acceded, bidding her at the same time not disturb Woodville, as I was in no hurry, and would rather wait till his friends left him.

When seated in the little room, I might have made some serious reflections on the rash step I had taken, had not my attention been attracted in a still more painful manner, by the conversation that was going on in the front parlour, and which I found to be concerning myself. Woodville had confided, it seems, our whole plan to these friends, who were each making their comments upon my person and conduct.

"I thought what that prim look of hers concealed," said one of them; "one must not trust to appearances."

"Miss Courtly is a pretty girl, however," resumed the other, "and rich she most certainly is."

After a few more such speeches, I heard Woodville's voice:

"I care very little what she is," said he; "her money is all I want. If I can but persuade her that I am desperately in love till we get to Scotland, then all will be well."

An exclamation of horror and indignation had nearly escaped me on hearing these words. This was the man to whom I had sacrificed everything, and whom chance alone discovered to me to be a villain! "Good Heavens," thought I, while tears streamed down from my eyes, "could I ever have suspected such falseness?" And without further reflection, I rushed from the room, opened the street door, and fled from the house, without knowing which direction I took, nor where I meant to go.

It was not till I had run through many streets, that I fancied myself far enough from my deceitful lover, and began to collect my thoughts sufficiently to ask myself this question—"Whither am I going?" I was in a deplorable condition. My hair, disordered by the wind, was hanging about my face, deprived of its graceful curls; my shawl was thrown loosely over my elegant dress, which had somewhat suffered from this nocturnal expedition; and the anguish of my mind gave a wild expression to my whole countenance.

After the first burst of grief was over, I thought with shame of the condition I was in; and the idea of the loss of reputation, and the desertion of my friends, which might be my lot, rushed so forcibly on my mind as to render me even insensible to Woodville's baseness. My anguish was keen enough to revenge Rosina completely, could she have seen or recognised me in my present state! .... I shall never forget that moment! ... Whither could I go? Could

I return to my friends, and expose myself to fresh tyranny, or bear the shame of having failed in my attempt to free myself? That I declared to be impossible; and yet now I recollected many instances of kindness in my aunt which I had never dwelt on before, and I even began to think that I need not have had recourse to such means to avoid my being sacrificed to Sir Edwin....

While I was revolving these thoughts in my mind, completely uncertain of what I meant to do, I came to a narrow passage, which I entered, and, finding an open door, ran in for refuge at all risks. As I was groping about in the dark to ascertain what sort of place I was in, a light suddenly appeared on the staircase, and, to my inexpressible joy, I beheld the figure of my old friend Saami, dressed in a white robe, slowly descending the steps. I instantly flew towards him, and, throwing my snowy arms round his neck, pressed him to my heart as one would a dear friend after a long absence, and entreated him to help me.

The old man was not proof against my sorrow, and, being probably of the opinion of those poets who prefer beauty in tears, took me kindly by the hand, and saying, "Poor creature," he led me into a room where there was a good fire that seemed very cheering after my night's wandering.

"You want rest," said old Saami, "and I advise you to lie down on this sofa and recover your spirits. But for fear your own thoughts should prove the enemies of your rest, drink the contents of this phial, which will lull you into a sweet sleep."

I did not hesitate to follow his injunctions, and soon fell fast asleep.

On awaking, or rather recovering, from the spell which the conjurer had thrown over me, I found that I had not moved from the spot where I had dropped down in a swoon. Like the hero of the eastern tale, who passes through years of adventures during the time he could hold his breath, while his head was immersed in a basin of water, I had seemed distinctly to have lived through a whole year, and to have suffered as vividly as though I had been really an actor in the scenes I have described. The lesson was not lost upon me. My first step was to disentangle myself from Lady Juliana; and this once effected, my next aim was to seek a reconciliation with my charming mistress whom I had so basely deserted. But alas! I was doomed to disappointment! My visits were not received—my letters were returned unopened—and, finally, I received the news of her marriage with the very cousin who had first introduced me to her. I laboured hard to conceal my feelings under the mask of indifference and apathy that men of the world are so proud of affecting, and to play the philosopher with an aching heart, though, after all, I was forced to come to poor Romeo's conclusion, and exclaim with him:—

> "Hang philosophy!
> Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
> It helps not—it prevails not."

It was my wish to seek the Persian conjurer, and implore his aid, but he was gone—no one knew whither; and in truth I very much doubt whether all his science could have healed the wound which my own folly had inflicted on myself.

THE COURT.

SINCE the Court has been removed to Brighton, their Majesties have frequently braved the severity of the weather for the enjoyment and benefit of the sea-breezes. On the 18th ult., a report prevailed in the City that the King was seriously indisposed, but we are happy to state there was not the slightest foundation for the rumour. The usual course of hospitality is pursued at the Palace, but there have not been any parties that call for especial notice.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Forsaken. A Tale. 2 vols. Whittaker and Co.

THIS is a very good Irish tale, evidently written by one of the country, and full of fun and humour intermingled with a due proportion of romance and sentimentality. The characters are generally civil and amusing persons, and one or two of them have all the interest which love and its crosses can afford. In a word, this tale, very good of its kind, is made up according to the usual receipt which serves for modern novels; but it has the advantage of a lively and flowing style and much of the vivacious mother-wit peculiar to the sons of the green island. Those who read it will find that it will enable them pleasantly to while away a long, dull winter evening.

The following scene is a good specimen of the book.

"The walk was ended, the ladies completed their (for that day) tedious and elaborate toilet, dinner was announced, and for the first time Lord Portland had the honour of being presented to Mrs. Dudley, who, with her face inflamed from the kitchen fire, where she had been stationed to inspect the progress of dinner, her person decorated in bright scarlet satin, and her head enveloped in a bag-wig crowned with a yellow hat and white feathers, welcomed the young nobleman, if not with elegance, at least with warmth. She was seated at the head of her table on the entrance of her guests, as she did not wish to intrust Patrick or Peg with the adjustment of the dishes, and had remained watching and directing, as also for the purpose of cooling herself, as the day had been excessively warm and close, and the kitchen broiling, from the numerous fires in Mr. Dudley's self-working kitchen range.

"'Glad, my Lord, to see your Lordship at Dudley Grove,' said the lady. 'What will you have, white soup or brown soup, my Lord?'

"'Neither, thank you, Ma'am.'

"'Neither! Why bless and save me, that is odd! for Mr. Dudley always takes soup, particularly when I make it.'

"'I have not the least doubt of its being excellent, Ma'am, but I never take soup.'

"'Then I won't press you, my Lord. There is chickens and bacon, this is minced veal and tongue, there is fish and beef coming in: call for what you please, my Lord.'

"'Thank you, Ma'am; I will trouble Miss Beauclerk for some chicken.'

"'Miss Beauclerk, honey, can you cut up a chicken?'

"'I will try, Ma'am.'

"'If you can't, Hope will; she carves elegant.'

"'Miss Beauclerk, permit Miss Hope Dudley to carve; I shall be most happy to be helped by so fine a lady.'

"'Your politeness, my Lord, is only equalled by your condescension,' said Mr. Dudley, as he took the chicken himself and cut it up.

"'My Lord, there is bottled beer and draught beer, there is bottled cider and draught cider, there is spruce beer and porter: call for what you like,' said Mrs. Dudley, with a bone of chicken in her hand, which she was picking.

" ' I will take some cider, Ma'am.'

" ' Which cider, my Lord?'

" ' Which you please, Ma'am.'

" ' Then, Patrick, help Lord Portland to some draught cider. I don't think, Mr. Dudley, the new plan in bottling that cask of cider answered; it turned quite black and sour,'

" ' Have patience, Mrs. Dudley; I engage it will clear and sweeten yet,' replied Mr. Dudley, crossly, to his better half, who, busily engaged in forcing Lord Portland to eat of everything at table, did not seem to mind him.

" ' Do you ever eat tripes, my Lord?'

" ' Never, Ma'am.'

" ' For if you did, I could recommend that dish of 'em. Mr. Dudley doats upon tripe and cow-heel.'

" ' Does he? I believe they are very good for those who like them.'

" ' They are, though I hear they isn't a company-dish now.'

" ' Really, Ma'am, I cannot say.'

" ' Indeed! I didn't believe whoever it was told me, for I know that King George the Third was uncommon fond of 'em.'

" ' I never remember to have heard of His Majesty's professing such a fancy,' said the Earl, with a smile.

" ' Now didn't you? Why then, indeed, it is a positive fact.'

" ' Very possibly, Ma'am. Miss Beauclerk, allow me the honour of taking wine with you.'

" ' But, my Lord, is it possible you never heard of His Majesty's liking tripe and cow-heel?' said Mrs. Dudley again.

" ' Never, 'pon my honour; I assure you, Ma'am, I never heard it.'

" ' Well, as a proof of it, my brother, Mr. Cormick (he was the great Mr. Cormick of Dublin—I am sure you often heard of him, my Lord), went to pay a visit to the King one morning (for my brother was uncommon intimate with the King), and after a good deal of chat on one thing or another, he said, ' Mr. Cormick,' says he, ' did you see the Queen to-day?'—' No, please your Majesty,' says he; upon which the King opened the door of an inner room, and called the Queen. She came out with a deck of cards in her hand, and started back when she saw a stranger as she supposed. ' Oh, never mind, my dear!' says the King; ' 'tis only Cosey and I,' (for my brother's name was Cosby, and his intimates always called him Cosey). ' How do you do, Mr. Cormick?' says the Queen, shaking hands with him; ' won't you take a glass of wine this morning?' ' No, I thank you,' says Cosey. ' Do,' says she, ' 'tis in the room.' ' I'd rather not,' says he, for he was as abstemious a man as ever lived. ' Well,' says she, ' I am sorry for it, and sorry too that we can't ask you to dinner, as it is washing-day, and George and I doat upon tripe and cow-heel; so to save trouble, we get that early.' "

" ' What nonsense, Mrs. Dudley, you always talk,' said her husband, enraged at her thus exposing her ignorance, and her brother, the great Mr. Cormick's habit of lying: ' I wonder you can believe such stuff.'

" ' Indeed, Darby dear, it is no stuff at all, for Cosey—'

" ' Damn Cosey,' replied Mr. Dudley, stung to the quick by the visible inclination to laugh which he saw upon Lord Portland's handsome countenance. ' My Lord, try this Madeira; I think you will like it; it is, I flatter myself, prime '

" Dinner proceeded, and was ended, and to the great relief of Alice, Mrs. Dudley rose to depart, and the gentlemen were left to themselves."

The Keepsake for 1837, edited by the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. Longman and Co.

THE Annuals for the succeeding year have taken the field in strong force, and we may safely aver that ever since the ' Forget Me Not ' appeared—that great-grandfather of the whole tribe of Annuals—no efforts have been made so great as those employed in these periodicals for the year 1837. The fine arts, the power of ornamental printing, and the perfection of ornamental binding, have all been put in requisition, and in each department no expense has been spared to render these volumes worthy of the patronage they have received in former years. The pictorial embellishments to the volume before us are first-rate; the literary contents bear the names of Lady Dacre, Miss Landon, the Countess of Blessington, Lord Nugent, Mr. Chorley, Mrs. Shelley, the fair Editor, and a host of aristocratic contributors, who show how successfully imaginative literature is cultivated in the upper circles of English society.

Heath's Book of Beauty, 1837. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. Longman and Co.

As heretofore, the Book of Beauty for 1837 justifies its title; the portraits are of the highest character of the description of art to which they belong, and Lady Blessington, with her usual skill, has displayed much taste and judgment in selecting the letter-press illustrations which form the literary contents of this beautiful volume. If the two former numbers can be exceeded it is done by the present, which offers a union of talent and genius seldom found in so small a compass.

The Comic Almanack for 1837. By Rigdum Funnidos, Gent. Tilt.

WHEN this almanack first appeared, we adopted it as our almanack, and have continued to use it ever since. With the illustrations of the seasons, and other oddities, by George

Cruikshank, and with the wit that pervades its pages, it is irresistible. Let our fair readers only once look at it, and they too will use no other almanack.

Exposition of Homoeopathy, by Dr. Bureaud Riofrey.

At a period when the doctrine of homoeopathy has given rise to considerable discussion, and raised much interest in consequence of the premature death of Madame Malibran de Beriot, supposed by many to have fallen a victim to the application of this system of medicine to her disease, because homoeopathy had no means of subduing inflammatory action—we feel ourselves bound to call the attention of our readers to a paper on homoeopathy read by Dr. Bureaud Riofrey to the Westminster Medical Society, at its meeting on Saturday November 15th, and published in its report of that meeting. Dr. Bureaud Riofrey, in this paper, has exposed in very measured, though strong terms, the absurdities of Dr. Hahneman's system; and the arguments he has advanced are unanswerable. This paper deserves to be made known.

The Works of William Cowper, Esq., comprising his Poems, Correspondence, and Translations. Edited by Robert Southey, Esq., LL.D., Poet Laureate, &c. Vol. VIII. Baldwin and Cradock.

Having already given our opinion of this work, we have here only to announce the appearance of the eighth volume, which is quite worthy of its predecessors.

FINE ARTS.

Finden's Tableaux. A series of Thirteen Scenes of National Character, Beauty, and Costume. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. Charles Tilt, London.

This is decidedly the most ambitious attempt that has yet been made in the class of literature and of art to which it belongs; and we are bound to say, that it is as successful as it is ambitious. The chief obstacle that has hitherto stood in the way of the improvement of the Annuals in their pictorial departments respectively, has been the small and necessarily inefficient *scale* of their designs, which asolutely precluded anything like first-rate artistical effects, except in the case of single portraits. This obstacle has been avoided in the present instance, by the bold and enterprising step of bringing the work out on a scale that fully admits of every necessary development, both in design and execution. The consequence is that in point of pictorial embellishment merely, it sets the competition of the present year at defiance. The size of the Tableaux is imperial quarto; and each plate represents a national group, intended to illustrate the peculiar character, costume, and class of female beauty which belong respectively to the locality chosen for illustration; and the whole of the engravings being executed in the highest style of art, the work may be regarded as a sort of gallery of illustrative national designs rather than a mere embellished volume. And in this point of view it may be considered the cheapest among all the Annuals, since every one of the thirteen plates is capable and worthy of being used as a separate object of ornamental art. On the other hand, to those who desire to retain it in its existing form, as a volume of united literature and art, it has received the efficient aid of Mrs. S. C. Hall's editorial taste and experience; each plate being accompanied by a tale or poetic sketch, appropriate to the subject treated of by the artist. The chief of these are contributed by Mrs. Hall herself: among the other contributors are the Countess of Blessington, Miss Landon, Leigh Hunt, &c.

Our limits necessarily preclude a detailed description and criticism of the several designs which embellish this splendid publication; but we may state generally that the original artists and the engravers have vied with each other in their efforts to make this work what in point of fact its rivals themselves allow it to be—namely, the most richly illustrated productioa of the present season.

VARIETIES.

CHAMBER MUSIC.

It is with great pleasure that we announce the return of those beautiful chamber concerts which gave so much delight last year. Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, and Lucas, are, we are informed, already making preparations to open the campaign with some novelties that will secure the patronage and support of all lovers of good music. Mr. Purday, also, has taken his measures for continuing, at Horn's Tavern, Doctors' Commons, the quartet concerts which proved so attractive last year.

KING'S THEATRE.

We hear it rumoured that, from the disgust excited by the anomalous condition of this theatre during the last twenty years, it is in contemplation to build another with accommodation better adapted to the state of the modern opera. Should this prove true, the trick of engaging all the great Italian singers for the King's Theatre, and binding them down to sing no where else, is likely to prove a bad speculation. It has already lasted too long.

INDEX

TO

THE NINTH VOLUME.

Original Papers.

B.

Burning of the Packet Ship Boston, by a Passenger, 11.

C.

Casket of Fate, The, by Frances S. Osgood, 152.
Courtenay, Genealogical Memoir of Lady, 45.
Crumpled Rose Leaf, The, by Frances S. Osgood, 126.

D.

Day, A, in New England, by Frances S. Osgood, 179.
Denman, Genealogical Memoir of Lady, 134.
Dundas, Genealogical Memoir of the Hon. Mrs., 1.

E.

Emigrants, The, by Agnes S. Taylor, 144.

F.

Fallen Intelligences, The, 109.
Forest Track, The, Part II., 3.
Fordwich, Genealogical Memoir of Viscountess, 221

G.

Glenbower, or the Bothered Glen, 233.

H.

Hazard Table, The, 114.
Hindoo Widow, The, 182, 223.

I.

Irish Letters of Introduction, 56.
Irish Scamp, The, 103.
Je veille sur toi, ma Mère, 98.
Judd Watson, 255.

M.

Mad Dog, The, 27.
Malibran de Beriot, Madame, by Agnes S. Taylor, 190.
Man in the Moon, The, a Leinster Legend, 16.
Martha Vincent, a Legend of Love at First Sight, 135.
My First Service, 74.

N.

Native Army in India, The, by Major A. James, 80.

O.

On Galleries in General, and the Ladies' Gallery in particular, 201.

P.

Pariah, The, 91, 153.
Plain Sailing on Shore, by the Author of "The Invisible Gentleman," 119, 160, 207.
Powis Castle, the Seat of the Earl of Powis, 214.
Persian Conjuror, The, 251.

R.

Reading a Novel, 6.
Rose, The, by the Rev. Hobart Caunter, 82.
Russell, Genealogical Memoir of Lady John, 178.

S.

Sandpit Gate, Windsor Park, 38.
Smugglers, The, by Agnes S. Taylor, 62.
Spanish Priest, The—Foraging in Spain, 168.
Spanish Story, A, by H. W. Woolrych, Esq., 19.

T.

Three Beneventi, The, Part I. 21, Part II. 69.
Twin Brothers, The, by W. Godwin, jun., 47.

V.

Victim, The, of Power, by W. C. Taylor, LL.D. 194, 270.
Vivian, Genealogical Memoir of Lady, 90.

W.

Westport, the Seat of the Marquis of Sligo, 129.

Register of Miscellanies.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH—FASHIONS—EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD—MUSIC—FINE ARTS—THE DRAMA—MARRIAGES, BIRTHS, AND DEATHS.

A.

Althorpe Picture Gallery, notice of, 42.
Ariel, by E. T. Parris, notice of, 212.
Art thou not dear to this Heart, 175.

B.

Beauty, by A. Walker, notice of, 42.
Bennedict's, Mr., Annual Morning Concert, 44.
Births, iv., viii., xii., xvi., xx., xxiv.

C.

Chess made Easy, by G. Walker, notice of, 85.
Choral Harmonic Society Concert, 88, 176, 212.
Colosseum, 176.
Concert of Madlle. Parigini and Sig. Marras, 88.
Concerts of the Month, 88.
Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman, notice of, 211.
Court, The, 39, 83, 130, 174, 217, 262.
Cruse's Original Cathedral Service, notice of, 152.
Cruse's Psalms, adapted for Four Voices, 132.
Cruse's One Hundred Original double and single Cathedral Chants, 132.
Comic Almanack, The, Notice of, 263.
Chamber Music, 264.

D.

Destroying Angel, by John Martin, notice of, 86.
Death of the First Born, by John Martin, notice of, 86.
Deaths, iv., viii., xii., xvi., xx., xxiv.
De Beriot's Concert, 44.
Diary of a Désennuyée, notice of, 83.
Dream of the Bottle, The, notice of, 43.

E.

Elementary Compendium of Music, notice of, 43.
Engravings from the Works of the late G. S. Newton, R. A. 132.
Engravings from the Works of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, notice of, 63.
Essays towards the History of Painting, by Mrs. Calcott, notice of, 85.
Exposition of Homœopathy, notice of, 264.

F.

Fashions for the Month: July, i; August, v; September, ix; October, xiii; November, xvii; December, xxi.
Female Improvement, by Mrs. J. Sandford, notice of, 85.
Finden's Ports and Harbours of Great Britain, notice of, 88.
Flowers of Loveliness, notice of, 211.
Friendship's Offering, notice of, 212.
Forget Me Not, The, notice of, 212.
Forsaken, The, notice of, 262.
Finden's Tableaux, notice of, 264.

G.

Giulio Piccini's, Sig., Concert, 88.

H.

Hand Book for Travellers on the Continent, notice of, 131.
Her Name, Song by the Editor, 44.
Historical Recollections of Hyde Park, notice of, 84.
History of Quadrupeds, by Thomas Bell, notice of, 85.
Heath's Book of Beauty, notice of, 263.

I.

Invitation—Pour la Valse, 175.
Isaacs' Travels in Eastern Africa, notice of, 41.
Jerningham, or the Inconsistent Man, notice of, 81.

K.

Keepsake, The, notice of, 263.
King's Theatre, 264.

L.

Lament on the Death of Amy Claude, notice of, 132.
Landscape Annual, The, for 1837, notice of, 210.
Lawrence's, Sir Thomas, Cabinet of Gems, notice of, 210.
Literary Intelligence, iii, vii, xi, xv, xix, xxiii.
Lord of all that's pure and bright, 175.

M.

Magazine of Health, notice of, 131.
Marriages, iv, viii, xii, xvi, xx, xxiv.
Mascarhenhas, a Legend of the Portuguese in India, notice of, 40.
May Day in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, by C. R. Leslie, notice of, 86.
Metallic Ink, 176.
Mrs. Armytage, or Female Domination, notice of, 83.

O.

Oriental Annual, The, for 1837, notice of, 209.

P.

Philharmonic Concerts, 43.
Poetic Wreath, The, notice of, 41.
Portraits of the Persian Princes, by J. Minasi, 152.
Posthumous Works of George Aspull, 175.
Priors of Prague, The, notice of, 41.

R.

Romance of Nature, by Miss Twamley, notice of, 84.

S.

Schulz's, Mr. E., Concert, 44.
Shandean Fragments, 176.
Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Paris, 175.
Southey's Works of Cowper, notice of, 42, 264.
Spanish Monks preaching at Seville, by J. F. Lewis, notice of, 86.
St. Petersburgh, Constantinople, &c., by W. Von Fitz, notice of, 84.
Standard French Works, Vol. III., notice of, 131.
Stanfield's Coast Scenery, notice of, 88.

T.

The Stars are gleaming, 175.
Tales of Fashion and Reality, notice of, 42.
Tales of a Rambler, illustrated by H. C. Selous, notice of, 85.
Tracts relating to Caspar Hauser, notice of, 85.
Traits and Trials of Early Life, by L. E. L., notice of, 131.

V.

Violet, or the Danseuse, notice of, 174.
Visionary, The, a Fragment, notice of, 42.

Y.

Yon Sabbath Bell, 175.

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FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF JULY, 1836.

MORNING DRESS

Of *batiste ecrue* made high to the throat, mantilla of *mode* lined with pink and trimmed with black lace. Bonnet of *paille d'Italie*, with a single ostrich feather.

COURT DRESS.

The petticoat of white crape, the robings composed of beads and roses, the train of green satin bordered with *blonde*. Pelerine and ruffles of *blonde*. Head-dress green and white feathers, with *bandeau* and earrings of brilliants.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The extreme warmth of the weather has rendered light materials more in request this month, than last. Silks, however, are by no means laid aside, but they are less generally adopted. Printed muslins are coming much into favour in morning-dress, and *mousselines de laine* and *de soie* are more in request for half-dress. We have seen some of the former of Turkish patterns of uncommon beauty; others flowered in various colours, upon a grey or dust-coloured ground; the patterns of these latter are exceedingly novel, and some are remarkably pretty.

The scarfs that we mentioned last month still continue their vogue in carriage-dress, but those of black lace are now in a majority. We see also some Venetian scarfs of India muslin, trimmed with white lace; these latter are worn over robes with high *corsages*, they form a mantilla behind, are draped in the bosom, and have the ends floating like those of a broad ceinture.

Rice straw maintains its vogue for carriage-hats; indeed we see scarcely any others. Drawn bonnets are very generally adopted in morning-dress; they are also, but of a more dressy kind, fashionable in *demi toilette*, but we see scarcely any silk bonnets that are not drawn. The only novelty that we have to notice in hats and bonnets, is the style in which they are trimmed. We may cite among the most novel, a rice straw hat, with a very wide brim, edged with blue, and the interior ornamented with jasmine intermingled with blue Easter daisies. A sprig of pervinca placed in the weeping-willow style, decorated the crown. Some others, remarkable for their elegant simplicity, have the interior of the brim trimmed with blond lace, in which a light sprig of flowers is inserted on one side. The crown is ornamented only with a small wreath of flowers, which encircles it near the top. An extremely pretty ornament for the interior of the brims of hats, and which is also placed under caps in evening-dress, and on the hair, is called *guirlande du Serail*; it is composed of very small light flowers of delicate colours.

Pelisse robes, both of white and printed muslin, are a good deal worn in morning-dress. Some of the former are made in a very plain style, being simply frilled down the front with the same material; others intended for *demi toilette*, are beautifully embroidered. Those of printed muslin are generally closed in front, or down one side, by knots of quadrilled riband, the hues of which correspond with those of the robe.

Flounces are very much in request both for dinner and evening dress, particularly for muslin robes; indeed there are none of the latter, except those of the pelisse form, now made without them. Some dresses have one very deep flounce, with a heading; others, two smaller ones, divided by a full *bouillon*, or an embroidery. Some dresses have a single flounce of Mechlin or Brussels lace. Where the robe is of silk, the flounce may be either of the same material festooned, or else of black lace; the latter is more in request. We must observe, however, that with regard to silk dresses, or those of *mousseline de soie*, &c. &c. flounces are not indispensable, the majority of these robes being made plain.

As public breakfasts are at present quite the rage, we shall just give a glance at the dresses that have lately appeared at some of the most elegant ones. There were several robes of clear muslin, either embroidered or figured, trimmed with a single lace flounce, and worn over white *pou de soie* under-dresses. Others of

India muslin, embroidered in feather-stitch, or ornamented with bias or plain tucks, through which white or rose ribands were passed, the riband forming a knot on one side of the skirt. In general, these robes were trimmed with three tucks, each ornamented with a knot. The most admired dresses were those of *tulle*, embroidered in application, and some of them lined with rose-coloured gauze, the effect of which was extremely pretty. Those of white *pou de soie*, with painted or figured patterns, and also those of India muslin, with a double flounce of lace. The *corsages* offered no novelty in their form. Short sleeves, worn tight to the arm, but covered with lace or trimmings which gave an appearance of fulness. Long sleeves were mostly of the bouffant kind, but with considerable variety in the disposition of the puffs. They were, generally speaking, made with a plain tight piece on the upper part of the sleeve ; this epaulette was always edged with a trimming corresponding with that of the skirt, or with lace. The scarfs were mostly of black or white lace. We remarked, however, a few of India muslin, embroidered in gold. Almost all the ceintures were of broad figured riband, tied on one side, and with floating ends.

The majority of the head-dresses were rice-straw hats, trimmed either with feathers or flowers, it would be difficult to say which was in a majority. We may cite among the prettiest of those trimmed with flowers, one that had the brim *liserée* with cherry colour, and the interior trimmed with small cherry-coloured roses. A sprig of small flowers of a dead white, without foliage, and lightly spotted with cherry colour, adorned the crown. Another *liserée*, with straw colour, was trimmed with a tuft of white roses mingled with small yellow flowers ; and a third edged with apple green, was trimmed with green and white quadrilled ribands, and a bouquet of white flowers, with foliage of various shades of green. Fashionable colours remain the same as last month, but we think that rose and white are most in favour.

COSTUME OF PARIS—BY A PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT.

THE majority of hats in *négligé* are trimmed with bands of velvet ; this fashion, so singular for this season, is very general ; it is even partially adopted in half dress for hats of Italian straw. One that has been very much admired is trimmed with bands of red velvet, and surmounted by a bouquet of ears of unripe corn, and corn flowers. Some others are trimmed with ears of Indian corn, the long foliage of which falls gracefully in the weeping willow style. A new material called *Sparterie de Venise*, which is a kind of willow, is coming into favour, but it is not yet very much worn, Italian and rice-straw being the only materials really fashionable for hats. Drawn bonnets have lost nothing of their vogue in morning-dress, particularly those of white or grey *pou de soie*, lined with straw or cherry colour.

There is quite a mania for scarfs ; they are all of one form, or nearly so, but there is great variety in the materials. They are of *pou de soie*, *satin d'Orient*, or *gros d'été*, either black or coloured. Others more expensive, are of India muslin trimmed with costly lace,—or black lace, bordered also, and that profusely with costly lace. For young unmarried ladies, the scarf is of black *tulle*, simply trimmed with a coloured riband, generally rose or blue, passed through the hem. We see also a few shawls of China crape, square, and of a large size ; those adopted by elegant women are principally white figured on white.

Open robes are very much adopted both for morning exhibitions and evening *négligé*. The petticoats worn with these dresses are generally much more elegant and expensive than the robes ; thus we see the latter composed of cambric or muslin, either pointed or plain, and having no other trimming than the broad hem that encircles them, while the cambric petticoat is trimmed with a double embroidered flounce, or one of lace. We see also a good many under-dresses embroidered *en tablier* in front. The most novel style of embroidery is in *entoilages à jour*, on a cambric ground. These *entoilages*, which seem to be taken from the old English and Valenciennes point lace, have a very antique effect ; but this seems quite the taste of the day, as we see many ladies adopt Flanders lace of the old-fashioned kind, that is, heavy patterns upon a light ground. These laces are frequently used as flounces or trimmings for pelisse-robes.

A much more simple as well as prettier fashion, is that of *peignoirs* of muslin, or plain organdy, with a rose or straw-coloured riband passed all round in the hem. The pelerine, which forms a point under the ceinture, is also encircled with a riband passed through the hem. A broad ceinture of riband of the same colour, is tied before or at the side.

Caps retain their vogue for public breakfasts, *soirées*, and the *spectacle* ; those now in favour are *à la Charlotte*, *Corday*, and *à la Norma*, the first have entirely lost their originally simple and unbecoming form. The fronts are made flat on the forehead, and arranged *en papillon*, but very light at each side ; flowers or knots of riband are tastefully disposed under the front on each side, and blond *barbes* give an elegant finish to the cap. The *bonnet á la Norma* is of a more dressy kind ; it has no caul, but is merely a front which encircles the head, displaying to great advantage the luxuriance of the hair. The front is composed of blond and riband, and blond *barbes*, which float

gracefully over the shoulders. A light wreath of small flowers, lightly tinged with rose, decorates the forehead, and forms a small point in the centre.

There is quite a revolution in bracelets and neck-chains; they are now as small and light, as they were some time ago massive and heavy. The neck-chain is indeed of such delicate workmanship, that it appears like a gold thread. Bracelets are formed of narrow velvet, clasped by a pearl, a precious stone, or a small *mosaique*. Some are composed of two narrow gold chains, fastened by a topas, or an emerald. A tress of hair with a diamond clasp, is also a favourite style of bracelet. Apple green, grey-lilac, straw, the lighter shades of rose, and some new shades of dust colour, and brown, are the fashionable hues.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Female Domination. By the authoress of Mothers and Daughters.

Diary of a Désennuyée.

A Chronological Manual of all the Parliaments of England, from the reign of William the Conqueror to the passing of the Reform Bill.

Mrs. Trollope's new work, The Life and Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whitelaw, with 15 illustrations.

The Harmony of Phrenology with the Doctrines of Christianity, being a refutation of the Errors contained in Dr. Coombe's Constitution of Man in relation to external objects.

Captain Baron Von Rahden announces his intention of publishing a grand Historico-Military Plan, or National Memento of the Defence of the Citadel of Antwerp in December, 1832.

A Narrative, under the title of Jerningham, or the Inconsistent Man, in which the author has introduced, under a fictitious character, the opinions and sentiments of a well-known and highly gifted Poet.

A new novel, to be called Bilberry Thurland, by Charles Hooton, Esq., with numerous characteristic illustrations.

An historical Romance, by the Hon. George Berkley, M.P.

Rattlin the Reefer, edited by Captain Marryat, with characteristic illustrations.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Tales of the Woods and Fields, being a second series of Two Old Men's Tales.

Sketches of Scotland, by Lord Teignmouth.

The Magician, a romance, by Leitch Ritchie.

Lord Roldan, a romance, by Allan Cunningham.

Captain Back's Narrative of the Arctic Land Expedition.

Ryall's Portraits of Conservative Statesmen, No. I.

Wood Leighton, by Mrs. Howitt.

Posthumous Records of Sir N. Wraxall.

Cooper's Excursions in Switzerland.

Schloss Hainfeld, or a Winter in Lower Styria, by Captain Basil Hall.

Tales of Fashion and Reality, by the daughters of the Reverend Lord Beauclerk.

Essays towards the History of Painting, by Mrs. Calcott.

Home, or the Iron Rule, by Miss Stickney.

The Broken Font, a Story of the Civil War, by Major Sherer.

Travels and Adventures in Eastern Africa, by Nathaniel Isaacs.

Lord Mahon's History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Spanish Sketches, by J. F. Lewis.

Literary Remains of the late William Hazlitt.

Landor's Adventures in the North of Europe.

Recollections of an Artillery Officer, by Benson Earle Hill.

Hella, and other Poems, by Mrs. G. Lenox Conyngham.

Notes of a Ramble through France, Italy, and Germany.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 4th, at Monteviot, the Marchioness of Lothian, of a daughter.

On the 4th, at Balcashie, the lady of Sir Ralph A. Anstruther, of a son.

On the 6th, at Ray, Maidenhead, Lady Phillimore, of a daughter.

On the 9th, the lady of Sir William Geary, Bart., of a daughter.

In Charles Street, Berkeley Square, the Countess of Craven, of a daughter.

On the 12th, the Countess of Guildford, of a daughter.

On the 8th, at Adlestrop, Gloucestershire, the Hon. Mrs. Twistleton, of a son.

On the 15th, in St. James' Place, Lady Freemantle, of a son.

On the 16th, at Walton Rectory, Somerset, the Lady John Thynne, of a son.

On the 11th, at Ripston Hall, Yorkshire, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Lascelles, of a daughter.

On the 18th, at Taplow Court, the Countess of Orkney, of a daughter.

On the 20th, in Wilton Crescent, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Ferguson, Grenadier Guards, of a son.

On the 21st, at Brickett, the Viscountess Barrington, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 7th, at Richmond, by the Regius Professor of Hebrew, W. Bouverie Pusey, Esq., to Catherine, second daughter of Thomas Freeman, Esq.

On the 9th, at Long Ashton, Somersetshire, D. Lewis, Esq., M. P., of Stradey, Caermarthan, to Letitia, youngest daughter of the late Benjamin Way, Esq., of Durham Place, Bucks.

On the 14th, at Greenock, N. B., Edward Candler, Esq., of Morton Pinkney, Northampton, to the Right Hon. Maria Janet, Baroness Sempill, in her own right in the peerage of Scotland.

On the 11th, at St. Marylebone Church, James John Kinloch, Etq., to Sophia, fourth daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir George Anson, G.C.B. and M.P.

On the 26th ult., at Paris, Lord Stafford, to Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Catton, Esq.

On the 20th inst., at St. George's, Hanover Square, Edward Divett, Esq., M.P., to Ann, only child of the late George Ross, Esq.

On the 15th, at Frankfort on the Maine, Lionel de Rothschild, Esq., eldest son of N. M, de Rothschild, Esq., to Charlotte, daughter of Baron Charles de Rothschild, of Frankfort on the Maine.

On the 23rd. H. Hoskins, Esq., M. P., for Herefordshire, to Miss Eliza Haynes, of Sloane Street.

DEATHS.

On the 28th ult, in the 67th year of his age, George Gordon, fifth Duke of Gordon.

At the Duke of Dorset's, in Harley Street, the Hon. George Germain, second son of the late Viscount Sackville, and brother of the present Duke of Dorset.

On the 6th inst., at the house of his son, Lieut.-Colonel Scott, General Scott.

On the 14th, at his seat, Well Park, near Quin, the Rev. Dr. M'Mahon, R. C. Bishop of Killaloe.

On the 29th ult., at Florence, the Hon Grey Bennet,

On the 10th inst., at his house on Cambridge Terrace, Edgware Road, Barry Edward O'Meara, late surgeon to the Emperor Napoleon.

On the 15th, at Shottisbrook Park, Berks, Christopher Watson, Esq., formerly Lieut.-Col. in the 3rd, or King's Royal Dragoons, in the 86th year.

On the 20th, in Harley Street, Charles Dolby, Esq., of Brigs, near Brentwood, Essex.

On the 23rd, at his house in Kensington, after a lingering illness, James Mill, Esq., author of History of British India, &c.

Evening Dress.

Morning Dress. — Walking Dress

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST, 1836.

MORNING DRESSES.

SITTING figure, dress of white *organdi*, embroidered, a green riband passes through the hem, and ties round the waist. Cap of embroidered *tulle*, trimmed with green.

STANDING FIGURE.

DRESS of lilac and green plaid silk. Pelerine of Brussels lace, with green riband in the hems. Bonnet of *Paille d'Italie*, trimmed with green velvet and corn flowers.

EVENING DRESS.

OF pink *glasse* silk, worked and trimmed with black rosettes of black *tulle* on the front and sleeves of the dress; ruffles and *fichu* of black lace.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

THOUGH the London season is at an end, the genius of fashion is not idle, and the toilettes of our *élégantes* at the different watering-places to which they have now repaired, if more simple than they were in London, are by no means less elegant. To begin then with what is always an important article, but particularly so at this season of the year, carriage and, what is the same thing, public promenade hats and bonnets. The most novel of the latter for *négligé*, are drawn ones of the finest French cambric; they are trimmed with knots of the same material, and a curtain veil of English point lace. They are of the usual form, but rather more open in the brim than we have yet seen them. This is the last novelty in morning bonnets; it is one that will be easily imitated, but from the costliness of its materials it cannot become common. Some of the new drawn bonnets of *pou de soie* are made with the drawings of the brim put excessively close together; and we see that a good many have the crown trimmed both with ribands and flowers. Hats of Italian straw have the brims always larger than those of any other material. The majority of those hats are now trimmed, in half-dress, with velvet of full colours intermingled with flowers; nor is the use of velvet confined to them only, several rice straw hats are also decorated with it. Those of Italian straw have the interior of the brim generally trimmed with puffs of velvet next the face, and a knot on one side. The crown is ornamented with two bands, one near the top, the other at the bottom; the latter crosses in front, and the ends form *brides*. A bouquet of flowers is placed on one side, and a deep velvet curtain at the back of the crown. This last fashion, though general, is not always adopted, some having the curtain of the material of the hat a moderate size, and lightly turned up. Corn flowers, mingled with ears of unripe corn, are much in favour for Italian straw hats: violet, ponceau, green, and a rich shade of brown, are the colours most in favour for the velvet that trims these hats; but those of rice straw are generally decorated with lighter hues, with the exception of ponceau, which is in favour for both. In general, rice straw *chapeaux* have the interior of the brims ornamented with an intermixture of blond lace and flowers, to which a single velvet loop is sometimes added. Although flowers are frequently employed to trim the crowns of these *chapeaux*, yet white ostrich feathers are more in request. Shaded ribands are coming into favour both for rice and Italian straw. They are shaded in one colour only, from the deepest to the palest tinge of it; a good many are fringed. When the hat is trimmed with flowers, the riband always corresponds with one of the colours of it.

Scarfs are still in request, particularly black lace ones, and those of India muslin, lined with coloured gauze, and trimmed with white lace; nothing can be lighter or more elegant than these latter. A new accessory, that is worn with scarfs of all kinds, is called a *fraise*, it has replaced neck knots, collerettes, and in fact cravats of all kinds. It is a piece of muslin about half an ell in length and an eighth in width, embroidered and trimmed with a *ruche*. It is folded across in the *fichu* style, and fastened by a large ornamental pin.

Printed materials of fine Cashmere wool, and Indian foulards, also printed, are both fashionable in half dress; but not more so than white muslin. Flounces are getting more into favour; they are now adopted as much in half, as in evening dress; but we observe that in the former, and also for printed materials, there is never more than a single deep flounce, always made with a heading. When the robe is white, there are two flounces, or else a very deep one, which is divided in the centre by a *bouillon*, so that one-half stands up. A white or coloured satin riband is drawn through the broad hem which borders each edge of the

flounce, and also through the *bouillon*, which divides it. A butterfly knot with ends, is placed on the *bouillon* in the front of the skirt.

Corsages vary in evening dress. Some are *en cœur*, either in crossed drapery or *à la Vierge;* others are cut quite square. Tight short sleeves keep their ground in evening dress; but though in a decided majority, they are not exclusively adopted, those called *demi-longues* being nearly, though not quite so fashionable; they are composed of two *bouillons*, the lower one falling below the elbow.

A novel style of trimming for muslin and organdy dresses has just appeared, and, we have reason to believe, will become very fashionable, though certainly it is quite unsuited to the season. It consists of *ceintures* with floating ends, bracelets, neck-knots, and shoulder-knots, of black velvet. Should these trimmings be adopted, they will probably continue in favour during the winter, and certainly they would have a very rich and appropriate effect on silk or satin robes; but a velvet trimming upon a clear muslin dress is undoubtedly in the very worst taste. Fashionable colours are pale pink, azure blue, *écrue*, *pensée*, straw colour, lilac, and various shades of drab, grey, and green. Full colours are usually adopted for velvet trimmings.

COSTUME OF PARIS—BY A PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT.

THE *élite* of our fair fashionables are either at the watering places or at their country seats, nevertheless Paris is still as brilliant as ever, because the place of the deserters is filled by a host of distinguished foreigners, in the first rank of whom we must class the English. Some little alteration has taken place in the size of bonnets and hats; the brims have increased in size, and the crowns diminished in height. Several of the new drawn bonnets are of organdy; some have a *voilette* of English point lace, others are lined with rose-coloured gauze, and have the edge of the brim trimmed with a short veil of rose-coloured *tulle*. We see several half-dress drawn bonnets composed of black crape, with the whalebone covered with blue, green, or rose-coloured satin; they are trimmed with roses and gauze ribands of the colour of the satin. These *capotes* are novel, and as yet have been adopted only by elegant women; they are becoming only to fair beauties.

We may cite as the most novel half dress hats, those of coloured crape covered with white crape; the shade of colour thus produced has a novel effect. Some of these hats are trimmed with white flowers only, others with white flowers intermixed with those of the colour of the lining, and several with white ostrich feathers tipped with the colour of the lining.

Velvet seems to have superseded riband for trimmings of *coiffures* of all kinds; not only hats and caps, but even head-dresses of hair are adorned with it. Summer shawls of *tulle Lara*, and those called *Maranas*, are both in request, but not so much so as the *manteletsfailles;* scarfs of black or white lace are more *recherché* than either.

Printed materials, both silk, chaly, and clear muslin, are very fashionable for robes, but not so much so as white. These latter are of Indian muslin, of a thin jaconet kind, or else of organdy quadrilled or embroidered. The *demi-redingote* form continues in favour for half dress, but robes are upon the whole more prevalent. *Corsages* in half dress are generally half or three quarter height; those in evening dress are always low; some are square and plain, others draped. Short sleeves are now decidedly in the ascendant, they are indeed adopted even in morning dress; and this leads us to observe that there is no exact rule for sleeves; for long ones, particularly those of the spiral *bouillon* kind, are frequently adopted in evening costume. The short sleeves worn in evening dress are of three kinds: sleeves quite tight to the arm, without any ornament on the shoulder, but terminated by ruffles of a full double fall; others, tight to the arm, but having an appearance of fulness, because they are surmounted by jockeys of three rows, which correspond with the lace or blond that forms the ruffle; and a third sort of the double *bouffant* kind. These last are not so full as they were formerly worn, but the *bouffants* fall one over the other somewhat in the form of a point.

The skirts of muslin dresses are generally trimmed; flounces, trimmings *à la Ninon*, and tucks are all in favour. The width of the skirt continues excessive. We see a good many *robes à fourreaux*, forming a short train, and there is reason to believe that this mode will become general among the *haut ton;* it will only suit carriage *belles*, and is therefore not likely to become common. We may cite, among the prettiest evening *coiffures*, blond lace caps of an extremely light and pretty form, trimmed with perfumed pinks. A mixture of flowers and velvet is very much in request for head-dresses of hair. Speaking of velvet, reminds us of a very pretty accessory to evening dress that has just appeared in that material. We mean the *aumonieres*, or little *Sacs;* they are composed of velvet, and embroidered in gold or silk. Some are in the form of a trefoil, ornamented at each point with a *gland d'or*. They are drawn round the top, and suspended by a gold chain to the waist. They are composed of either black, green, or red velvet. Fashionable colours are pale rose colour, cherry, *écru*, *ponceau*, and different shades of blue, lavender, and dust colour.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

THE Church and Dissent considered in their Practical Influence: it describes the system of each, and traces their operation upon Individuals, Society, the Nation, and Religion. By Mr. Osler, author of "The Life of Admiral Lord Exmouth."

A supplementary part to the original edition of Stuart's Athens, containing the very curious plate wanting in the second volume of all the copies extant, together with several other plates from drawings by Sir F. L. Chantrey, &c.

An account of Whitby and Pickering Railway, in the north-east part of Yorkshire, by Henry Belcher, Esq., with Thirteen engraved Illustrations of the adjacent country.

Traits and Trials of Early Life. By L. E. L., authoress of the "Improvisatrice."

Adventures during a Journey overland to India, through Egypt, Syria, and the Holy Land. By Major Skinner.

The Literary Remains of the late William Hazlitt, with a Notice of his Life by his Son; and Thoughts on his Genius and Writings. By E. L. Bulwer, Esq., M. P., and Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, M.P.

Impressions of England, by Count Edouard de Melfort.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Court and Camp of Don Carlos.

Twamley's Romance of Nature.

Jerningham, or the Inconsistent Man.

Leake's Northern Greece.

Ronald's Fly Fisher's Entomology.

Diary of a Désennuyée.

Mrs. Armytage, or Female Domination. By the author of "Mothers and Daughters."

History of the Western Highlands and Isles of Scotland, by Dr. Gregory.

The Rambler in Mexico.

Flora Hibernica, by James T. M. Key.

Gallery of Modern British Artists.

Smith's Compendium of Rudiments in Theology.

Britannia after the Romans.

Gally Knight's Tour in Normandy.

Civilization, &c. by the Hon. A. H. Morton, M. P.

The Agriculturist's Manual, by Peter Lawson and Son.

An Essay on Life Insurance, by Samuel Gall.

Lectures on Non-Conformity, by the Rev. J. Saunders.

Newcastle Lectures on the Errors of the Church of Rome.

The Violin and its Professors.

Legends and Records, by the Rev. C. B. Tavlor.

Essay on Charitable Institutions.

Dickinson's Operations at Cape Frio to recover the Stores of the Thetis.

Journal of the Movements of the British Legion in Spain.

Madrid in 1835, by a Resident Officer.

Tales of a Rambler, with plates.

My Confessions to Silvio Pellico.

Berkeley Castle, an Historical Romance, by the Hon. G. T. Berkeley.

Chateaubriand's Sketches of English Literature.

D'Athanasi's Researches and Discoveries in Upper Egypt.

Empson's Narratives of South America.

Rattlin the Reefer, edited by Capt. Marryatt.

A Manual of the Political Antiquities of Greece, from the German of T. Hermann.

Standard French Works, vol. 3—Essai sur la Littérature Anglaise, et Considerations sur le Génie des Temps, des Hommes et des Revolutions, par M. le Vicomte de Chateaubriand.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

JULY 30*th*, 1836.

BIRTHS.

On the 26th ult., in Grosvenor Place, the Countess of Lisbourne, of a son and heir.

On the 26th ult., in Connaught Square, Lady Bethine, of a daughter.

On the 25th ult., the Lady of James Gordon Daff, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 5th instant, at the house of her mother, the Hon. Lady Hope, in Park Street, Westminster, Lady Verney, of a daughter.

On the 30th ultimo, at Laverock Bank, near Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs. Davidson, of a daughter.

On the 1st instant, at Quarles Halkham, the lady of the Hon. Thomas Keppel, of a daughter.

On the 1st instant, at Harrow, the lady of Andrew Lawson, Esq., M.P., of a son.

On the 4th instant, at Shreens, the lady of J. W. Bramston, M.P., of a son.

On the 12th instant, at the Hon. Robert Curzon's, Upper Brook Street, the Hon. Mrs. Curzon, of a son.

On the 14th May, at Bishop's Pew, Jamaica, the lady of the Right Rev. the Bishop of Jamaica, of a son.

On the 14th instant, in Clifford Street, the Right Hon. Lady Janet Walford, of a daughter.

On the 11th instant, at East Sutton Place, Kent, the Lady of Sir Edmund Filmer, Bart., of a daughter.

On the 15th instant, Lady Mary Vynn, of a son.

On the 14th instant, at Connaught Square, the Hon. Mrs. Stopford, of a daughter.

On the 13th instant, at Dinly Grange, Yorkshire, the Lady of Sir John L. L. Kaye, of twins, a son and daughter.

On the 18th instant, at Richmond House, Twickenham, Lady Lowth, of a daughter.

On the 18th instant, the lady of Bulkly Jell Praed, Esq., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 22nd ultimo, at Bantashire, Alexander Spiers, Esq., of Busdale, M.P., to Eliza, eldest daughter of Thomas C. Hagart, Esq.

On the 28th ultimo, at St. Pancras Church, William Glover, Esq., M.A., to Mary Anna, only daughter of the late Col. C. Ironside.

On the 5th instant, in Privy Gardens, by the Rev. Lord Augustus Fitzclarence, by special licence, Sir John Cathcart, Bart., of Carlton, to Lady H. Eleanor Kennedy, grand-daughter to the Marquis and Marchioness of Ailsa.

On the 5th instant, the Rev. George Bingham, of Melcombe Bingham, county of Dorchester, to Frances Byam Blagrove, only daughter of Anthony Blagrove, Esq., formerly of the Hon. East India Company's Bengal Civil Establishment.

On the 12th instant, at St. Mary's Church, Bryanstone Square, Lieut.-Col. Colville, Scot's Fusilier Guards, to Julia, eldest daughter of the late James Henry Leigh, Esq., of Stoneleigh Abbey, Warwickshire.

On the 29th ultimo, at Paris, at the house of the British Ambassador, Richard Ousby, Esq., son of Sir William Ousby, and nephew of the Right Hon. Sir Gore Ousby, Bart., to Frances Sarah Place, only surviving daughter of the late William Walter Jones, Esq., of Guney, Carmarthenshire.

DEATHS.

On the 26th ultimo, in Montagu Place, Elizabeth Dundas Buchanan, fourth surviving daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Buchanan, Royal Engineers, in her 16th year.

On the 22nd ultimo, Eliza, wife of Thomas Duncan, Esq., Procurator Fiscal of the county of Perth, and eldest daughter of the late Thomas Foulett, Esq., President of the island of St. Christopher.

Washed overboard and drowned, on his passage home from New South Wales in the Hercules, on the 17th of March, George Fraser Tytler, late of the Fourth or King's Own Regiment.

On the 28th ultimo, at Cheltenham, Lieut.-Col. James Lawrie, of the Bengal Army.

On the 13th instant, at his house in Hanover Square, Viscount Clifden, in his 76th year.

On the 10th instant, Sir Francis Freeling, Bart., Secretary to the General Post Office, in his 72nd year.

On the 17th instant, Sir Godfrey Webster, Bart.

On the 16th instant, at Leamington, the Dowager Countess of Hopetown.

Ball Dress. Morning Dress.

Pub.d in the Court Magazine, 1st Sep.r 1836, by E. Churton, 26 Holles Street, Cavendish Square

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER, 1836.

BALL DRESS

Of white crape, embroidered in colours fastened on one side with bands of satin to correspond with the embroidery. Blue zephyr scarf. The hair arranged in bands with blue flowers.

MORNING DRESS

Of *organdi*, checked with pink. *Mode* mantilla, trimmed with lace. Cap of Brussels' lace, trimmed with pink.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

That whimsical despot, *la Mode*, has, by one of his thousand and one caprices, brought autumnal bonnets into favour a full month before the usual time. It is true that the reign of drawn bonnets and rice-straw hats has been sufficiently long; for notwithstanding the backwardness of the season, they appeared early in April. We may now announce, that though not entirely laid aside, they are comparatively little seen, having given way to silk bonnets and Italian straw hats, which have at least one advantage over the more beautiful though fragile ones of rice straw, that except in the depth of winter, they never appear out of season.

We must observe, that Italian straw is consecrated entirely to half-dress, and silk bonnets are employed only for *négligé*. The favourite colours are pistachio, emerald green, apple green, *écru*, and grey lilac. We see also several of straw-coloured *pou de soie*, but generally edged with satin of the same colour, with two deep pipings round the crown, one of satin, the other of *pou de soie*. These bonnets have the brims moderately wide, and much smaller than those adopted in the beginning of the season.

They are principally trimmed with flowers, but arranged in a simple style, and brought very little above the summit of the crown. The favourite trimming for a green bonnet is a bouquet *à la jardinière* of heliotropes, or mignonette. Flowers for *écru* bonnets are either cherry-coloured or *ponceau*, and for those of emerald green the trimming generally consists of a large white rose, with the foliage corresponding with the hue of the bonnet. There is something at once simple, and yet strikingly elegant in this style of trimming. Straw-coloured bonnets are trimmed with chrysanthemums, roses, or straw-coloured *marguerites*, streaked with different hues.

Italian straw is always cut in the hat form, and the interior of the brim ornamented with flowers, *brides*, and a *bandeau* of deep blonde, or an *aureole* of *tulle esprit bouillonné*, always accompanied by a deep *bandeau* of blond; but bonnets now begin to be trimmed in the interior with knots of riband only. Some, however, are still ornamented with blond, placed at the sides only, and a flower inserted on on side, with a band of riband crossing the forehead. Scarfs are still as fashionable as ever; The most novel are of black silk *filet*, excessively fine, and with patterns in application which have a very rich effect.

White dresses are so generally worn for the promenade, that we see scarcely any others. They offer variety, though not novelty. Some are made in the pelisse style, with the sleeves and front of the skirt trimmed with riband, but the robe form is more generally adopted. Pelerines have disappeared; their place is supplied either by the scarfs above mentioned, or by those of black *pou de soie* trimmed with broad black lace, which, notwithstanding the warmth of the weather, are still very fashionable.

White muslin *peignoirs* are the only ones in favour for the breakfast table; they are trimmed down the fronts and round the skirt with a narrow frill of the same material, bordered with Valenciennes edging. In some instances the *peignoir* is made with a square collar, bordered as just described; but more commonly the collar is detached from the dress. It is made extremely small, and with ends which cross in front, and are fastened by a brooch. We see also several robes for *négligé* of white cambric, with the *corsage* made high and plain, and the sleeves extremely large, except at the top and bottom, where the fulness is arranged in folds close to the arm. The skirt is trimmed with a deep flounce, having a broad hem. The flounce may be either attached to the edge of the skirt, or laid on it. Several ladies prefer the former mode, and we certainly give our voice in its favour; for as skirts have lost nothing of their fulness, the multiplicity of folds at the bottom of the robe is very disadvantageous to the figure, particularly for ladies

who are either stout or under-sized. The little collars that we have spoken of above are generally adopted with these dresses. Several of them are double, and beautifully embroidered, and then a double row of lace set on full has a pretty and rich effect round the neck.

White robes, particulariy thosc of organdy, are by far the most numerous in evening dress; the few silk ones that are seen are generally quadrilled in delicate colours. A favourite style of *corsage* is that with the front *à l' evantail*, and the back plain. Tight short sleeves are not so numerous as last month: those that appear to us most in favour, are confined on the shoulder, and just above the elbow, with the centre forming a full bouffant. *Coiffures en cheveux* are most in request in evening dress. We see some arranged in soft loops at the sides, and a coronet plait twisted round the summit of the head. Others with the front hair also arranged in soft loops, have the hind turned up in a full cluster of very small bows on the summit of the head. There are also a good many arranged in ringlets, and a single low bow behind. Flowers are generally, but not exclusively employed to ornament *coiffures*, some being trimmed with velvet and others with riband. Where flowers are used, they are generally disposed in two bouquets, the one inserted in the hair, or the summit of the head, and the other placed at the back of it. Fashionable colours remain the same as last month.

COSTUME OF PARIS—BY A PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT.

A FASHION has just come up for rice-straw hats, to which, though it is at present adopted by several *élégantes*, we may venture to predict a speedy termination. We speak of those that have the brim turned up at the back of the crown, in the same manner as we see occasionally used for very expensive Italian straw hats, that is to say, in two deep folds. The brims of these hats are, we observe, larger and more *evasée* than the others; they are usually trimmed with flowers disposed either in sprigs or bouquets, but the former predominate. White ribands and flowers are those most generally employed. Velvet trimmings for hats and bonnets have declined in estimation, nevertheless they are still adopted by many *élégantes* of distinguished taste. We may cite among the most elegant of these hats, one of rice straw, trimmed with green velvet, and a bouquet of *oreilles d'ours*. The interior of the brim is trimmed with *coques* of velvet, intermixed with blonde lace. Another hat, that has been still more admired, is of Italian straw, the crown ornamented with cherry-coloured velvet, and a bouquet *â la jardiniére* of field flowers, mingled with blades of different grasses, the flowers and grass composed of feathers. The interior of the brim is trimmed with white and straw-coloured flowers, descending on each side. An attempt is making, which we think likely to be successful. to bring coloured silk spensers into fashion. We see already, in some instances, that they have taken the place of mantelets, and certainly while white robes continue to be the rage, spencers would form with them pretty half-season costumes. We are not, however, able to say positively, that this fashion will take; but from what we know on the subject, we are strongly inclined to predict its success.

Several attempts have been made, but hitherto in vain, to bring tight long sleeves into fashion. The nearest approach to it, and indeed the only graceful manner in which these sleeves can be made, is to trim them with three or four garnitures, placed one above another, from the shoulder to the elbow. The lowest of these trimmings forms a ruffle, and falls so low over the arm, that the tight sleeve is very little seen, owing to an embroidered cambric *manchette* which turns up high upon the arm.

Sleeves with the *bouillons* divided by four or five bands, continue in favour. Those at the upper part are quite as large as ever, but there is a sensible diminution in the size of the *bouillons* as they approach the wrist.

There are still some brilliant re-unions at Paris, principally at the houses of illustrious foreigners. We shall cite two ensembles of *toilettes*, that struck us at these parties as being particularly elegant. One was a robe of white taffetas, *glacé de rose*. The skirt of the usual width, was untrimmed, but the hem was sustained by wadding, the *corsage* cut low and tight to the shape, was trimmed with a narrow *ruche* of *blonde illusion*, short tight sleeve, trimmed with three *ruches* corresponding with that on the *corsage*. *Chapeau gluneuse* of *paille de riz*, trimmed with white taffetas riband, brought once round the crown, and forming a knot very low over the right ear. A single white rose, with buds and foliage, was attached in the centre of the knot. Another dress was of clear India muslin, with a short train, a *corsage â la Grecque*, and a short sleeve forming a single bouffant. The *corsage* was trimmed with a mantilla of the same material, at the edge of which a narrow rose riband was run through the hem. A manchette of one fall corresponded. The skirt was trimmed with a single flounce, *en suite*. The hair dressed in ringlets, and interlaced bows, was simply ornamented with a very narrow wreath of jessamine disposed *en ferroniére*. The most fashionable *bijoux* are gothic medallions, either portraits or tresses of hair. Fashionable colours remain the same as last month.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Mr. Jacob Jones announces for immediate publication, a third edition of "The Anglo-Polish Harp; Scenes from Longinus, a Tragedy; and Poems," with emendations and considerable additions.

Preparing for publication, a Statistical Survey of the British Islands' Fisheries, by R. Ronière Pearce, Esq.

Shortly will be published, in one volume, and in separate Plays, Select Plays from Shakspeare, chiefly adapted for the Use of Schools and Young Persons; with Notes, selected from the best Commentators. By E. Slater.

In the press, and shortly will be published, an English Grammar, by Matthias Green, Birmingham.

Introduction to Medical Botany. Third Edition. By T. Castle, M.D., F.L.S.

Linnæan System of Botany, illustrated and explained. By T. Castle, M.D., F.L.S.

British Flora Medica. Part VI. By B. H. Barton, F.L.S., and T. Castle, M.D., F.L.S.

Memoirs of Lucien Buonaparte, Prince of Canino, written by himself.

Cromwell, a Tragedy; and the Duchess de la Valliere, a Play, by E. L. Bulwer, Esq.

The Desultory Man, by R. P. James, Esq.

The fifth volume of Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War, with some remarks upon "Robinson's Life of Picton," and upon two articles in the Quarterly Review.

Violet, or the Danseuse.

The Oriental Annual, for 1837, commences an entirely new series, connected with the most interesting portion of Indian history.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Hand-Book for Travellers on the Continent.

The Life of Black Hawk.

Russia, by the Author of England, Ireland, and America.

Correspondence of Louis XVIII. in French.

An Apology for Millenarianism.

Planché's Guide to the Danube, from Ulm to Vienna.

Belcher and Dodgson's Illustrations of the Scenery of the Pickering Railway.

Slingsby's Diary, by the Rev. D. Parsons.

Cutler's Popular Surgery.

Clark on the Nervous System.

Remarks on the cheapest distance for Railway Blocks, by Lieut. Lewin.

Pulpit Guide; a Guide to Pulpit Exercises.

Weston's Visit to America in 1833.

Hoding's (Sarah) Land Log-Book in the United States.

Fenton's Child's First Latin Book, with Literal Interlineary Translation.

Magendie's Formulary, by Gally.

Stephen's Scripture Doctrine.

Barnes's Notes on the Gospels.

Bradley's Practical Sermons.

Maclean on Teething.

Watson's Statistics on Phrenology.

James's Edward the Black Prince.

Carleton's Traits and Stories, vol. II.

An Angler's Rambles, by Edward Jesse.

Coghlan's Guide to Boulogne.

Howe's Christian Theology.

Taylor's Student's Manual of Ancient History.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 3rd instant, in Belgrave Street, the Countess of Pomfret, of a daughter.

On the 1st instant, at the rectory, Malden, Surrey, the lady of the Rev. George Trevelyan, of a daughter.

On the 1st instant, at Merstham, Lady Jolliffe, of a son.

On the 3rd instant, in Montagu Place, the lady of Major-General Barton, of a daughter.

On the 27th instant, at Leamington, the lady of the Hon. Captain Somerville, R.N., of a daughter.

In Cork, the lady of the Hon. Lieut.-Gen. Grove Annesley, of a son.

On the 3rd instant, at Eden Hall, Lady Musgrave, of a son.

On the 7th instant, at Studley Castle, the lady of Sir Francis Goodriche, Bart., M.P., of a son and heir.

At Palmerston House, the Countess of Donoughmore, of a daughter.

On the 11th instant, in Park Lane, the Countess of Lincoln, of a son.

On the 10th instant, in George Street, Westminster, the lady of Dr. Lushington, M.P., of a daughter.

On the 16th instant, at Maine Square, Brighton, the Marchioness of Abercorn, of a daughter.

On the 12th instant, the lady of the Dean of Hereford, of a son.

On the 14th instant, in Belgrave Square, the Hon. Mrs. Sanderson, of a son.

On the 18th instant, at Scraptoft Hall, Leicester, the Lady Angela Pearson, of a daughter.

On the 15th instant, at Berkeley Square, the Hon. Lady Stirling, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 2nd instant, at Royston, by the Rev. J. Cauthy, Esq., John Barnard Bylis, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law, to Emma, daughter of Joseph Pattison Wedd, Esq.

At Trinity Church, Mary-le-bone, Major J. Badman Thornhill, 60th Rifles, grandson of the third Lady Dorset, to Eliza, widow of Lieut.-Gen. J. Gordon, and daughter of the late R. Morris, Esq., M.P. for Gloucester.

On the 2nd instant, at Brighton Street, James T. Lomas, Esq., of the Madras Civil Service, to Julia Charlotte, daughter of H. Barrett, Esq.

On the 27th of June, at the Palace at Corfu, Lieut.-Col. Francis H. Dawkins, Military Secretary to the Commander of the Forces, son of Henry Dawkins, Esq., of Sangate, Kent, to Anne, daughter of Major-General Sir Howard Douglas, Lord High Admiral, Commissioner of and commanding the troops in the Ionian Islands.

On the 10th instant, at St. George's, Hanover Square, the Rev. George Goodenough Lyme, to the Hon. Mrs. Percy Fraser.

On the 11th instant, at Adan. Thomas Mousell, Esq., of Tervoe, Limerick, to the Lady Anne Maria Wyndham Quin, only daughter of the Earl of Dunraven.

On the 16th instant, at Dawlish, Devon, the Right Hon. Lord Lisle, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late John Church, Esq., of Bedford Place, Russell Square.

DEATHS.

At Salsbury, in the parish of St. Ann's, Jamaica, on the 1st of April, 1836, after a few days' illness, Henry Fayle, Esq., aged 37. This gentleman was a magistrate for the parish, and a major in the Militia. Those who knew him intimately will long dwell on his memory. The rectitude of his conduct, the urbanity and generosity of his disposition, gave him the esteem of all his acquaintance. He was an affectionate son and faithful friend.

On the 1st instant, at Roehampton, the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire Baroness Sandys.

On the 30th instant, at his residence at Kingston, the Earl of Fingal, in his 77th year.

On the 30th ultimo, in Hanover Street. Sir John Drummond Erskine, Bart., of Torrie House, Fifeshire, N. B.

On the 22nd ultimo, at Frankfort, Lady Ingilby, wife of Sir W. Ingilby.

On the 28th ultimo, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Nathan Mayer Rothschild, Esq., in his 60th year.

On the 3rd instant, at Mill Hill, in her 83rd year, Esther, relict of the late Thomas Clark, Esq.

On the 30th June, in her 68th year, Mrs. Mary Porter, of Rakenmore, county of Wexford; and on the 6th ultimo, in his 72nd year, William Porter, Esq., her husband.

On the 5th instant, at Townley, Lancaster, Barbara, Lady Stanley, daughter of the late John Townley, and relict of Sir William Townley, Bart., of Rooton, Cheshire, in her 79th year.

Walking Dress.

Evening Dress *Walking Dress*

Published by Ackermann & Co. 96 Strand, & 191 Regent Street, & Thurston & Holles Street, Cavendish Square

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER, 1836.

WALKING DRESS

Of white organdi, checked with blue, mode mantilla trimmed with black lace, white satin bonnet with blue flowers.

EVENING DRESS

Of clear muslin, with bands of green velvet, the bottom of the dress worked between the bands of velvet with green lamb's-wool; the hair dressed low, with a wreath of green flowers.

WALKING DRESS

Of pale lilac organdi, with double frills of organdi, worked at the edges; collerette of French cambric; bonnet of *paille d' Italie*, trimmed with black velvet and corn-flowers.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

Some autumnal mantles have already appeared, and seem likely to become fashionable. They are indeed well calculated for the season. Some are of cashmere, lined with white satin; others of black taffetas, lined with coloured satin; but as neither are wadded, they are sufficiently light to be comfortable, without being oppressive. Those of the first kind have drab grounds, with rich cherry-coloured detached patterns. The round of the mantle and the deep pelerine are edged with cherry-coloured velvet. The collar, which descends in the lappet style, is also of velvet, and the pelerine open and looped on the shoulder displays a large sleeve.

Mantles of black taffetas are lined with rose, blue, or cherry-coloured satin, a broad band of which trims the fronts; it diminishes in breadth as it reaches to the top, where it is rounded off in the shawl style. Wide sleeves looped at the bend of the arm; a double pelerine of the fichu form, which, as well as the mantle, is trimmed with broad black lace. We must observe that the skirt is sufficiently short to display a little of that of the robe.

Muslin robes are giving place very fast to silk ones at our fashionable watering-places, but we cannot say that the latter as yet afford any novelty in the make. They are of quiet colours: we have observed some new shades of brown, grey, and green.

Summer hats and bonnets have entirely disappeared: they are replaced by the autumnal ones we described last month, and by those of satin with the crowns trimmed with feathers, and the interior of the brims decorated in a novel style with riband. We see also a good many bonnets of fine Italian straws: those of the hat shape have quite disappeared. The brims of these bonnets are larger than those of silk ones: they are trimmed as the hats were with velvet and flowers; but, generally speaking, the contrast which the hats often afforded of very light summer flowers with full coloured velvet is not seen, corn flowers and others of rich hues being the only ones adopted.

Some half-dress materials have already appeared both in *mousselines de laine* and in a mixture of silk and Cashmere wool. The latter are in arabesques on a white ground, and, in our opinion, rather showy than elegant. We have noticed among the former, some with a dead-white ground, and a square formed by a coloured stripe as narrow as a thread: it is either red, green, blue, or marshmallows. The centre of the square is figured. Some others of a white ground and very small bouquets of wall-flowers, appeared to us pretty, and very appropriate to the season. Some of these dresses, made with crossed draperies, and sleeves *à la Gabrielle*, have the draperies and also the bands and knots of the sleeves of velvet. It is certainly well calculated for materials of this kind; but what shall we say to its being adopted for the lightest muslin robes? We announced some time ago its introduction as trimmings for them: the mode increases every day in favour, for as yet muslin and organdi are the only materials adopted in evening dress, and probably will be the only ones till the winter has fairly set in. We must observe, that where velvet is employed in the trimming of a dress, it always makes part of the ornaments of the *coiffure*.

It has also, in a great degree, replaced neck-chains. The prettiest ornament of that kind is a very narrow velvet riband, either black, violet, or ponceau, which, encircling the throat, forms a knot of four *coques* in front, in the centre of which is placed an ornamental *agraffe*, a pin, or any other fancy *bijou*. If the fair wearer wishes to add a cross or a *Jeannette*, she attaches a second velvet under the knot, and it falls as low as the centre of the bosom.

Pins are at present a very favourite article

of jewellery. We have lately seen several equally novel in the design and the form. Mosaics and cameos are most in request: there is indeed quite a rage for the former. Coloured gems come next, mounted so capriciously, that they may be worn even in the most simple style of dress, without having an air of pretension. Thus we see little branches of fruit or flowers, the effect of which is exceedingly pretty—a bunch of grapes formed of small rubies, with gold foliage, a tuft of forget-me-nots in turquoises, and daisies in gold and pearls. Fashionable colours are cherry red, emerald, and Pomona green, *écru*, straw, and several shades of lavender, rose, and blue.

COSTUME OF PARIS. BY A PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT.

THIS is the month of all others in which we have least to say about out-door costume. It is regulated entirely by the weather. When that is favourable, our *élégantes* appear in those light toilettes we have so often described, with the exception, however, of rice-straw hats, which are no longer adopted except for the country, where they are still in favour. They are made very large, with the brims turned up behind, and the trimming of velvet and flowers. Emerald-green velvet is much in request for this purpose, and has a very pretty effect. In Paris, some few drawn bonnets of white, or *écru pou de soie*, are still seen, but the majority are either of the finest Florence straw, or of *pou de soie à formes tendues*. We have no alteration to announce in their shapes. A good many have the interior of the brims adorned with delicate flowers, which fall in sprigs on each side. Little *jardinières* placed under the brims of white bonnets have a very pretty effect. Red and blue is a favourite mixture of colours for these flowers. Several hats of Florence straw have the brim lined with either black or green velvet. A curtain veil of *tulle* to correspond is generally added, but it is only in these cases that curtain veils are worn, though we see several of lace attached in the usual way round the hat or bonnet.

Silk mantelets will continue to be adopted till the severity of the weather brings mantles into favour; but mantelets are now all made wadded, they have not altered in any other respect.

Aprons are now much in fashion in morning dress, and some are very tastefully made. We may cite among the prettiest those of taffetas with a velvet border and velvet knots at the pockets: they generally have the corners rounded. Sometimes the three breadths of silk of which the apron is composed, instead of being sewed together, are only united by knots of velvet placed at regular distances.

Cambric and muslin will be worn both for *négligé* and evening dress till the season is far advanced. In the first, nothing is more elegant than a *peignoir* of clear cambric trimmed with *ruches* of English net, a chemisette of *dentille gothique*, and a cap of *dentille d'Alençon*, of a form at once simple and coquettish: the caul fits close to the head, except on the summit of it, where it rises moderately high, is ornamented with a band and light knot of cherry-coloured velvet. The front, formed of a single row of lace, with long lappets also of lace, is turned back by knots of cherry-coloured velvet, which descend upon the hair. Mittens of black or white lace, and lilac satin slippers embroidered in white silk. Such is the *ensemble* of one of our most fashionable deshabilles.

At the Opera, where the "Huguenots" continues to draw such fashionables as still remain in Paris, we see nothing but white robes; some with a double flounce superbly embroidered, and surmounted with equally rich work, the *corsage* and sleeves profusely ornamented with point lace. Other robes are in application of Brussels or fine thread net, or of organdi embroidered in dead white silk, which produces somewhat of the effect of an embroidery in silver. The *coiffures* are *à la Ninon* or *à la Berthe;* the latter, however, declines in favour. In fact, loops at the sides, whether plaited or soft, are becoming only to regular beauties, but curls, provided they are not arranged in heavy masses, suit the generality of faces. Many *coiffures* are ornamented with knots of velvet only, but a mixture of velvet and flowers is in greater request.

Long gloves, whether of white kid or lace, continue to be worn very short, and trimmed at the top either with a narrow *ruche* of riband, or a wreath of little *coques* terminated by a knot with floating ends. Fashionable colours are emerald green, ruby, dark and light blue, violet, and some new shades of rose and grey.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Among the Annuals announced for the ensuing year is a new one to be called Gems of Beauty, displayed in a series of Twelve Engravings from designs by E. T. Parris. With fanciful illustrations in verse by the Countess of Blessington.

The Countess of Blessington has in the press a new novel, The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman. With six plates (being portraits of his six loves) by E. T. Parris.

The Picturesque Annual contains a Tour in Ireland, by Leitch Ritchie, Esq. Embellished by twenty engravings from pictures by T. Creswick, Esq. and D. M'Clise, Esq., A.R.A.

In October will appear Ackermann's Forget Me Not, for 1837, edited by F. Shoberl, bound in crimson morocco, containing engravings from paintings by E. Landseer, R.A., S. Prout, F.S.A., J. F. Lewis, Parris, &c. &c., and literary contributions by G. P. R. James, James Montgomery, Mrs. C. Gore, Miss Landon, &c. Also The Juvenile Forget Me Not, for 1837, embellished with engravings from original paintings.

Of the new Annuals, the most prominent in size and splendour seems to be one by Messrs. Finden, consisting of thirteen tableaux of national scenery, character and costumes, by various artists of eminence, with descriptive and narrative illustrations by Mrs. S. C. Hall, forming a handsome quarto volume.

Mr. Harding is engaged upon a Portfolio of Drawings, on a smaller scale than his sketches and more finished pictures, but executed in the same manner.

In October will be published The Flowers of Loveliness, by T. Haynes Bayly, Esq., second series, corresponding with the volume for 1836, and illustrated with thirteen engravings, from paintings and drawings made expressly for the work, by the most eminent artists.

Mr. Tilt is preparing a superb Floral Annual, with quarto plates, composed of bouquets designed and coloured in an artist-like style.

Roberts pursues his Tour in Spain in the Landscape Annual.

Preparing for publication, Journal of a Tour to Jerusalem and Mount Sinai, with a series of twenty-four illustrations from drawings taken on the spot, comprising the most interesting views of the country between Grand Cairo and Beirout. By F. Arundale.

In the press, and shortly will be published, in one square volume, illustrated with numerous engravings, Uncle Philip's Conversations with Children about the Whale Fishery.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Hall on Baptismal Regeneration.—Mr. Midshipman Easy.—Hughes' Continuation of Hume and Smollett's England, vol. 4.—Archbold's Practice of the Quarter Sessions.—The Atonement and other Sacred Poems, by W. S. Oke.—James' Lives of Foreign Statesmen, vol. 3.—Simeon's Works, vol. 9.—Violet, or the Danseuse.—Bilbury Thurland, with Illustrations.—Selections from the Phrenological Journal.—Hoffman's Legal Study.—Hoffman's Legal Outlines.—Hansard's Debates, third series, vol. 32.—Glances at Life, at the City and Suburbs, by C. Webb.—Cooper's Residence in France.—Cooper's Excursions in Switzerland.—Skinner's Overland Journey to India.—Major's Guide to Reading the Greek Tragedians.—Mimpress's Gospel Recreations for Sabbath Evening.—Winman on the Eucharist.—Noble on the Professional Practice of Architects.—Popular Songs of the Germans, with Explanatory Notes, by W. Klaner Klattowsky.—Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise (Geology and Mineralogy).—The Literary Remains of S. T. Coleridge, by H. N. Coleridge.—Grant's Penny Wedding.—Carleton's Traits and Stories of the Irish, vol. 3.—The Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology, by Dr. Todd and others, vol. 1.—Robert Owen's Book of the New Moral World.—The Doctrine of Particular Providence, by G. Pilkington.—Bingham's (Rev. C. H.) Lectures on the Thirty-second Psalm.—Burnett's Views of Cintra.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 25th ult., at Convamore, Ireland, the Viscountess Ennismore of a son.

At Brayton Hall, Lady Lawson of a son.

On the 27th ult., at Calke Abbey, near Derby, the lady of Sir George Crewe, Bart., M. P., of a son.

In Grosvenor Place, the Hon. Mrs. Rushout Cockerell of a daughter.

In Portman Square, the lady of Sir M. H. Hicks, Bart., of a son and heir.

On the 29th ult., at Earl Hall, Kent, the lady of Percival Hart Dyke, Esq., of a son and heir.

On the 27th ult., at Feltwell Rectory, the lady of the Rev. E. B. Sparke of a daughter.

At Demerara, on the 2nd July, the lady of Walter Price, Esq., of a son.

On the 14th ultimo, at Penn House, the Countess Howe of a daughter.

On the 7th ult., at Edinburgh, the Countess of Morton of a daughter.

On the 12th ultimo, at Ruperra Castle, the lady of Charles Morgan, Esq., M. P., of a daughter.

On the 11th ultimo, at Claverton Park, the lady of P. Borthwick, Esq., M. P., of a son.

On the 11th ultimo, the Hon. Mrs. Rice Trevor of a daughter.

On the 6th ult., at Edinburgh, the lady of John Macleod, Esq., of Rasay, of a daughter.

On the 9th ult., at the Ridge, Gloucestershire, the lady of the Rev. Kenelm H. Digby of a son.

On the 13th ult., at the Vicarage, Nocton, Lincolnshire, the lady of the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 29th ult., at Dover, Lieut.-Colonel Bowyer, C. B., to Caroline, daughter of Capt. Hopkinson, R. N.

On the 27th ultimo, Barclay Farquharson Watson, Esq., of Cambridge Terrace, to Mira Edevaine, youngest daughter of the late Major Philip Codd, of Rumsted Court, Kent, and of Kensington.

On the 29th ult., at St. George's, Hanover Square, Edward James Dawkins, Esq., to Mary, only daughter of John Petre, Esq., of Westwich, Norfolk.

On the 15th ult., at St. James's Church, Sir Richard Plasket to Anne, daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. George Skyring, of the Royal Artillery, and widow of the late Edward Rundle, Esq.

On the 30th ult., at Burton-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, by the Rev. Hugh Jones, Robert Pargiter, eldest son of the Rev. N. Humfrey, Rector of Thorpe Mandeville, Northamptonshire, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles Hill, Esq., of Burton-upon-Trent.

On the 29th ult., the Rev. H. R. Duckinfield, Vicar of St. Martin's in the Fields, to Jane, widow of Gen. Chowne, and daughter of Sir James Crawfurd, Bart.

On the 13th ult., at Bishop's Stoke, Hants, the Rev. Charles Pilkington, Rector of Stockton, Warwickshire, to Maria, only daughter of the Rev. Thomas Garnier, Prebendary of Winchester Cathedral.

On the 8th ult., at Caversham, Oxfordshire, George Simonds, Esq., of Reading, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of the late William Boulger, Esq., of Bradfield.

On the 7th ult., at St. Chad's, Shrewsbury, the Rev. Henry Beckwith, Perpetual Curate of Eaton Constantine, to Ann Rose, second daughter of the late Rev. John Eyton, Vicar of Wellington, and Rector of Eyton.

DEATHS.

On the 17th ult., at the Castle of Louisenhead, Denmark, suddenly, the Landgrave Charles of Hesse Cassell. He was the oldest Prince in Europe, father-in-law of the King of Denmark, a Field Marshal, and Governor of the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, in his 92nd year.

On the 18th ult., Lieut.-Gen. Butler, of the Royal Artillery, late Lieut.-Governor of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

On the 30th ult., in Welbeck Street, in her 87th year, Sarah, relict of the late Rev. George Watson, D.D., formerly Rector of Rothbury, Northumberland.

At Fort William, Lady Cameron, of Fassifern, widow of Sir Ewen Cameron, Bart., in her 91st year.

On the 27th ult., aged 19, Edmund, third son of John Burke, Esq., of Rayner Place, Chelsea.

On the 12th ult., at Hampton Court, in her 86th year, Mrs. Poplett, sister of the late Earl of Uxbridge.

At the house of her mother, the Dowager Countess of Tankerville, Walton-on-Thames, the Lady Anna Beresford.

At Manchester, on Friday, the 23rd ult., after a short illness, brought on by over professional exertion, Madame Malibran de Beriot, in her 28th year.

Evening Dress . *Morning Dress*

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER, 1836.

EVENING DRESS

Of pink crape, with three bands of black velvet round the bottom; the corsage made quite tight with a band of velvet round the neck: cincture of velvet, with floating ends; gloves and scarf of black net.

MORNING DRESS

Of brown silk, the cape very small, trimmed with black lace, which continues down the front; the sleeves tight to the elbow, with a double epaulette of black lace. Cap of Brussels tulle, trimmed with cherry velvet.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Several new materials, composed of silk, with a mixture of Cashmere wool, have appeared for mantles, also some satins of peculiar richness, and a *reps* in imitation of Terry velvet. Velvet will be greatly employed for trimming mantles. Some very elegant ones of satin have a pelerine corresponding in colour: its form behind is that of a half-handkerchief, its point descending below the waist, but not a great deal. It is rounded in front, of moderate size, and closed from the throat to the waist, where it opens, descending in long pointed ends on each side. A rich cord and tassels, which pass through openings in the pelerine, confine the mantle to the waist. If it is of a plain material, it is either embroidered in silk of a darker shade, or trimmed with velvet bands of a colour contrasted with that of the cloak; but in this latter case, the collar always corresponds with the mantle, or else is of black velvet. Venetian sleeves, and those of the Mameluke form, seem equally in request. Boas and large round fur pelerines are both in favour. Sable is the most decidedly fashionable fur; ermine is only second to it.

A few carriage bonnets have been made in *velours épingle* and *peluche*. Some of the former are of that new and beautiful shade of red, the colour of a red currant. These bonnets are trimmed either with white ostrich feathers or with *plumes parrachées;* the latter are adorned with white satin ribands, spotted either with cherry colour or with azure blue. The brims of bonnets are deeper; they are also worn long and close at the sides; but it is not expected that this form will continue long in favour. We have seen a few emerald green and lemon-coloured *pou de soie* bonnets, trimmed with ribands to correspond, and an intermixture of black real lace: the latter was disposed in a kind of drapery intermingled with knots of riband on one side of the crown, and a row of it attached at the bottom fell over the brim.

Poplins, Cashmeres, both plain and of new patterns, and various kinds of silks, have appeared for half-dress. As yet there is little alteration in the form of robes, but the *corsages* offer a good deal of variety: some are crossed in large folds, others with draperies set on. A good many are of the corset kind, that is, cut in three pieces, and sitting close to the shape: there are also several *à la vièrge*, retained by embroidered *entre deux*, or ribands. Sleeves offer the same variety: we see some extremely large, and others quite tight; these latter are, however, ornamented with bell *mancherons;* they are composed of three or four folds laid one over another, and arranged in the shape of a bell. Generally speaking, the size of sleeves is certainly much reduced, and they are for the most part made quite tight at the upper part, the lower extremity of this tight piece being ornamented either with embroidery, *ruches*, or falls of trimming. This style is to a certain degree advantageous to the shape; at least it is more so than the *gigots*, which had the effect of making all our *élégantes* appear high-shouldered.

Several rich materials, composed of a mixture of silk and wool, both in quadrilled and flowered patterns, have appeared for half-dress, and also some superb silks in ths style of those worn in the early part of the last century. It is expected, also, that, when the season opens, velvet will be very much in request. Trains and demi-trains are again talked of, as also open robes with low tight *corsages* only half covering the bosom, and displaying an under *corsage* either of satin, or of the same material as the petticoat, ornamented in various ways with riband. The robes will be trimmed with *ruches, coques*, bands of platted riband, and in various other ways. All this, however, is but anticipation, and though we have strong reasons to believe it will be found true, yet we are too well acquainted with the caprices of the mode to pledge ourselves for its accuracy.

One revolution, however, we may announce with confidence, for it has already taken place; we mean that in the form of caps: those flat on

the forehead have given place to the more voluminous fronts *à la Maintenon*. Adieu to the pretty simple peasant's cap, one of the most generally becoming that ever was introduced. We shall see what Fashion will send us in its place, for as yet all we can say is, that caps are made higher in evening dress, but their form or forms is not definitively settled. We have, however, seen some that we have great reason to believe will be fashionable; they are the bonnets *à la Vallière*, composed of blond, and made to sit very backward: the front forms an aureole round the face, surmounting the tufts of curls in which the hair must be arranged with these caps. We have to add to the colours we gave last month, the shade of red already mentioned, and some new shades of grey and brown.

COSTUME OF PARIS. BY A PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT.

WERE we to attempt to give a list of the new materials which have just appeared for mantles, robes, &c., we should trespass on our limits, and, perhaps, upon the patience of our readers. We shall therefore select such of them as we have reason to believe will be most in request among the *élite* of our fair fashionables. We begin then with mantles. Some new patterns of quadrilled and figured Cashmere have appeared for *negligé* or travelling. Fancy materials, called *Waverley Puritain* and *satin Ecossais*, will be appropriated to the promenade; and for *soirées*, *spectacles*, &c., there are some superb ones of Cashmere, with *applications* in velvet and embroidery. Mantles continue as ample as ever: the only striking novelty in their form is the introduction of a cape forming a shawl point behind, and a scarf in front.

Hats continue to be made of satin and *velours épingle*. Light colours are still the most prevalent. Some have appeared within the last few days, with very large brims made long and close at the sides, with crowns quite of the cone form: they are of white or rose satin, trimmed with ribands to correspond, and the crown ornamented either with feathers or velvet flowers. The interior of the brim is decorated with blond and flowers; the latter very light, very small, and partially shaded by the blond. Bonnets of the drawn kind, made in the same form as the capotes worn in summer, have also appeared within the last few days; the brims are larger, and the drawings, generally speaking, closer. They are also of satin, and of light colours; lilac and green are predominant.

We find among the most elegant silks for half-dress, *satin imperial*, *reps Indien*, and *Levantine glacée*. There are also some beautiful materials of silk and Cashmere wool, both for half-dress and *robes habillées*; the *satin Danaé* and the *tissu d'Issachar* are the most remarkable of these latter. There is nothing yet decided as to the form of robes in half-dress: those of the pelisse kind continue to be a good deal in favour; they are now ornamented with *liseres* or *biais* of velvet, either black or the colour of the robe. The *ceinture* worn with these trimmings is always a broad black velvet riband, the ends of which descend nearly to the bottom of the dress.

Spencers will be decidedly the vogue this winter. Some have already appeared, not, however, as they were worn in 1815, in out-dress, but for brilliant re-unions. They are composed of *pou de soie*, *velours épingle*, satin, and even a few have been seen of velvet. They are made to fit close to the shape, some fastening behind, with the sleeve of the exact shape of the arm except at the top, where it forms one or two bouffants. Others are somewhat in the habit style, to fasten before, and trimmed with a lappel. These latter have the front ornamented with three rows of small fancy silk buttons. The sleeves, *demi-larges* at top, form two bouffants that fall deep, but with little fulness, the remainder being quite tight to the arm. The robe worn with a spencer must be white. Some are of India muslin embroidered in *plumetis*; others of organdie, spotted in *point d'esprit*. This last description of embroidery is highly fashionable; the skirts ornamented with it are usually finished by a lace flounce.

Some superb materials have appeared for evening dress; the most *distingué* are the *velours Algibeck* and *Ornasis*, *veloutée Carlina*, and satins *Kosalba* and *Esmeralda*. Several rich gauzes have also been introduced for *robes de bal*, and also organdies embroidered in various patterns with dead gold or silver. This style of embroidery is likely to come much into favour, as the effect is chaste and elegant. An embroidery of coloured silks upon *tulle*, with a little mêlange of either dead gold or silver, will also be introduced.

The evening head-dresses are expected to be a good deal in the style of Louis XIV.'s Court, but modified to suit the present taste, and without the powder and pomatum that disfigured the beautiful tresses of our ancestresses. Hats and caps, copied from the portraits of celebrated women, will be worn with these head-dresses of hair. Some of the former have already been made of straw-coloured velvet, trimmed with ostrich feathers and satin ribands to correspond: the form is *demi-crasée* without a *bavolet*. The riband is disposed in long floating ends at the side, leaving ample space to display the profusion of curls in which the hair will be arranged. Fashionable colours continue the same as last month.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

A Country Curate's Autobiography, or Passages of a Life without a Living. The following motto on its title-page will convey some idea of its contents—"Curo—curas—curavi." *Var. Lect.* "Curo—curavi—curas." *Translation.* "Cares are my lot, and cares have ever been—A Curate I—"

An Essay on the Nature, the End, and the Means of Imitation in the Fine Arts. Translated from the French of M. Quatremère de Quincy, by J. C. Kent, Esq.

A New and Practical System of Arithmetic, by Mr. James M'Dowall, the Accountant, adapted to the Merchant and Trader, giving a Series of Tables and Rules, whereby most of the Calculations in Business may be either mentally performed, or so abbreviated as to save half the time usually occupied.

Philosophy and Religion, with their Mutual Bearings, by W. B. Galloway, M.A., &c.

The First Number of a New Work, by Mr. Osler, comprising, with his Church and Dissent, the connexion of the Services of the Church for every Sunday and Holiday, the Catechism explained with reference to the Services, and a Series of Psalms and Hymns in illustration of them. To be completed in twelve monthly numbers, under the title of Church and King.

The Assembled Commons, 1837, an account of each Member of Parliament, embracing particulars of his family, descent, political influence, opinions, &c. &c., together the state of the polls at the last election.

A new drama called The Dalesman, in six acts.

A third edition of Dr. Lindley's Ladies' Botany.

The Book of Christmas for 1837, descriptive of the customs, ceremonies, traditions, superstitions, fun, feeling, and festivities of the Christmas season.

A new Annual, entitled the Sacred Album, with embossed embellishments, by Messrs. Rock. It is also calculated to serve all the purposes of an Album.

Original Memoirs of the Court of George the Fourth, by a deceased Nobleman. Printed from the original Manuscript, in 3 vols.

Adventures in the Moon, and other Worlds.

The Voice of the Forest, illustrated by 26 coloured engravings. By the author of Moral of Flowers.

The Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon, by T. H. Lister, Esq., author of "Granby," &c. with a portrait.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Vandeleur, or Animal Magnetism—The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman, (illustrated by six portraits of his six loves, from drawings by E. T. Parris) by the Countess of Blessington—Venables' Translation of Gregory's Conspectus—Heath's Picturesque Annual, 1837—Friendship's Offering, 1837—Forget Me Not, 1837—Flowers of Loveliness, 1837—Gems of Beauty, 1837—Oriental Annual, 1837—Hall's Juvenile Forget Me Not, 1837—The English Annual, 1837—The Biblical Keepsake, 1837—Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince de Canino, vol. 1, English and French editions—Wilson's Tales of the Borders, vol. 2—The Cavaliers of Virginia—Tales in Verse, by Mary Howitt—Wheeler's Political, Social, and Commercial History of Manchester—The Son of Duplicity—Astoria, by Washington Irving—Hoppus's Sketches of the Continent in 1835—Sir Thomas Lawrence's Cabinet of Gems—Heath's Book of Beauty, 1837—Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book, 1837—Fisher's Juvenile Scrap Book, 1837—Christian Keepsake, 1837—Lee on Mineral Springs on the Continent.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 21st ult. at Shipness House, the Lady Sarah Campbell, of a son.

On the 24th ult. in Holles Street, Cavendish Square, Lady Douglas, of a daughter.

On the 28th ult. at Clarendon Park, Lady Hervey Bathurst, of a daughter.

On the 27th ult. in Arlington Street, the lady of Francis Gosling, Esq. of a son.

On the 24th ult. at Heatham Lodge, Twickenham, the lady of W. K. Ashford, Esq. of a son.

On the 27th ult. at Bath, the lady of Philip C. Sheppard, Esq. of a daughter.

On the 28th ult. the lady of Sir Herbert Oakeley, Bart. of a daughter.

At Moray Place, Edinburgh, the lady of Col. Pitman, C. B. of a son.

On the 1st inst. at Leamington, the lady of Robert Stewart, Esq. M. P. of Alderston, of a son.

On the 2nd inst. at Downton House, Radnorshire, the lady of Sir W. S. R. Cockburn, Bart. of Cockburn and Ryslaw, of a son.

On the 30th ult. at the Vicarage, Barking, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Liddell, of a daughter.

On the 30th ult. the lady of the Hon. Lieut.-Col. Douglas, of a son.

On the 5th inst. at Brighton, Lady Susan Doyle, of a son.

On the 10th inst. at Edinburgh, the lady of the Hon. Charles John Murray, of a son.

On the 14th inst. at Galloway House, Scotland, the Countess of Galloway, of a son.

At Croxteith, the Viscountess Molyneux, of a son.

On the 27th ult. at Sorrento, the Lady Elizabeth Osborn, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 20th ult., at Edinburgh, George Webster, Esq., of Old Palace Yard, Westminster, to Margaret Isabella, daughter of the late Alexander M'Callum, Esq., of Hanover, Jamaica.

On the 27th ult., at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, Captain Francis Augustus Gould, of Gloucester Place, Portman Square, to Agneta, youngest daughter of the late William Henry Beauchamp, Esq., of Forthampton, in the county of Gloucester.

On the 21st ult., at Dunnikeir House, Richard Trotter, Esq., of Hafland, to Mary, second daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Oswald, of Dunnikeir, G.C.B.

On the 27th ult., at the residence of the Minister of his Britannic Majesty, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Viscount Fincastle, eldest son of the Earl of Dunmore, to Catherine, fourth daughter of the late Duke of Pembroke.

On the 4th inst., at Ackworth, Yorkshire, William Chaytor, Esq., eldest son of Sir Wm. Chaytor, Bart., M.P., to Miss Lacy, sister of the lady of John Gully, Esq., M.P.

On the 5th August, at the Palace, Corfu, John Murray Gartston, Esq., Captain in the 42nd Highlanders, to Miss Mary Douglas, youngest daughter of his Excellency Major-General Sir Howard Douglas, Bart.

On the 5th inst., at St. Pancras Church, Captain Charles Kerr Macdonald, late 42nd Highlanders, to Lady Ashworth, relict of the late General Sir Charles Ashworth, K.C.B.

On the 15th ult., by proxy, Peter Murphy, Esq., of Arica, South America, Vice-Consul to the British Government, to Mary, daughter of Mr. Phelim O'Neil, Ray House, Wexford.

On the 15th inst., at St. George's, Hanover Square, the Marquis Graham, eldest son of the Duke of Montrose, to the Hon. Miss Beresford, daughter of Lord Decies.

DEATHS.

On the 18th ult., at Kirkcudbright, after a lingering illness, the Rev. George Hamilton, minister of that parish, in his 42nd year.

On the 28th ult., at Withyham, Sussex, the Rev. Sackville J. Bale, in his 83rd year.

On the 10th April last, at Gumsoor, East Indies, of fever, Lieut.-Col. George Muriel, of the 14th Regiment Madras Native Infantry.

On the 22d ult., at the Rectory, Stedham, Sussex, of scarlet fever, Elizabeth, in her 4th year, and on the 28th, John, in his 2nd year, children of the Rev. C. Collins.

On the 29th ultimo, at Binfield Park, Lady Walsh, the widow of the late and mother of the present Sir John Walsh, Bart., in her 78th year.

On the 28th ult., at Harwich, Mary Anne, the wife of John Barnard, Esq., banker, Cornhill, in her 32nd year.

On the 20th ult., at her house in Bryanston Square, London, the Lady Catherine Graham, in her 71st year.

On the 28th ult., at Kingston, Sir Robert Graham, formerly a Baron of the Exchequer, in his 93rd year.

At Oxford, on the 5th inst., the Rev. Geo. Rowley, D.D., Master of University College, and Vice Chancellor of the University.

Walking Dress. *Morning Dress.*

Pub.d in the Court Magazine, N.o 64, Dec.r 1836, by E. Churton, 26 Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

FASHIONS FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER, 1836.

WALKING DRESS.

Brown satin cloak, with velvet cape, tight sleeves of velvet, with loose hanging sleeves of satin over. Bonnet of cherry velvet, with plume of ostrich feathers placed very low at the side.

MORNING DRESS

Of green Cashmere, the sleeves in three puffs, divided by broad bands tight to the arm; cape paysanne collaret of worked cambric, the hair arranged with puffings of pink velvet at the sides, as worn under the bonnet.

MORNING DRESS (SINGLE FIGURE)

Of green velvet chemisette and cuffs of worked lawn, blonde cap trimmed with pink terry velvet, shawl of white Cashmere, richly embroidered with coloured silks, and bordered with moroon velvet; brown velvet bonnet, with bird-of-paradise plume.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

We may cite among the most elegant novelties that have appeared for out-door costume, since the publication of our last number, satin or velvet mantles, lined with satin, and the lining quilted in small squares. Some that struck us as being very novel, had velvet collars cut in a point behind, and descending in the lappel style in front, the ends in front being finished with silk tassels corresponding in colour with the mantle, which is generally a little lighter than the velvet. The pelerine descends below the knee in scarf ends, which are finished with tassels; it is quite cut out on the shoulder, but round, deep, and full behind. The sleeve is somewhat of the Mameluke form, but of very moderate size. The *mantelet à Capuchin* will be in great request when the season opens, as an evening wrap. Some have been already made of coloured satin, bordered with swansdown, and lined with white satin. Others of velvet of full colours are lined with light-coloured satin, and trimmed with sable. The *Capuchin* is made somewhat smaller than those that appeared last season.

The size of hats and bonnets has diminished a good deal during the last month: it is now, we think, settled, at least till the spring, when small bonnets are expected to come again into favour. Some of the most elegant of the new bonnets are of white *peluche*, the crowns, placed a little on one side, are ornamented with azure blue rep velvet, and a white-and-blue ostrich feather, placed quite at the bottom of the crown on one side. The interior of the brim is trimmed at the sides only with blond lace, lightly intermixed with small blue flowers, and the brim, crown, and curtain are edged with a light rouleau of blue rep velvet. Some black satin bonnets have already appeared; they are of the drawn kind; the trimming consists of plain black satin riband and a sprig of orange flowers. When the season has fairly set in, velvet bonnets composed of two different colours will be very fashionable, but the only melange that will be sanctioned by good taste will be green and red-currant colour. The riband in that case must be a mixture of the two colours, but the feather or feathers may be of one only. The most fashionable ribands for plain velvet hats or bonnets have the ground of the riband of the same colour, but striped at the edge with any other hue that will well contrast with it.

Robes de chambre appear as likely to be in high favour this winter as they were last season. A great many are composed of fine merinoes or of plain or printed Cachemérienne. They are either wadded or lined with *peluche*. Rose or cherry-coloured *peluche* is pretty under pearl grey merinoes. If the dress is of white, blue, or light-green Cachemérienne, the lining should be *peluche* of Turkish patterns: the effect is extremely rich. The only alteration we have to notice in these robes, is a slight diminution in the width of the sleeves.

Caps are now made, even in morning dress, much higher than they were six weeks ago. The pretty *bonnet d'enfant* is quite laid aside, for the curls in general rise high above the summit of the head, though the lower part fits close to it. One of the prettiest of the new morning caps is composed of *tulle benillennée* on the sides only; a band of riband which crosses the forehead terminates in a cluster of points of riband over each temple; the caul is trimmed round the summit of the head with a wreath of ribands disposed in deep points.

Poplins are likely to be very fashionable for robes of all kinds. That material offers this season great variety; it is watered and figured in all colours and in almost all patterns. Small quadrilled patterns will be much in request for undress robes. Colours for poplin are also very various: we may cite among them wood colour, grey, green, and blue. Satin will also be very much worn, but though now made of a

most substantial kind, we must own it has a plain appearance near the rich and heavy silks that are now introduced. A robe *à la mode* ought really to be of a material at once soft, firm, and overloaded with patterns either figured or embroidered in silk: in short, to be ultra-fashionable, it ought almost to stand alone.

We have given in our preceding number an account of the alterations that were expected to take place in the make of dresses. We have now only to observe, that as yet no decided change has been made. We know, however, that several ladies of distinction have begun to adopt train dresses, and we have reason to believe that it will become a settled fashion before the end of the winter.

There is nothing yet positively settled as to evening head-dresses, but there is reason to believe they will offer a good deal of variety. Some caps have been made of *blonde antique*, trimmed with flowers and rep velvet, and some antique turbans composed of crape intermingled with velvet. We have just seen one of dead-white crape, disposed in regular folds, among which was placed, at regular distances, three or four folds of scarlet velvet. This is a style of turban exceedingly becoming to majestic beauties. There is no change in fashionable colours this month, but groseille is more than ever in favour.

COSTUME OF PARIS. BY A PARISIAN CORRESPONDENT.

Our winter fashions advance with rapid strides. Besides the mantles, of which we have spoken in our last number, some velvet mantelets and shawls have appeared. The first are made with a double pelerine of the largest size; it falls very low behind, but is cut out at the waist, from whence it descends in long scarf ends. The two falls of the pelerine, as well as the ends, are trimmed with broad black lace. These mantelets are made in different colours, but always in full hues: black and dark green are preferred. The shawls are square, very large, beautifully embroidered in a wreath of coloured flowers round the border, which is finished at the edge with a full fall of broad double-grounded black lace. The observation which we have made above, as to colours for the mantelets, will apply also to the shawls. They are certainly splendid and tasteful, and will no doubt become very fashionable.

Pelisses have made their appearance, and are likely to be in request. Some of the prettiest are those made of figured silks or satins, the shirt closed down the front by velvet lozenges to correspond. The *corsage*, high and plain, is partially covered by a pelerine, pointed before and behind, and bordered with three bias bands of velvet. The upper part of the sleeve wide, and hanging low, but from the elbow to the wrist it is tight, and covered with *chevrons* of velvet; a knot of which near the elbow completes the trimming of the sleeve.

Douillettes, which last year were but little worn, are already in great favour: the most elegant are those composed of *reps Indien*, with the fronts and border of the shirt trimmed with swansdown. A high *corsage* tight to the shape, and long tight sleeves finished at the wrist by a rouleau of swansdown. The upper part of the *douillette* is covered by a *mantelet Capulet* of the same material; it is a kind of short cloak, with scarf ends, and a hood, which, as well as the body of the mantelet, is lined with coloured satin. The trimming is a rouleau of swansdown similar to that on the *douillette*.

Satin hats are now for the most part trimmed with *velours épinglé* of a colour which contrasts very strongly with that of the satin, as, for instance, fawn colour and blue, brown and green, green and orange. Flowers composed of velvet, or of the barbs of feathers, are now becoming very fashionable for trimming hats and bonnets. Those of velvet have the brims of a large size, rather close to the cheeks, but *évasé* over the forehead. The interior of the brim is trimmed with blond, and velvet flowers of the colour of the hat. Violet and *moire deré* are colours very much employed. Very rich figured satin ribands are used for trimmings, but the knots are arranged with great simplicity. Generally speaking, the flowers or knots that trim hats or bonnets, are placed very low on the crown, bouquets or *coques* of riband placed high being considered quite unfashionable. Feathers only are placed so as to rise above the summit of the head, but only in a small degree, as they droop on one side.

Muffs are expected to appear with the first frosts; they will then become an indispensable part of out-door dress, as boas are at present. Sable of all the different kinds will be most generally adopted, but ermine will be considered most elegant. Furs are expected to be very much employed for trimmings this season. Some velvet and Cachmere scarfs are already trimmed with them, and even some mantles have been seen lined with them, but we must observe that the latter were for evening wraps.

Fashionable colours remain as they were last month, but two new ones have been introduced, *moire doré* and *eau de Danube*. This latter is a very delicate shade of green, which our *modistes* have brought into favour within the last few days.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

THE Americans, in their Social, Moral, and Political Relations. By Francis J. Grund.

The Daughter, a Play in Five Acts. By Sheridan Knowles.

A new Work by the Author of "Sydenham," to be called Lionel Wakefield, or the Life of an Adventurer.

A Second Edition of the English Annual.

A new Work by Mr. Morin, to be called Abel Allnutt.

Curiosities of Medical Experience. By Dr. Millingen.

The Arethusa, a new Naval Story. By Captain Chamier, R.N.

A new Work by W. H. Maxwell, Esq., Author of "Stories of Waterloo," to be called the Bivouac, or Stories of the Peninsular War.

England under Seven Administrations. By Albany Fonblanque, Esq.

Excursions in the Abruzzi and Northern Provinces of Naples. By the Hon. Keppel Craven.

A new Work by the Author of "The Munster Festivals," to be called The Duke of Monmouth.

Narrative of an Expedition into the Interior of Africa by the River Niger, in the Steam-Vessels Quorra and Albudhah, in 1832, 33, 34. By Macgreggor Laird and R. A. K. Oldfield, Surveying Officers of the Expedition.

A new Edition of Mr. Moore's Epicurean, with 20 Illustrations by Turner.

Spartacus, or the Roman Gladiator, a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By Jacob Jones, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Author of "Longinus, a Tragedy;" "The Anglo-Polish Harp," and other Works.

Beauties of the Country, or Descriptions of Rural Customs, Objects, Scenery, and the Seasons. By Thomas Miller, Author of "A Day in the Woods."

Little Tales for Little Heads and Little Hearts. Companion to "The Story without an End." From the German. With Wood-cuts. 16mo.

Floral Sketches, Fables, and other Poems. By Agnes Strickland. With Wood-cuts. 16mo.

Phrenology Made Easy. Second Edition.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Sacred Album, 1837, 4to.—Finden's Tableaux, imperial 4to.—The Book of Gems, 1837, royal 8vo.—The Token and Atlantic Souvenir, 1837.—Cocking's History of Wesleyan Methodism in Grantham.—Cooke's History of Party, Vol. I. 8vo.—Life of Nelson, by the Old Sailor.—Naturalist's Library, Vol. XV. (Parrots), 18mo.—Martin's Colonial Library, Vol. IV. (West Indies), 18mo.—Southey's Cowper's Works, Vol. VIII.—Wordsworth's Poetical Works, Vol. I. 18mo.—Count E. De Melfort's Impressions of England, 2 vols.—Grimston's (The Hon. Miss) Arrangement of the Common Prayer and Lessons, 2 vols. royal 32mo.—Jones's Book of Christian Gems, 12mo.—Simeon's Works, Vol. XII. to XVI. 8vo.—Churton's Portrait and Landscape Gallery, 8vo.—The Dalesman, a Drama, in Six Acts, 8vo.—Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons, Vol. I. (Winter), by the Rev. H. Duncan.—Mead's Sermons on the Jews, and on Falling into the Hands of the Living God, 12mo.—A Country Curate's Autobiography, 2 vols. post 8vo.—Poulter on the Efficiency of God.—Lardner's Cyclopædia, Vol. LXXXIV. (Eminent Literary and Scientific Men of Great Britain, Vol. I.)—American Almanac and Repository, for 1837.—Niblock's New English and Latin and Latin and English Dictionary.—Marriage the Source and Perfection of Social Happiness and Duty, by the Rev. H. C. Donoghue.—Uncle Philip's Conversations about the Whale Fishery and Polar Seas.—Alnwick Castle, with other Poems, 8vo.—King's Journey to the Arctic Ocean, in 1833-4-5, 2 vols.—Voyage Pittoresque, 1837 (24 Illustrations).—Illustrations of Scotland and the Waverley Novels, 4to.—Syria, Holy Land, Asia Minor, &c., illustrated, 4to.—Heath's Drawing Room Portfolio, imperial 4to.—Napier's History of the War, Vol. V.—Peranzabuloe, the Lost Church Found, by the Rev. C. T. Collins, post 8vo.—Laird of Logan, Second Series, 18mo.—Jamieson's Domestic History of France, 12mo.—William Wiseman's Stories about Birds.—Dower's General Atlas, imperial 4to.—Philip's Female Student, 18mo.—The Floral Telegraph, 18mo.—The Library of Fiction, Vol. I.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

November 30, 1836.

BIRTHS.

On the 3d inst. at Chatham, Lady Hardinge, the lady of H. T. Jones, Esq. of a son.

On the 7th inst. in South Street, Lady Langdale of a daughter.

At Holywell House, Hants, Lady J. Thynne of a daughter.

On the 5th inst. at Gerard's Cross, the lady of G. F. Bulkeley of a daughter.

At Titsey Place, the lady of W. Leveson Gower of a daughter.

At Brighton, Lady Augusta Seymour of a son.

On the 7th inst. at Hinterhausen, near Constance, the lady of Capt. G. H. Johnston, R. N. of a son.

On the 7th inst. at Brighton, the Lady Jane Knox of a son.

On the 14th inst. at Trematon Hall, the lady of Capt. Tucker, R. N. of a daughter.

On the 27th ult. in Guildford Street, Lady Pollock of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 3d inst. G. Cartwright, Esq. to Henrietta Maria, niece of the late Gen. H. Watson Powell.

On the 26th ult. at Cranbourne, Dorsetshire, T. P. Knox, Esq. to Frances Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Capt. Geo. Brunell, R. N.

At Calcutta, on the 18th of June, Captain W. N. Forbes, of the H. I. C. Engineers, to Sarah, daughter of C. B. Greenlaw, Esq. Coroner and Secretary to the Marine Board, Calcutta.

On the 3d inst. at Escrich, near York, the Rev. C. R. Read, to Teresa, daughter of the Rev. W. Wheeler, of Sutton-on-Dumont, and cousin of the present Sir T. Wheeler.

On the 8th inst. at St. George's, Hanover Square, Captain Freemantle, R.N., son of the late Vice-Admiral Freemantle, G. C. B., to Isabella, relict of J. Wedderburn, Esq. and daughter of the late D. Lyon, Esq. of Portland Place.

On the 8th inst. at Chailey, the Rev. W. Fullerton, of Thoyberg Park, to Charlotte Sarah, daughter of the Rev. T. Trebeck, rector of Chailey.

On the 27th ultimo, at Jersey, Sir G. S. Mackenzie, F.R.S. &c. &c. of Coul Rophin, to Catherine, widow of the late Capt. Street, and daughter of Sir Henry Jardine, King's Remembrancer of Scotland.

On the 9th inst. at Whitehaven, the Right Hon. Lord Thurlow to Sarah, only daughter of P. Hodgson, Esq.

On the 8th inst. at Islay House, P. L. Brooke, Esq., Mere Hall, Cheshire, to Julian Seymour Buccleugh, daughter of the late Col. Campbell, of Shawfield.

DEATHS.

On the 2nd instant, at Rectory Place, Woolwich, Lieut.-Col. Berry, late Royal Marines.

At Clifton, Miss Clara Mortimer, niece of Captain Mortimer, aged 20.

On the 3rd instant, at Brighton, W. Wigney, Esq. banker, aged 81.

On the 2nd inst. at Rotherfield, the Rev. R. Crawley, rector of Rotherfield and of St. Mildred's, London, aged 80.

On the 18th ultimo, at Howroyde, York, the seat of the Right Hon. Lady Mary Horton, Andrew, son of F. B. Hachet, Esq. of Moor Hall, Warwickshire.

On the 4th instant, at Maiden Newton, the Hon. and Rev. C. R. F. Strangways, uncle of the Earl of Ilchester.

On the 6th instant, in York Street, Portman Square, Major-Gen. Sir T. B. St. George.

On the 13th inst. at Brighton, Lieut.-Col. A. S. H. T. Stapleton, late 3rd Guards, aged 43.

On the 12th inst. at Walthamstow, Emily, the infant daughter of the Hon. G. Massey.

On the 17th June, on board the steam-boat of Mirzapore, T. Dashwood, Esq. of the Bengal Civil Service, and nephew of the late Sir H. Dashwood, of Kirtlington Park, Oxon.

On the 13th inst. the Rev. C. Simeon, M.A., senior fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

On the 25th ult. at Philadelphia, the British Consul, G. Robertson, Esq.

On the 13th inst. at Kensington, Maj.-Gen. the Rt. Hon. Viscount Forbes, son of the Earl of Granard, and M. P. for Longford.

On the 26th ult. at Wickham, Hants, T. D. Burchill, Lieut. R.N., whose commission bore date 1790.